





AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
O F

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew,

Commonly called

The KING of the BEGGARS:

Being an impartial Account of his LIFE, from his leaving TIVERTON School, at the Age of Fifteen, and entering into a Society of *Gypsies*, to the present Time; wherein the Motives of his Conduct will be explained, and the great Number of Characters and Shapes he has appeared in through GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, and several other Places of EUROPE, be related; with his TRAVELS twice through great Part of AMERICA.

A particular Account of the Origin, Government, Language, Laws, and Customs of the *Gypsies*; their Method of electing their King, &c. And a Parallel drawn, after the Manner of PLUTARCH, between Mr. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW and Mr. THOMAS JONES.

THE NINTH EDITION.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

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Y D O L O G Y

THE END

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29th March 1960



To the WORSHIPFUL
JUSTICE FIELDING.

SIR,

" **N**otwithstanding your constant Refusal, when I have
asked Leave to prefix your Name to this Dedica-
tion, I must still insist upon the Propriety of de-
firing your Protection of this Work."

It may be well thought that among the many noble Families my Hero is allied to, I might have found a more proper Patron for this true History of his Life; but as thro' our strict Regard to Truth, there will appear in it some of those "*little Blemishes, quas humana parum cavit Natura,*" we were afraid many that we might otherwise have applied to, would have disdainfully refused their Protection to such a Character: But you Sir, "*who are admitted behind the Scenes of the Great Theatre of Nature, know that it is often the same Person who represents the Villain and the Hero; that we ought not to condemn a Character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one; and that there is no good Purpose served by bringing to Light Characters of such angelic Perfection; and nothing of more moral Use, than a few Imperfections in the best of Characters; for though it is Villainy, it is Nature for all that.*" I am the more emboldened to beg your Protection of my Hero, as I can assure your Worship, upon the strictest Enquiry, it appears he was never once concerned in his Youth in demolishing any Brothel whatsoever; for to be sure, Sir, to you, who are so great a Connoisseur of Human Nature, it must appear strangely unnatural for young Fellows in the Heat of Blood, who must have often Occasion for such Houses to lay violent Hands upon them: I should therefore never have thought of offering my Hero to

* For the better understanding of this Dedication, the Reader must please to observe, that all placed between these Marks " " are Passages from the celebrated History of TOM JONES.

your Protection, had I not found him entirely innocent of this great Offence.*

And now, Sir, though I must confess you have sufficiently shewn, in sundry Instances, your Dislike of *Public Praise*, yet I cannot help bedaubing you a little with it; for though it may not be quite so decent to accept of it, yet who can be displeased, when it is forced upon them, whether they will or no; besides, Sir, at the same Time I am praising you, I may find an Occasion of saying a few Things of my own great Merit, and that of my Work, by acquainting the World with the high Encomiums you have bestowed upon it †; “for indeed what are your *Objections to the Allowance of the Honour which I have solicited? Why, you have commended the Book so warmly, that you should be ashamed of reading your Name before the Dedication.*” Now, Sir, though I don’t imagine any of my Readers will understand this Sentence, it being the true BURTONIC SUBLIME, most admirable when least understood; yet, Sir, as this *Dedication* is only intended for you and myself, it is no Matter whether it is understood or not by any one else.

Every one must acknowledge, Sir, it is a most presumptuous Absurdity for a little Reptile of a Reader “to find Fault with any Part of your great Creation of the History of Tom Jones, before he comes to the final Catastrophe;” and it is still the greater Absurdity, as you are an “*Author of the first Rate,*” and your Readers (excepting Right Honourables) all of them of the lowest: But I dare say you will not be offended, if one of these Readers should espy out any striking *Beauties* in your great Work, though they should happen to appear in the first Page of it: Permit me therefore to say (though it may perhaps have escaped the Notice of many of my Fellow Reptiles, your Readers) that your wonder *Sagacity* and *Ingenuity* in the Opening of your Work, exceeds every Thing of the Kind; for in my Opinion, that well adapted Compliment of *Virgil* to his Patron, *Tu Marcellus-eris*, &c. which the Critics have made so much Ado about ever since, is not to be compared with your more delicate one in the Poem to your Work.

* Alluding to Mr. Fielding’s Case of Penlez, executed for assisting in pulling down Bawdy-Houses.

† Mr. Fielding’s Dedication of the History of Tom Jones.

DEDICATION.

It is well known, Sir, that one of those golden *Images* which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King set up, and which you, Sir, have thought it Wisdom not only to bow the Knee to, but to worship with the Understanding, has, like the famous one of *BEL*, consumed whole Provinces “ in the very Quintessence of Sauce and Spices ;” or, to bring the Comparison nearer Home, like the famous Dragon of Wantley,

HOUSES and CHURCHES,

To him have been GEESE and TURKIES.

How then could you better engage a gracious Ear, or pay a more refined Compliment in the Proem to your *Work*, than by transforming yourself into a *Cook*, offering a Bill of Fare, comparing *Human Nature* to a *Tortoise* and *Bologna Sausage*, acquainting us it was a Dish of great Variety, and might be peppered and salted, boiled, or roasted ; broiled, stewed, hashed, or ragoo’d, to please every Taste, by a good *Cook* of an *Author*.

But, Sir, as you seemed greatly pleased with informing us in sundry Places of your *Work* that you are the *Founder* of this Kind of *Writing* or *Cooking*, (for it seems they are synonymous Terms) what Occasion had you to share the Honour of this wonderful *Metaphor* with Mr. *Pope* ? For I dare say, notwithstanding your Quotation, he never once thought of harshing or ragooing *Human Nature* ; nor do I remember, among all his *Similies*, that he has ever once been so happy as to compare it to a *Tortoise* or a *Sausage*.

At the same Time I take Notice of your too great *Modesty* in sharing that Honour, which you might with very great Justice have taken all to yourself, I must be so free to vindicate the poor Animals, whom I think you have as needlessly aspersed ; for though I have been conversant many Years with the Animal Part of the Creation, and know as much of their Language and Sentiments as any Man living, yet I never could find they had any Notion of the “ Honour of having their Flesh eaten at the Table of a Duke ; nor any Sense of the Degradation they suffer by being served up at a Porter’s Table.” And tho’ I cannot assert any Thing positive on this Head, not having ever heard them express their Sentiments upon it, (for, as Mr. *Pope* observes, *Providence* has kindly hid the Book of Fate from them) yet, if we may be allowed to argue *a priori*, and to judge of what we don’t from what we do

know, I will venture to affirm, from a nice Observation of the Goodness of their *Nature*, that did they know one of the two to be unavoidable, they would think it a much greater Honour to refresh the *Spirits* and renew the Strength of a *Porter* or poor *Mechanic*, exhausted by Labour, than to be hashed and ragoo'd to please the *pampered Appetite* of any *idle Duke* whatever.

In short, Sir, I suspect from the vast Knowledge you have shewn in *Cooking*, that you entertain some Hopes, when your Writings, "*which all tend to recommend Innocence and Virtue*," have so far amended Mankind, that the *Emoluments* of your present Office may not be sufficient to reward your *great Abilities*, that you shall be then advanced to be chief *Cook* to the *Idol* we have just now mentioned. The Public, Sir, after the strange Metamorphoses you have already undergone, will not be surpris'd to see you poring over the *Compleat Housewife*, or *Mons. La Chappell's Cookery Book*, instead of the *Statutes*; or instead of a Pen, twirling a *Saucepan* to make *Ragoos*, *Hashes*, or forc'd *Meat Balls*; since you have so delicately ragoo'd, hashed, and forced *Human Nature*. There may be sundry great Advantages arise to the Public, as well as to yourself, Sir, from this Advancement; which I shall not at present enumerate, but only pray that it may speedily take Place.

Next to this fine Compliment in the Proem of your *Work*, which I think cannot be out-done, you have shewn the highest *Wisdom* in the *Treatment* of your *Readers*; first by stunning them, and putting out their Eyes with the Splendor of the extraordinary *Praises* your princely and noble Friends have bestowed on your *great Work*; and then by informing them, in sundry Parts of it, that you are a much better *Judge* of what is proper and fit for them to read than they are themselves. That such pitiful Wretches as *Readers* (saying *Right Honourable* ones) have no Business to judge of Right or Wrong; "that they are your Subjects, and are bound to believe in, and obey whatever you are pleased to dictate, even though yourself are able to assign no Reason for it;" and that all who will not do so, are ignorant *Wretches*, *Slanders*, and *Hangmen*.

But at the same Time I recommended your proper Application of these Doctrines, I cannot flatter you with being the *Founder* of them; for in short, Sir, I suspect, that you have borrowed them from one of the two Sets of People

ple you have lately much conversed with; for you must needs acknowledge, Sir, that it has been the Doctrine and Language of all Courts, ever since Courts existed, that the Reptiles, the Worms, the Dolts, alias the People, are no Judges of what is right or wrong; that *They* best know what is for the Reptiles Good; and that such Creatures have no Business to concern themselves about what *They* do, as they are accountable to none; and if any of the Reptiles will be meddling, they are presently honoured with the Titles of *Fools, Slanderers, Disaffected, Seditious*, and in some Countries with that of *Jacobites*.

But there are another Set of People that you, Sir, have had much to do with, from whom you may have probably borrowed the Art you have made so happy an Use of: These, in their own Language, (which I make no Doubt you are a great Proficient in) are stiled AMUSERS; who, as I find them described in an ingenious Author, who has wrote of these People †, are such as throw Dust in the Eyes of those they intend to trick: Now, Sir, as you tell us yourself, “*you don't disdain to borrow Wit or Wisdom from any Man §,*” it seems to me very likely that you borrowed the Thought of blinding your Reader's Judgement from these People; and it was with the highest Prudence and Sagacity you did so; for had you not, how would your Readers in a Work, that they were told, in the Dedication of it to a *Champion of Christianity*, “*contained in the whole Course of it nothing prejudicial to the Cause of Religion and Virtue; nothing inconsistent with the strictest Rules of Decency, nor which can offend even the chastest Eye in the Perusal; that to recommend Goodness and Innocence was the sole Intent of the History; that Example is a Kind of Picture, in which Virtue becomes as it were an Object of Sense, and strikes us with its Loveliness.*” After so pompous an Introduction, how would your Readers, I say, Sir, (if you had not first taken Care, with a great deal of Art, to fling Dust in their Eyes, I mean the Eyes of the Mind) have been astonished to find the principle Hero of it vicious and ungovernable in his Childhood, debauching a poor Girl almost as soon as he had

† See the Canting Dictionary, describing the Language and Tricks of Sharpers.

§ This you have given several Instances of, in particular the wise and witty Speeches of Mr. Fitzpatrick, in your 3d Volume, borrowed from the Cambridge Jest Book, printed in 1746, Page 196.

had entered Youth, (for in his own Mind he really did so) soon after resolving to leave her for another of greater Fortune, before he knew she had given him the least Occasion to do so, and at a Time when he imagined her whole Happiness depended upon him, and that he was under the greatest Obligations to her! How would the Reader's Astonishment have encreased, to find him in his Manhood, when he had engaged his Affections to the *most adorable of Women*, and had met with a reciprocal Affection, forgetting her Love without the least Repugnance, to lie in the Arms of the wanton Mrs. *Waters*, who he had Reason to think a married Woman; and after this becoming a hired Stallion to a lascivious old Woman, tho' the mean while very deeply enamoured of the most adorable Miss *Sophia Western*; and all this without any Sign of the least Compunction, Regret, or Repentance! How, Sir, could your Readers have possibly imagined, had you suffered them to have made Use of their Eyes, that this was the Example in which "*Virtue was to be become an Object of Sight, and strike us with its Loveliness:*" It was by the same Method too, that you prevented "*the chastest Eye of your Readers from being offended with the Perusal of your Work,*" otherwise the wanton Fancy of your Hero in the Grove, in meditating on Miss *Sophia*; his retiring into the thickest Part of it with *Molly Seagrim*, after a short Parley; the Description of his being in Bed with Mrs. *Waters*, and the Introduction of two or three Heros in their Shirts; the lascivious Wantonness of Lady *Bellafton*; your Rutting Simile, &c. might have offended the chastest Eye; unless you are of Opinion, Sir, there can be nothing inconsistent with *Decency*, nor the chastest Eye offended, nor the warmest Imagination fired, unless by the grossest Terms.

I am of Opinion too, Sir, that you owe the favourable Reception of your benevolent Character to the above-mentioned happy Expedient; otherwise, how would your Readers, after having been told there was "*a stronger Picture of a truly benévolent Mind to be found in your Work, than in any other,* (not excepting even the Scriptures) *who was a more glorious Object than the Sun in the full Blaze of his Majesty:*" How would, I say, your Readers have been shocked to have seen this benevolent Character, more glorious than the Sun itself, (tho' that is the Image of the Divine Goodness) devoting a
Fellow

Fellow Creature to Misery, Want, and all the ill Consequences which might flow from thence, only for *springing of Hares*: Besides, your fine Comparison (for the Sake of which, by your own Confession, you † endanger the Necks of your Readers) falls here all to Pieces; for you should have remembered the Sun bestows its Benevolence upon the *Unworthy* as well as the *Worthy*; and if, Sir, you had ever read a certain Book, in which are several Pictures of a truly benevolent Mind, as much stronger and excellent than Your's, notwithstanding all that your *great Friends* may say, as the fine Pictures of a *Reubens* or *Titian* are than those with which the Walls of *Moorfields*, and some other public Places, are often adorned; and which are valued at the Sum of one Half-penny Sterling each: Had you perused, Sir, the Book I am speaking of, (which I believe you must have seen) you would have found that your great Pattern of Benevolence is but a half-finished Draught; for to be kind and beneficent to those only who really deserve it, tho' it is commendable, yet it is but little more than paying a just Debt; but Benevolence is that Quality which inclines us to do *Good* to those who have highly offended us, and who have no Claim to it, but what arises from inward Benevolence, which desires to see every Creature *happy*.

Your Readers, Sir, might likewise have been surpris'd to find that in a Book, in which they were told "*there was nothing prejudicial to Religion*," to find all the Characters in it, who borrow their *Principles* from that *Fount*, to be worthless Wretches: Thus *Thwackum* is made a most *impious* Man, *Supple* a *weak* and *foolish* one; and if these might be pass'd over as Men who had formed *wrong Notions* of Religion, yet what religious Mind would not have been shocked at your Character of the *Man of the Hill*; who, after he had uttered a Discourse which might do Honour to the most *pious Christian*, and profess'd "*that he had made the Scriptures his chiefest Study*," is artfully described immediately after as void of *Honour*, *Gratitude*,

† "Reader, take Care, I have unadvisedly led thee to the Top of as high a Hill as Mr. Alworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy Neck, I do not well know; however, let us e'en venture to slide down together, for Miss Bridget rings her Bell." History of Tom Jones, Vol. I. Page 14. The above is a noble Example of the true *Burtonic Style*, which is frequently made Use of by this Author.

D E D I C A T I O N.

Courage, Hospitality, and Humanity; for though you are not pleased to tell your Readers so much of him in direct Words, yet, had you allowed them the Use of their Eyes, they would easily have seen that you intended to express so much, when you describe your Hero (who you know borrows none of his *Actions* from the Principles of *Religion*) running into the midst of a Wood to the Cries of the distressed Mrs. *Waters* with only an Oken Cudgel, while the good Man of the *Hill* very contentedly let him go alone; and “*though he had a Gun in his Hand, sat down on the Brow of the Hill with great Patience and Uncertainty, attending the Issue,*” altho’ he had but just before owed his Life to Mr. *Jones*; and consequently one would have thought should have been in some Concern about his Safety; and when Mr. *Jones* returns and acquaints him with the Distress of Mrs. *Waters*, this good Man, who borrowed his Principles from the *Scriptures*, has neither *Hospitality* nor *Humanity* enough to assist a distressed Woman with the Shelter or Refreshment his Cottage might afford; but without Ceremony sends her naked as she was to a Town at some Distance.

Your Readers would undoubtedly have thought it a very odd Way of being serviceable to *Religion*, to insinuate under all your Characters that nothing noble, nothing great, nothing generous, nothing worthy, was to be expected to spring from that Root; but the happy Thought you borrowed from your good Friends the AMUSERS, prevented all these and many other Observations, such as several of your Characters, (*mutato Nomine*, the Name only changed) being exactly the same you had before exhibited; your false affected Wit; the infinite Prejudice you must do to your younger Readers, by throwing down that strong Security of *Innocence and Virtue*, the FEAR and SHAME of first entering upon *Vice*; by insinuating into their Minds, that it is nothing more than NATURAL; that there is no struggling with our *Inclinations*, and that we may be great and good Men, though we indulge them in whatever they prompt us to.

I have often, Sir, heard it affirmed by the Searchers into *Nature*, that all Animals have implanted in them a natural *Antipathy* to such particular Things as may be most hurtful to them; but I was never thoroughly convinced of the Certainty of this Observation, till I observed the strong

Instance

Instance which has lately appeared in *yourself*, Sir, in Regard to the little Word *Low*; this poor Word is very inoffensive in itself, expresses *Humility* in its Signification, and contains but three Letters, and these none of the hardest, being two *soft* Vowels to one Consonant; but notwithstanding its great *Humility* and *Softness*, the Sight of it seems to fill you with Indignation and Terror, and you seem more to dread the *Sound* of it, than a 24 Pounder discharged close to your Ear. I therefore cannot but admire your *Prudence* and *Sagacity*, in endeavouring to extirpate the common Use of this Word, by telling us in some Part of your *great Work*, that it has no Meaning at all; and “*that no Man alive has ever attempted to explain it*”; and in another Place, “*that it does not become any Mouth but a Right Honourable one*;” which, by the Bye, I am afraid your *great Friends* will think no Compliment, as it seems to imply, that Words without Meaning are all that are expected from their Mouths. Many other Degradations have you applied to this Word, which, lowly as it was, never expected to be attacked by an Author of the first Rate.

But, Sir, at the same Time I applaud your *Wisdom* in the useful Attempt of *demolishing* this Word, I must be so free as to say, I could have wished you had made Use of some fitter Means to have done it; for to be sure, Sir, you must needs be sensible, if you have made any Observations at all, that there is not a *Basket-Woman* or *Porter* in the City of *London*, who is ignorant of the Signification of the Word *Low*; indeed some learned Men have thought that every Man brings the *Idea* of this Word into the World with him. Thus, Sir, if you had gone but a few Steps out of your Chair, you might have observed and heard that when any one of the Sisterhood of *Basket-Women* make Use of, in the *Chit Chats* they hold together, while they are waiting for Employment, the Language and Sentiments of a *Cinder-Wench*, whom they look upon as infinitely below their Order, the whole Society immediately give the Offender, who talks so much below their *Dignity*, the Title of a *Low* Wretch, and soon discard her from their publick Conversations: In like Manner, when any of the Society of *Porters* adopt the Language and Sentiments of a *Shoe-black*, the whole Brotherhood immediately call him a *Low* Fellow, and banish him their Clubs, and

even the Conversations they hold together in the Streets.

Every one knows too, Sir, that when this Word is made Use of in the Theatre, or with Regard to an Author, it means that the Action, Language or Sentiments, are beneath the *Dignity* of the Auditors or Readers. Thus if Mr *Garrick* thought proper to exhibit upon the Stage a Couple of Clowns eating hot Hasty-Pudding, would not the Audience have Reason to think it beneath their Dignity, and to consider it as an Affront to their good Sense and Judgment? And how could they better express their Contempt of it, than by the little Word *Low*? Or if Mr. *Garrick* thought proper to put into the Mouths of any of his Characters, Language and Sentiments for which a Basket-Woman would be hooted out of the Sisterhood of them; what more expressive Term can the Audience make Use of to express their Dislike, than *Low Stuff*? The same may be most emphatically applied to any Author who fills the greatest Part of his Work with Language and Sentiments that would be a Disgrace to the lowest Order of Men; and has not the Reader great Reason to think his Dignity affronted, and to groan out *Low*, very *Low*, when he finds he has paid his Money to read fictitious Characters, uttering such Language and Sentiments, which if he had ever been so unhappy to have heard in real Life, he should have either kick'd the Utterers of them out of his Company, or if necessitated to have heard them, cried out in a sweating Agony with *Horace*,

O te Bollane cerebri

Felicem!

Ob happy Bollanus, who hast a dull Brain!

But this perhaps may be better illustrated with an Example, as follows:

“The Squire gave him a good Curse at his Departure; and then turning to the Parson, he cried out, I smoke it, *Tom* is certainly the Father of the Bastard: Zooks, Parson, you remember how he recommended the Veather o’her to me: Dam un, what a fly Bitch ’tis. Ay, ay, as sure as Two-pence *Tom* is the Veather of the Bastard,

“ I should be very sorry for that, says the *Parson* :
 “ Why sorry, cries the ‘Squire ; where is the mighty Mat-
 “ ter o’t ; what, I suppose, dost pretend that thee hast ne-
 “ ver got a Bastard ? Pox, more good Luck’s thine, for
 “ I warrant hast a done therefore many’s the good Time,
 “ and often. I should be sorry, says the *Parson*, he should
 “ do himself any Injury in ‘Squire *Alworthy*’s Opinion.
 “ Poogh, says the ‘Squire, Injury with *Alworthy* ! Why
 “ *Alworthy* loves a Wench himself. Doth not all the
 “ Country know whose Son *Tom* is ? You must talk to
 “ another Person in that Manner ; I remember *Alworthy*
 “ at College, and many a Wench have we two had to-
 “ gether ; as errant a Whore-master as any within five
 “ Miles o’un : No, no, it will do’n no Harm with he,
 “ assure yourself, nor with any Body else : Ask my
 “ Daughter *Sophy* there——— You have not the worse
 “ Opinion of a young Fellow for getting a Bastard, have
 “ you Girl ? No, no, the Women will like un the better
 “ for it.”

I am afraid, Sir, what I have now said too plainly proves that every Body knows what the Word *Lew* means, and that it is likewise very expressive in its Signification ; I am therefore doubtful that the Public will not think what you have assigned, Sir, a sufficient Reason for the *Disuse* of it : I cannot flatter you neither that they will fall in with your Sentiments of confining the Use of this Word to *Right Honourables*, and putting a Gag in the Mouths of all under that Rank ; for tho’ you, Sir, are in too great a Station now, to suppose the PEOPLE know any Thing, yet there happens to be two small Objections to this Opinion of your’s ; the first is, that the wisest and most learned Men of all Ages have thought directly contrary ; the second is, that Experience has shewn that the PEOPLE, that is, what you with so just Contempt denominate Gentlemen of the Law, Apprentices, Clerks, &c. and if you added Shoemakers and Taylors, it would have made no Difference, have always been right in their Judgement, unless biased and led astray by superior Examples ; *Cicero*, Sir, if ever you read that Author, or have not quite forgot him, says, *Nunquam de bono Oratore, aut non bono, doctis hominibus cum Populo dissensio fuit* ; THAT IS, as I take it, Sir, that it had never been known in his Time, that the People and the Learned ever disagreed in their Sentiments, in Regard

to a good or bad Orator ; how unluckily does the Opinion and Experience of this great Man clash with your Sentiments on this Head : Some other Authors tell us that Taste, I mean the distinguishing Quality of judging what is *High* or *Low*, is a Kind of natural Reason, which every one brings into the World with him. *Quintilian* (who is allowed to be something of a Judge) says, it is no more to be attained by Art than the Taste or Smell ; therefore I think we may fairly conclude, that it never entered into his Head that the Title of *Right Honourable*, or the wearing a Ribbon across the Shoulders, could ever give it to any one. Mr. *Addison* has likewise told us, “ Human Nature is the same in all reasonable Creatures ; and whatever falls in with it will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qualities and Conditions :” *Moliere* too, as we are told by Monsieur *Botteau*, used to read all his Comedies to an old Woman, who was his Housekeeper, as she sat with him at her Work by the Chimney Corner ; and could foretell the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-Side ; for he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same Place. But as you, Sir, are an Author of the first Rate, and at least equal to either *Cicero*, *Quintilian*, or Mr. *Addison* ; when I read your Sentiments on this Point, I was willing to think you might be right and they wrong, and imagining you must have founded your Opinion upon some Difference you had found either in the Brain or the Ear of a *Right Honourable*, and a *Plebian*, I immediately determined, in Imitation of the *Spectator* upon something of the like Occasion, to satisfy myself by Philosophical Experiment ; and having obtained the Heads of two or three RIGHT HONOURABLES, and the same number of PLEBIANS, I dissected them very nicely, but could find little Difference between them, except that those of the PEOPLE seemed to be less confused, and more in a State of Nature. It was sometime before I could get an Opportunity of trying the other Experiment, but at last happening to fall upon a Company of *Right Honourables* and *Plebian*s together, I on a sudden saluted them with the finest Air of Musick, and was not a little surprized to see the PEOPLE prick up their Ears, and feel every Master Touch of it as well as the RIGHT HONOURABLES. I then suddenly changed the Notes to the harshest and most disagreeable Sounds ; and here again I observed an equal and as sudden Horror and

Disgust in the PEOPLE as the RIGHT HONOURABLES: So that I must needs say, Sir, the *Sentiments* of the most learned Men, common Experience, and Philosophical Experiment, are all different from you on this Head.

However, Sir, this need give you little Concern; for notwithstanding all, you are an *Author* of *Authors* still; for you draw Characters after Nature, while others draw them after their own wicked *Imaginations*: For it seems, Sir, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the other little Authors of Antiquity, were stupid enough to think there were many Characters in every Station of Life, unfit to be drawn at full Length, as being unworthy of the Dignity of their Pen, or the Sight of their Readers; they therefore either intirely passed them by, or if obliged to introduce them, put them into as tolerable a Dress as they could, lent them a few decent Words to appear with, and presently packed them off the Stage again. They were likewise foolish enough in drawing fictitious Characters after Nature, to imagine they ought to carry them to the highest Pitch of Perfection the Station the Character bore in Life might possibly attain to. Thus if they introduced a *Shepherd* or *Cowherd*, though they did not make him talk like a Man of Letters, yet they made him make Use of some of the best Words he had picked up in the City when he went there upon any Occasion, or from his Landlord in the Country; and if his Stock was not copious enough, they lent him a few Words of their own: So *Virgil* makes *Melibæus* say,

*Tityre tu patulæ, recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Sibvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena.*

Now, Sir, if *Virgil* had but understood the Art of Writing after Nature half as well as you, he would to be sure have wrote it thus:

*Tiiterous te patoole, reckqubance cub tagmanne faggy,
Cylvasstern tenooi Moozum meddytearis, aveena.*

I likewise find that he makes all such like People as wise and knowing as they could ever arrive to, under the most favourable Circumstances in their Station; thus, tho' they are not Scholars, yet they are Men of plain good Sense, are honest and skilful in their own Spheres, and have borrowed some useful Knowledge from their Observations of Nature, whereby the Reader is oftimes agreeably improved:

In like Manner he has drawn all his Characters to the highest Pitch of their several Stations; if he describes a Gentleman, he has all the Learning and Qualities of a compleat Gentleman; if a King, he has all the more majestic one of the best of Kings; it is pretty evident too, that Virgil copied Homer in all this Stuff, for Horace tells us of Homer,

that ————— Nil molitur inepte,
and that ————— que

Desperat tractata niteffere posse, relinquit.

Horace himself was so ignorant, as to tell us that even in Satire, when he intended to make any Person or Vice ridiculous, he loved to do it in good Language.

*Non Ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaque, Pisoues, Satyrorum scriptor amabo.*

Our own *Shakespeare* has likewise followed these bad Examples, and makes his lowest Characters talk Sense and English; and that other foolish Fellow *Cervantes* has made *Sancho Pancha*, an illiterate Country Clown, convey many sensible Hints to the Reader.

O then happy, thrice and four Times happy, you, Sir, who are the sole Founder of a new Kind of Writing, where none of these unnatural Rules are observed!

To you, Sir, the Honour belongs of presenting Characters to the Reader's Sight, that they would otherwise never have seen; for it is without all Dispute, a noble Thought of your own, that ignorant, stupid, low, vicious Characters, are as worthy the Reader's Attention as wiser and more virtuous ones, and make full as good Pictures, and therefore ought to be drawn at full Length.

Another Thing you have succeeded in beyond all Example, is the putting proper Language into the Mouths of these Characters: Thus how just! how congruous! how beautiful! how instructive is the Language of your 'Squire *Western*, "I wull have Satisfaction of thee, so doff thy
"Clothes; at unt half a Man, and I'll lick thee as well
"as wast ever lick'd in thy Life:" And again, "O Matter enow of all Conscience, my Daughter has fallen in
"Love with your Bastard, but I wont gee her a Hapenny,
"nor the twentieth Part of a Brass Farthing: I always
"thought what would come o'breeding a Bastard like a
"Gentleman, and letting un come about to Volk's Houses.
"Its well vor un I could not get at un, I'd a lick'd un;

“ I’d a spoiled his Caterwauling ; I’d a taught the Son of
 “ a Whore to meddle with Meat for his Master : If she
 “ will ha un, one Smock shall be her Portion ; I’ll sooner
 “ gee my Estate to the Zinking Fund : I little thought
 “ what Pufs he was looking after, but it shall be the worst
 “ he ever found in his Life : she shall be no better than
 “ Carrion ; the Skin o’her is all she shall ha, and zu you
 “ may tell un.”

Again, Sir, what intelligent Person would have been willing to have lost one single Line out of the forty-five of that curious instructive Letter of Mrs. *Honour Blackmore’s*, which begins thus :

“ I shud fartenly haf kaled on you a cording to my
 “ Prommiss had dunt itt bin that her Laship prevent me,
 “ for to be sur, Sir, you nose very well that every Person
 “ must luk first at Ome, &c.”

How beautifully expressive is this Letter of Mrs. *Honour’s* Abilities and Character ! and how much Wit and Instruction does it convey to the Reader ! Innumerable are the Instances of this Sort, which your Genius has brought forth in your Works ; and of which *Kind* of Writing, you are, without all Dispute, the *Founder*.

But notwithstanding so many beautiful Pictures of *Nature*, so great is the Malice and Envy which attends great Authors, that I have heard several affirm, that your Worship (so far from drawing your Characters after *Nature*) does not know what the Word *Nature* means.

———NATURE, say these Gentlemen, is the highest Degree of Perfection, with which that Order of Beings we are speaking of, is generally indued with ; or, as the ingenious Mr. *Martin* defines it in his Dictionary, the *Inclinations, Faculties, Properties, Qualities, or Affections*, which any Thing has ORIGINALLY : Now, say these Criticks, it is as absurd because there may chance to be some single Characters in Life, who by bad Example, Idleness or Drunkenness, have lost all their ORIGINAL Properties, to draw these at full Length, and tell us it is NATURE, as if a Painter was to draw any of his principal Figures with scald Heads and blear Eyes, and tell us it was NATURE, because he had sometimes happened to have seen such ; or would not an Anatomist, say they, be laughed at who shall call a Child born with two Heads and five Legs, or any other monstrous Birth, *Nature*, because

there has now and then happened to be such brought into the World.

Others are so envious to say, they don't believe there is so stupid and ignorant a Character in Life (at least not above the Station of a Kennel-Raker) as your 'Squire *Western*; and I must confess, tho' I have made very diligent Enquiry, yet I have not met with any Body who has ever seen such a one; and indeed most are of Opinion it never existed in Life, but was taken from a Copy rummaged for in the nastiest of all Places.

But, Sir, you have no Need to regard any of these Cavils or Objections, for as you rightly observe, Page 60, of the 3d Vol. of your excellent Work, it is all *Slander*, and *devilish Slander* too; and I am of Opinion, if they won't hold their slanderous Tongues, you may bring an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against them, for you know you are a very great Man, and *Slander* and *Scandal* may easily be made the same Thing.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer, but with recommending my Hero to your Protection, hoping you will not find him of too "*angelick a Perfection*" for your Esteem and Approbation.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

The HISTORIOGRAPHER

To Mr. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW,

King of the BEGGARS.



To the P U B L I C.

I T will be expected some Account should be given of the Motives of the present Publication ; the chief of which are, that the Author, notwithstanding the Scenes of Life he is engaged in, cannot, when he reflects on the worthy Family he has sprung from, and those noble ones he is allied to, help feeling some Concern for his Fame. Those who know any Thing of Human Nature, will not be surprized to find this Passion existing even in the Breast of a *Mendicant*, more especially when they consider the Family he is descended from, and those Seeds of good Education that were in his earliest Days implanted in his Mind; which, tho' his unhappy Conduct prevented from producing Fruit, have (like a blasted Tree)

Tree) from Time to Time shot forth some Leaves : He therefore hopes, that (to the partial Eyes of his Friends at least) in this his History he shall be able to mingle somewhat of the *Ermine* with the Spots of the *Æthiops*, which, though it will scarce serve to hide, may at least render them of a more beautiful Hue.

He is not insensible of the Disadvantages with which the poor Man pleads his Cause, and makes no Doubt but his Readers are already prejudiced against what he is going to offer ; but if in the following Narrative of Facts, there appear any of these good Qualities which go towards making up the Hero, he thinks he ought to be allowed the Liberty of entering himself on the Lists of Fame ; if the fictitious Contrivances and Shifts to subsist upon an uninhabited Island, could immortalize the Name of *Robinson Crusoe*, why may not the far more ingenious real Contrivances of *Bampfylde-Moore Carew* be transmitted to Posterity ?

The Exercise of *Courage* has, in all Ages, been esteemed the distinguishing Quality of every Hero ; if we seek for this, behold him entering unarm'd, and with a heavy galling Yoke on his Neck, the trackless Wilds of *America*, amongst wild Beasts of the most savage Nature, and the still more savage *Indians* ! Again, behold him plunging in the wide River *Delaware*,

ware, upon an unpracticed Horse, and with no other Bridle than his Garter !

IF GENEROSITY exalts the Character of the Hero, see him generously return to Slavery, and surrender himself into the Hands of an incensed Master, rather than purchase his Liberty at the Expence of his Friends ; which he humbly conceives may bear some Parellel with the celebrated Action of *Regulus*, which he remembers to have heard so much commended at School. He recollects too the Character of the famous *Ulysses* to be,

virum

Qui mores hominum, multorum vidit & Urbes.

If this could dignify the Name of *Ulysses*, in this Respect too he thinks he may lay some Claim to the Laurel, and with this Preheminence, that *Ulysses* was drove by Chance on different Coasts, and amongst different People against his own Inclinations, whereas he quitted his Father's House, and all the Advantages his Birth entitled him to, *Mores hominum multorum videre & urbes*, to gratify a Curiosity of seeing different Manners and Places. A thorough Knowledge of Mankind has likewise been always thought a necessary Qualification ; in this too he seems not to fall short, for he penetrates with a surprizing Perspicuity into the minutest Circumstances of those he has to do with,

with, examines them with a more than common Judgement, lays hold of those Passions which are most favourable to his Intentions, and plays upon them with admirable Art, so that scarce the famed Orator of *Rome* pleaded with better Success. But methinks he already hears his Readers cry out, amazing Impudence ! What, a common Cheat and Impostor ! a Man who has for many Years gone about imposing upon Mankind, defend his Character ! Be not too hasty, most gentle Reader ; of whatever Profession thou art, lay thy Hand on thy Heart, and consider if thou hast not imposed upon Mankind.

Art thou honoured with the grave Title of Doctor, recollect if you never prescribed and took Fees, when you were sensible your Patient was irrecoverable ; did you never agree with the Apothecary to shave his Beard, if he would trim your Foretop ; and prescribe ten Times more Drugs and Portions, than were necessary for your Patients, whilst he in Return sounded the Trumpet of your Praise, and call'd in your Assistance, when the Patient perhaps would have recovered much sooner without the Presence of either ? But perhaps the Reader is some Gentleman of the Law ; if so, let him consider, before he is angry with me, if he never took in Hand a bad Cause, and assured his Client of the Goodness of it, though he knew in his own Breast, he should never gain the Point ;

Point; and when he has been cast in one Court, has he not by specious Promises and also Hopes, enticed his Client to try the Issue in another, and thus drain'd his Pockets without Moderation ? has he never fomented Differences amongst his Neighbours, that he might reap some Advantage from it ? or, has he never agreed with his Brother Counsellor, of the Defendant's Party, to spin out the Cause by unnecessary Delays, till they have got the Oyster between them, and left their Clients nothing but the Shells ? But perhaps some plodding honest Tradesman is reading my Memoirs, with loud Acclamations of my Cheats and Impostures ; but he must be much better than his Neighbours, if he has never contrived to darken his Shop-Windows, to prevent his Customers seeing the Flaws in his Goods ; if he has never put off a bad Commodity for a good one, or made his Goods weigh heavier than when he bought them. In a Word, most gentle Reader, every Profession has its Cheats and Impostures ; even the Printer of these Memoirs intends to print them on large Letter, and with a broad Margin *, which he may tell you is to adorn them, but it is in Truth for nothing else than to make thee pay the more for them.

HAVING thus, I hope, proved to thy
Con-

* This was done in the first Edition.

Contentment, that every Profession has its Tricks as well as mine, I shall present you with my true History from my Birth to this present Year.

BAMPFYLD-MOORE CAREW.



HAVING thus I hope, proved to thy
 Con.



AN
A P O L O G Y

FOR THE

L I F E

OF

Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew.*

READER, we are going
to present thee with the
History of a Man truly
remarkable; one who
has indeed gone through an un-
common Variety of Adventures,
has seen the Manners of many
Men,

Men, and has at least dived as deep into the Knowledge of Human Nature, as that great *Painter* of it, the Author of the History of *Tom Jones*. We shall endeavour to execute the Office of Historiographer with all the Dignity and Decorum that belongs to the Character ; keeping, however, strictly to Truth, according to the express Injunctions we have received from the Hero who is the Subject of it : Neither shall we, according to the Vogue of these Times, *lard* it with trifling Matters, which have no Regard or Connection with the History, but serve only to swell out the Volume, or rather to make many Volumes, of what might well be comprized in one.

As there is no truer Standard of judging both of Men and Things,
 than

than Comparison, we shall follow the Example of that excellent Writer of Lives, *Plutarch*, in drawing a Parallel between our Hero, and that most renowned and shining Character of the Age, Mr. *Thomas Jones*, whom we have chosen preferable to all others, not only on Account of the Similarity of the two Characters, but because we are informed that the *Writer* of the History of this celebrated *Hero* received a *Reward* for it; which, in less generous Times, would have been thought an adequate Compensation for one who had, with great Toil, found out some most useful Invention; and that the noble Lives of *Plutarch* grow mouldy in the Booksellers Shops, whilst the History of *Tom Jones* is in every Hand, from the

A 2

beardless

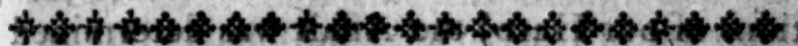
beardless Youth, up to the hoary
Hairs of Age: And besides all this,
we shall find hereafter that Mr.
Thomas Jones and our Hero have
had some previous Acquaintance
together.

HAVING thus premised the Rea-
sons we have for drawing this Pa-
rallel, we shall proceed to our
History.





A P O L O G Y, &c.



C H A P. I.

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew's Birth; his Studies at Tiverton School; the Reason of his leaving it; his Admittance into the Community of the Gypsies; a particular Account of the Government, Laws, and Manners of those People; his Return to his Father's House, &c.

MR. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW is descended from the ancient Family of the Carews, Son of the Rev. Mr. **Theodore Carew**, of the Parish of **Bickley**, near **Tiverton**, in the County of **Devon**, of which Parish he was many Years Rector, very much esteemed while living, and a

his Death universally lamented. Mr. *Carew* was born in the Month of *July*, 1693, and never was there known a more splended Appearance of Gentlemen and Ladies of the first Rank and Quality at any Baptism in the West of *England* than at his; the Hon. *Hugh Bampfylde*, Esq; (who afterwards died of an unfortunate Fall from his Horse) and the Hon. *Major Moore*, were both his illustrious Godfathers, both of whose Names he bears, who some Time contending whose should be the precedent, (doubtless presaging the Honour that should redound to them from the future Actions of our Hero) the Affair was determined by throwing up a Piece of Money, which was won by Mr. *Bampfylde*; who, upon this Account, presented a large Piece of Plate, whereon was engraved in large Letters, BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.

The Rev. Mr. *Carew* had several other Children, both Sons and Daughters, besides Mr. *Carew*, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious Manner; and Mr. *Carew* was, at the Age of Twelve, sent to *Tiverton* School, where he contracted an intimate Acquaintance with young Gentlemen of the first Rank in *Somersetshire*, *Devonshire*, *Cornwall*, and *Dorsetshire*.

It has been remarked by a great Man, that there is a natural Propensity in the Mind of a Reader to be inquisitive about the Person of the Hero whose Actions they are reading, and

and Authors in general have been so sensible of the Power of this Curiosity, that it has long been a Custom for them to present their Readers with their own Pictures in the Front of their Works, with the Design, doubtless, of prepossessing their Readers in Favour of them, by the Marks of Wisdom and Ingenuity in their Countenance: Thus, not to mention many other Instances, those two great Authors, Mr. *Dilworth*, and Mr. *Markham*, have both indulged the World with their Pictures before their ingenious Spelling-Books. We cannot but commend this Custom as a very fair and candid one; for what Reader would buy an Author, if his Countenance declared him a Blockhead, did we not suspect the Engraver is often so kind to the Author, as to put greater Marks of Wisdom and Ingenuity in his Countenance, than Nature ever bestowed upon him *.

The Desire then of being informed of the *Persons* of Heroes being so natural, we should be guilty of a great Neglect, should we omit satisfying our Readers in this Respect, more particularly as we can, without making Use of a Figure in Rhetoric (which is of great Service to many Authors) called *Amplification*; or, in plainer English, *Enlarging*,

* The two Authors above-mentioned have acted very candidly in publishing their Pictures while they are still alive, that the World may be enabled to judge of the Skill and Impartiality of the Engraver.

ing, present our Readers with a very amiable Picture.

The Stature of our Hero is tall and majestic, his Limbs strong and well-proportioned, his Features regular, his Countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all those characteristical Marks which Physiognomists assert denote an honest and good-natured Mind; and tho' Hardships, and even Age itself, (he being now sixty) have made some Alterations in his Features, ye we'dare venture to compare his Countenance with Mr. *Thomas Jones's*, tho' the Author of that Gentleman's Life asserts he is the *finest Figure* he ever beheld.

During the first four Years of his Continuance at *Tiverton School*, his close Application and Delight in his Studies gave his Friends great Hopes that he might one Day make a good Figure in that honourable Profession which his Father became so well, and for which he was designed.

He attained for his Age a very considerable Knowledge in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues; but soon a new Exercise, or Accomplishment, engaged all his Attention: This was that of *Hunting*, in which our Hero soon made a surprizing Progress. We hope it will be no Disparagement to the Character of Mr. *Thomas Jones*, to say that he surpassed even him in this Study; for beside that Agility of Limbs, and Courage requisite for leaping over five-bar'd Gates, &c. which Mr.

Jones

Jones was remarkable for, our Hero, by indefatigable Study and Application, added to it a remarkable chearing Hallo to the Dogs, of very great Service to the Exercise, and which we believe is peculiar to himself; and besides this, found out a Secret hitherto unknown but to himself, of enticing any Dog whatever to follow him.

The *Tiverton* Scholars had at this Time the Command of a fine Cry of Hounds, whereby Mr. Carew had frequent Opportunities of gratifying his Inclinations in that Diverſion. It was then that he entered into a very strict Friendship and Familiarity with *John Martin*, *Thomas Coleman*, *John Eſcott*, and other young Gentlemen of the best Rank and Fortune.

The wise Spaniards have, we think, a PROVERB, Tell me who you are with, and I will tell you what you are; and we ourselves say, That Birds of a Feather will flock together. It is generally allowed, that Proverbs are built upon Experience, and contain great Truths; and if the two we have mentioned above are not worse founded than the rest, we think we may be allowed, without Partiality, to give the Preference to Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew in this Respect, that he at least kept better Company than Mr. *Jones*; for though at this Time very young, he contracted no Acquaintance, and kept no Company, but with young Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, who were rather superior to himself than beneath him; but

Mr.

Jones was delighted with no Company so much as *Black George's* *, a Fellow of the lowest Condition, and not over honest Principles.

It happened that a Farmer, living in the Country adjacent to *Tiverton*, who was a very great Sportsman, and used to hunt with the *Tiverton* Scholars, came and acquainted them of a fine Deer which he had seen, with a Collar about its Neck, in the Fields about his Farm, which he supposed to be the favourite Deer of some Gentleman not far off: This was very agreeable News to the *Tiverton* Scholars, who, with Mr. *Carew*, *John Martin*, *Thomas Coleman*, and *John Escott*, at their Head, went in a great Body to hunt it: This happened a short Time before Harvest, the Chase was very hot, and lasted several Hours, and they ran the Deer many Miles, which did a great deal of Damage to the Fields of Corn, which were then almost ripe. Upon the Death of the Deer, and Examination of the Collar, it was found to belong to Col. *Nutcombe*, of the Parish of *Claphanger*. Those Farmers and Gentlemen that sustained the greatest Damage, came to *Tiverton*, and complained very heavily to Mr. *Rayner*, the School-Master, of the Havock made in their Fields, which occasioned strict Enquiry to be made concerning the Ringleaders, who proving to be four

* This was a Game-keeper to Mr. *ALLWORTHY*, a worthless Fellow, whose Company Mr. JONES was much delighted with.

Hero and his Companions, they were so severely threatened, that for Fear they absented themselves from School; and the next Day, happening to go in the Evening to *Brick-House*, an Ale-House about Half a Mile from *Tiverton*, they accidentally fell into Company with a Society of *Gypsies*, who were there feasting and carousing. This Society consisted of seventeen or eighteen Persons of both Sexes, who that Day met there with a full Purpose of Merriment and Jollity; and after a plentiful Meal upon Fowls, Ducks, and other dainty Dishes, the flowing Cups of October, Cyder, &c. went most chearfully round, and merry Songs and Country Dances crowned the jovial Banquet: In short, so great an Air of Freedom, Mirth, and Pleasure, appeared in the Faces and Gestures of this Society, that our Youngsters from that Time conceived a sudden Inclination to enlist into their Company; which, when they communicated to the *Gypsies*, they considering their Appearance, Behaviour, and Education, regarded as only spoken in Jest; but as they tarried there all Night in their Company, and continued in the same Resolution the next Morning, they were at length induced to believe them to be serious, and accordingly encouraged them, and admitted them into their Number, *the requisite Ceremonials being first gone through, and the proper Oaths being administered.*

The

The Reader may perhaps be surprized at the Mention of *Oaths* administered, and *Ceremonials* used, at the Entrance of these young Gentlemen; but his Surprise will lessen when we inform him, that these People are subject to a Form of Government and Laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay Obedience to one who is stiled their *King*; (to which great Honour we shall hereafter see our Hero arrive, having first proved himself worthy of it, by a great Number of necessary Atchivements.)

There are, perhaps, no People so compleatly happy as these are, or enjoy so great a Share of Liberty. Their King is elective by the whole People, but none are allowed to stand as Candidates for that Honour, but such who have been long in their Society, and perfectly studied the Nature and Institution of it: They must likewise have given repeated Proofs of their Personal Wisdom, Courage, and Capacity: This is the better known, as they always keep a public Record or Register of all remarkable (either good or bad) Actions performed by any of the Society: And they can have no Temptation to make Choice of any but the most *Worthy*, as their King has no Titles nor lucrative Employments to bestow, which might influence or corrupt their Judgment.

The only Advantage the King enjoys, is, that he is constantly supplied with whatever is necessary for his Maintenance from the Contribution

tributions of his People ; whilst he, in Return, directs all his Care to the defending and protecting his People from their Enemies, in contriving and planning whatever is most likely to promote their Welfare and Happiness, in seeing a due Regard paid to their Laws, in registering their memorable Actions, and making a due Report of all these Things at their general Assemblies ; so that, perhaps, at this Time it is amongst these People only that the *Office of a King* is the same as it was at its first Institution, viz. *a Father and Protector of his People.*

The Laws of these People are few and simple, but most exactly and punctually observed ; the Fundamental of which is, that strong Love and mutual Regard for each Member in particular, and for the whole Community in general, which is inculcated into them from their earliest Infancy ; so that this whole Community is connected by stronger Bands of Love and Harmony, than often-times subsist even in private Families under other Governments : This naturally prevents all Oppressions, Frauds, and over-reaching of one another, so common amongst other People, and totally extinguishes that bitter Passion of the Mind (the Source, perhaps, of most other Vices) *Envy* ; for it is a great and certain Truth, that *Love worketh no Evil.*

Their general Meetings at stated Times, which they are all obliged to be present at, is a

B

very

very strong Cement of their Love, and indeed of all their other Virtues; for as the general Register of their Actions, which we have before spoken of, is read at these Meetings, those who have deserved well of the Community, are honoured by some Token or Distinction in the Sight of all the rest; and those who have done any Thing against their Fundamental Laws, have some Mark of Ignominy put upon them; for they have no high Sense of *Pecuniary Rewards*, and they think the punishing of the Body of little Service towards amending the Mind: Experience has shewn them, that by keeping up this nice Sense of Honour and Shame, they are enabled to keep their Community in better Order than the most severe corporal Punishments have been able to effect in other Governments.

But what has still more tended to preserve their Happiness, is, that they know no other Use of Riches than the *Enjoyment* of them; but as this Word is liable to be misconstrued by many of our Readers, we think it necessary to inform them, we do not mean by it that sordid Enjoyment which the Miser feels when he bolts up his Money in a well-secured Iron Chest, or that delicious Pleasure he is sensible of when he counts over his hoarded Stores, and finds they are encreased with Half a Guinea, or even Half a Crown; nor do we mean that Enjoyment which the well-known

Mr.

Mr. T——,* the *Man-eater* feels, when he draws out his Money from his Bags to discount the good Bills of some honest, but distressed Tradesman, at 10 or 15 *per Cent*.

The People we are speaking of are happily ignorant of such *Enjoyment* of Money, for they know no other Use of it, except that of promoting Mirth and good Humour with it; for which End they generously bring their Gains into a common Stock, whereby they whose Gains are small, have an equal Share of Enjoyment with those whose Profits are larger, excepting only that a Mark of Ignominy is affixed on those who do not contribute to the common Stock proportionably to their Abilities, and the Opportunities they have of Gain: And this is the Source of their uninterrupted Happiness; for by this Means they have no griping Usurer to grind them, no lordly Possessor to trample on them, nor any Envyings to torment them: They have no settled Habitations, but (like the *Sythians* of old) remove from Place to Place, as often as their Conveniency or Pleasure require it, which renders their Life a perpetual Scene of Variety.

By what we have said above, and much
B 2 more

* As it has been long a Dispute among the Learned and Travellers, whether or no there are *Canibals* or *Man-eaters* existing, it may seem something strange that we should assert there is beyond all Doubt one of that Species often seen lurking near *St. Paul's*, in the City of *London*, and other Parts of that City, seeking whom he may devour.

more that we could add of the Happiness of these People, we may account for what has been Matter of much Surprize to the Friends of our Hero, *viz.* his strong Attachment for the Space of above 40 Years to this Community, and his refusing the large Offers that have been made him to engage him to quit their Society: But to return to our History.

Thus was Mr. *Carew* initiated into the Mysteries of a Society, which for Antiquity needs give Place to none, as it is evident from the Name, which in *Latin* is called *Ægyptus*, and in *French* *Ægyptienne*, that they derive their Original from the *Ægyptians*, one of the most antient and learned People in the World; (though afterwards several other People imitated them;) and that they were Persons of more than common Learning, who travelled to communicate their Knowledge to Mankind. Whether the Divine *Homer* himself might not have been of this Society, will admit of a Doubt, as there is so much Uncertainty about his Birth and Education, though nothing more certain than that he travelled from Place to Place: Mr. *Carew* did not continue long in it, without being consulted in important Matter; particularly Madam *Musgrove*, of *Munkton*, near *Taunton*, hearing of his Fame, sent for him to consult in an Affair of Difficulty: When he was come, she informed him, that she suspected a large Quantity of Money was buried somewhere about her House, and if he

would

would acquaint her with the particular Place, she would handsomely reward him.

Our Hero consulted the Secrets of his Art upon this Occasion; and, after long Toil and Study, informed the Lady, that under a Laurel Tree in the Garden lay the Treasure she sought for, but that her Planet of good Fortune did not reign till such a Day and Hour, till which Time she should desist from searching for it: The good Lady rewarded him very generously with twenty Guineas for this Discovery. We cannot tell whether at this Time our Hero was sufficiently initiated in the Art, or whether the Lady mistook her lucky Hour, but the strict Regard we pay to Truth obliges us to confess, that the Lady dug below the Roots of the Laurel Tree without finding the hiding Treasure.

When he was further initiated in the Art, he was consulted upon several important Matters, and generally gave great Satisfaction by his sagacious Answers. In the mean Time his worthy Parents sorrowed for him, as one that was no more, not being able to get the least Tidings of him, though they publickly advertised him, and sent Messengers to enquire for him in every Part, till at the Expiration of a Year and Half, our Hero having repeated Accounts of the great Sorrow and Trouble his Parents were in upon his Account, his Heart melted with Tenderness, and he repaired to his Father's House at *Bickley*, in *Devonshire*. As he

was greatly disguised both in Habit and Countenance, he was not at first known by his Parents; but when he discovered himself, Joy gush'd out in full Streams, stopping the Power of Speech; but the warm Tears they bedewed his Cheeks with, whilst they imprinted them with their Kisses, performed the Office of the Tongue with more expressive Eloquence: But the good Heart and tender Parent will feel it much better than we can describe it. The whole Neighbourhood, particularly the two Parishes of *Cadley* and *Bickley*, partook of this Joy; and there was nothing for some Time but ringing of Bells, with public Feastings, and other Marks of festive Joy.





C H A P. II.

Mr. Carew leaves his Father's House, and is admitted a second Time into the Community of the Gypsies; a modest Apology for such of the Actions of our Hero, as may seem to need it; a pathetic Address to all Orders of Men to imitate him; several Stratagems put in Execution by him with great Success; his Resolution to render himself useful to Mankind; his Observations on Mankind, &c.

Mr. Carew's Parents did every Thing possible to render Home agreeable to him: Every Day he was engaged in some Party of Pleasure or other, and all his Friends strove who should most entertain him, so that there seemed nothing wanting to his Happiness. But the uncommon Pleasure he had enjoyed in the Community he had left, the Freedom of their Government, the Simplicity and Sincerity of their Manners, the frequent Change of their Habitation, the perpetual Mirth and good Humour that reigned amongst them, and perhaps some secret Presages of that high Honour which he
has

has since arrived at, all these made too deep an Impression to be effaced by any other Ideas: His Pleasure therefore grew every Day more and more tasteless, and he relished none of those Entertainments which his Friends daily provided for him.

For some Time, these unsatisfied Longings after the Community of *Gypsies*, preyed upon his Mind. his Heart being too good to think of leaving his fond Parents again, without Reluctance: Long did filial Piety and his Inclinations struggle for the Victory; at length the last prevailed, but not till his Health had visibly suffered by these inward Commotions. One Day therefore, without taking leave of any of his Friends, he directed his Steps towards *Brick-House*, at *Tiverton*, where he had first entered into the Community of the *Gypsies*; and finding some of them there, he joined their Company, to the great Satisfaction of them, as well as of himself, they rejoicing greatly at having regained one who was likely to be so useful a Member to their Community.

We are now entering into the busy Part of our Hero's Life, where we shall find him acting in various Characters, and performing all with Propriety, Dignity and Decorum.—It may, however, be necessary to inform our Reader, that he must not be shocked if in the Course of these Actions he sometimes finds our Hero engaged in Affairs, which, perhaps, in his Eye

may not appear altogether commendable ; for the celebrated Writer of the Life of Mr. Jones, who assures us, that he * (and indeed seems to insinuate that only he) “ has been admitted “ behind the Scenes of the great Theatre of “ NATURE,” and professes his Book “ to be “ written for the Instruction of Youth, as well “ as those of riper Years,” after having informed his Readers with one of the Hero’s of his History defrauding his Friend and generous Benefactor of 500 Pounds, which he knew was all he had in the World, adds, “ That “ though his Readers may look upon such a “ Man with the utmost Abhorrence, yet he,” *(who knows better than any of them, being no less than NATURE’S Privy Counsellor)* “ can censure “ the Action, without any absolute Detestation “ of the Person ; for though the Man is a “ Villain, it is NATURE for all that ; and perhaps she may not have designed him to act “ an ill Part in all her Dramas, since it is often “ the same Person who represents the Villain “ and the Hero ; and that a single bad Act” *(however atrocious we suppose, for a worse than the preceding one we cannot well imagine)* “ does not constitute a Villain in Life.” And here, as perhaps it has not as yet come to the Knowledge of all our Readers, we cannot but recommend

* Every Line inclosed between these Marks “ ” is exactly in his own Words, without the least Diminution or Addition, and may be found between Page 76 and 80 of the 2d Volume of that excellent History.

recommend to them the Purchase of that *great Book of NATURE*, the History of *Tom Jones*, which the gentle Reader may now buy for so small a Price as Twelve Shillings, though great Numbers, we assure thee, have purchased it at one Pound one Shilling, and thought it well worth their Money, for indeed it is a most *profitable Book*; for whoever thou art, most courteous Reader, thou mayest in the Course of Life have some Opportunity or other (and I make no Doubt but thou wilt) of making, or at least encreasing thy Fortune, by betraying or defrauding thy Friend, robbing thy Master, or some other such like Action; but an *innate Principle of Goodness and Honour* may deter thee from it; in all such Cases, therefore, thou may'st refer to this *great Book of NATURE*, and thou wilt find that thou mayest do it without being the *less honest Man* for it: "For the Passions, often force Men upon Parts, without consulting their Judgement, so that the Man may condemn what he himself acts; and therefore the Man of *Candour* and of *true Understanding*, will censure such an Imperfection, without Rage against the guilty Party; for though it is Villainy, it is *NATURE* for all that."

We must confess, however, thou wilt find no such *Instance of NATURE* in the whole *Life* of our *Hero*; nor can we find (though we have made very diligent Enquiry about it) that he followed the *Dictates of NATURE* so closely in his Childhood as *Mr. Thomas Jones*, in taking what

what was none of his own ; neither shall we account for, on the same Principles, some of the future Actions of our Hero, which may not appear altogether commendable ; for we are of Opinion that NATURE is altogether lovely, and that whatsoever is true, whatsoever is honest, whatsoever is just, whatsoever is of good Report, is all NATURE ; as we are apt to think most of those rank Weeds, which indeed sprout up abundantly in the Human Soil, are owing to bad Culture, noxious Grafting, too great a Proximity to poisonous Plants, whereby the good Seed is spoiled, or to some other external Cause. We shall therefore rather chuse to account for some of the Actions of our Hero, by desiring the Reader to keep in Mind the Principles of the Government of the *Mendicants*, which are like those of the *Algerines*, and other States of *Barbary*, a perpetual State of Hostility with most other People ; so that whatsoever Stratagem or Deceits they can over-reach them by, are not only allowed by their Laws, but considered as commendable and Praise-worthy ; and, as the *Algerines* are looked upon as a very honest People by those who are in Alliance with them, tho' they plunder the rest of Mankind ; and as most other Governments have thought they might very honestly and justly attack any weaker neighbouring State, whenever it was convenient for them, and murder forty or fifty Thousand of the Human Species : We hope
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to the unprejudiced Eye of Reason, the Government of the *Gypsies* in general, and our Hero as a Member of it, will not appear in so disadvantageous a Light, for exercising a few Stratagems to over-reach their Enemies, especially when it is considered they never (like other States) do any Harm to the Persons of their Enemies, and not considerable to their Fortunes.

Our Hero being again admitted, at the first general Assembly of the *Gypsies*, and having taken the proper Oaths of Allegiance to the Sovereign, was soon after sent out by him on a Cruize upon their Enemies. Our Hero's Wit was now set at Work, by what Stratagems he might best succeed: The first that occurred to his Thoughts, was the equipping of himself with an old Pair of Trowsers, enough of a Jacket to cover his Nakedness, Stocking such as Nature gave, Shoes (or rather the Body of Shoes, for Soals they had none) which had Leaks enough to sink a first Rate Man of War, and a Woollen Cap so black, that one might more safely swear it had not been wash'd since *Noah's Flood*, than many honest Electors can that they receive no Bribes. Being thus attired, our Hero changed his Manners with his Dress; he forgot entirely his Family, Education, and Politeness, and became now nothing more nor less than an unfortunate Ship-wreck'd Seaman. *Here, if we may be allowed to compare great Things with small, we could wish that all*
Orders

Orders of Men were strict Imitators of our Hero; we mean, that they would put on the Characteristicks and Qualifications of their Employment, at the same Time they invest themselves with the Ensigns of it; that the Divine, when he puts on his sacred and venerable Habit, would clothe himself with Piety, Goodness, Humility, Gentleness, Long Suffering, Charity, Temperance, Contempt of filthy Lucre, and other God-like Qualifications of his Office; that the Judge, at the Time he puts on his ermin'd Robes, would put on Righteousness and Equity as an upper Garment, with an Integrity of Mind more white and spotless than the fairest Ermin; that the grave Physician, when he puts on his large Perriwig, would put under it the Knowledge of the Human Frame, of the Virtues and Effects of Medicines, of the Signs and Nature of Diseases, with the most approved and experienced Forms of Cures: that the Mechanick, when he puts on his Leather or Woollen Apron, would put on Diligence, Frugality, Temperance, Modesty and good Nature; and that Kings themselves, when the Crown,* which is adorned with many precious Stones, is put on their Heads, would put on at

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* At the Coronation of the Kings of England, before the Archbishop put eth the Crown upon the King's Head, he maketh this Prayer, holding the Crown in his Hands:

"O God, the Crown of the Faithful, who crowneth their Heads
 "with precious Stones who trust in thee, bless and sanctify this
 "Crown, that as the same is adorned with many precious Stones,
 "so this thy Servant that weareth the same may of thy Grace be
 "replenished with the manifest Gift of all precious Virtues, &c."

the same Time " the more inestimable Gems of all
 " precious Virtues ;" that they would remember
 at all Times they were invested with the Dalma-
 tica * at their Coronation, only as an " Emblem
 " of the Ornament of a good Life and holy Ac-
 " tions ;" that the Rod † they received " was
 " the Rod of Virtue and Equity, to encourage
 " and make much of the Godly, and to terrify
 " the Wicked, to show the Way to those that go
 " astray, and to offer the Hand to those that fall,
 " to repress the Proud, and lift up the Lowly ;
 " that the Sword § they were girt with, was to
 " protect the Liberties of their People, to defend
 " and help Widows and Orphans, restore the
 " Things that are gone to Decay, maintain those
 " which are restored, and confirm Things that
 " are in good Order." As

* When the Archbishop putteth the *Dalmatica*, or the *White Robe*, studded with Purple, on the King, he maketh the following Prayer.

" O God, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, by whom
 " Kings do reign, and Law-givers do make good Laws, vouch-
 " safe in thy Favour to bless this *Kingly Ornament*, and grant that
 " thy Servant our King, who doth wear it, may shine in thy Sight
 " with the *Ornament of a good Life, and holy Actions, &c.*"

† When the Archbishop delivereth the Rod with the Dove into the King's Left Hand, he saith,

" Receive the Rod of Virtue and Equity ; learn to make much
 " of the Godly, and to terrify the Wicked ; show the Way to
 " those that go astray, offer the Hand to those that fall, repress
 " the Proud, lift up the Lowly, &c."

§ When the Archbishop delivereth the Sword into the King's Right Hand, he saith,

" Receive this *Kingly Sword* for the Defence of the Faith of
 " CHRIST's *Holy Church*, and with it exercise thou the Force of
 " Equity, and mightily destroy the Growth of Iniquity ; protect
 " the Holy Church of God, and his People ; defend and help
 " Widows and Orphans ; restore the Things that are gone to
 " Decay ; maintain those Things which are restored ; be revenged
 " of Injustice, and confirm Things that are in good Order."

As to our Hero, he so fully put on the Character of a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, that in his first Excursion he gained a very considerable Booty, having likewise ingeniously imitated the Passes and Certificates that were necessary for him to travel unmolested. After about a Month's Travel, he accidentally, at *King'sbridge*, in *Devonshire*, met with *Coleman*, his School-fellow, one of those who had entered with him into the Community as before related, but had, after a Year and half Abode with them, left them and returned to his Friends; but not finding that Satisfaction amongst them, as with the *Gypsies*, had again joined that People: Great was the Joy therefore of these two Friends at their meeting, and they soon agreed to travel together for some Time, and accordingly proceeded to *Totnes*, and from thence to the City of *Exeter*: Entering that City they raised a Contribution there in one Day, amounting to several Pounds.

Having obtained all he could desire from this Stratagem, his fruitful Invention soon hinted another. He now became the plain honest Country Farmer, who, living in the Isle of *Sheepy*, in *Kent*, had the Misfortune to have his Grounds overflowed, and all his Cattle drowned. His Habit was now neat, but rustick; his Air and Behaviour simple and inoffensive; his Speech in the *Kentish* Dialect; his Countenance dejected; his Tale pitiful,

may wonderful pitiful ; a Wife and seven tender helpless Infants being Partakers of his Misfortunes : In short, never did that excellent Actor, Mr. *Garrick*, personate any Character more just ; nor did he ever raise stronger Emotions of Pity in the Character of the unfortunate good King *Lear* than our Hero did under this ; so that if his former Stratagem answered his Wishes, this still did more so, he now getting seldom less than a Guinea a Day.

Having raised a very considerable Booty by these two Stratagems, he made the best of his Way towards *Stratton*, in *Devonshire*, where was soon to be held a general Assembly of the *Gypsies* : Here he was received with great Applause on Account of the successful Stratagems he had executed, and he had an honourable Mark of Distinction bestowed upon him in being seated near the King.

Though our Hero, by Means of these Stratagems, abounded in all the Pleasure he could desire, yet he began now to reflect within himself on that grand and noble Maxim of Life, *That we are not born for ourselves only, but are indebted to all Mankind, to be of as great Use and Service to them as our Capacities and Abilities will enable us to be* : He therefore gave a handsome Gratuity to an expert and famous *Rat-catcher*, (who assumed the Honour of being *Rat-catcher* to the King) and produced a Patent for the free Exercise of his Art, to be initiated

tiated into that, and the still more useful Secret of curing Madness in Dogs or Cattle.

Our Hero, by his close Application, soon attained so considerable a Knowledge in his Profession, that he practised it with much Success and Applause, to the great Advantage of the Public in general, not confining the good Effects of his Knowledge to his own Community only, but extending them universally to all Sorts of People wheresoever they were wanted; for though we have before observed the *Mendicants* are in a constant State of Hostility with all other People, and Mr. Carew was as alert as any one in laying all Manner of Schemes and Stratagems to carry off a Booty from them; yet he thought, as a Member of the grand Society of Human Kind, he was obliged to do them all the Good in his Power, when it was not opposite to the Interest of that particular Community of which he was a Member. *We cannot here help observing that our Hero, in what we have above related, seems to surpass the so-much extolled Mr. Thomas Jones; for though we have very diligently searched that Gentleman's History, we cannot find that from the Age of sixteen he ever applied himself to the learning of any Art or Science, except that commendable and Praise-worthy one of leaping his Horse over deep Ditches and many barred Gates, in which we think his Horse had an equal if not a superior Degree of Knowledge with himself.*

Mr. Carew's Invention being never at a Loss, he now formed a new Stratagem; to execute which, he exchanged his Habit, Shirt and all, for only an old Blanket; Shoes and Stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present Purpose. Being thus accoutred, or rather unaccoutred, he was now no more than poor *Mad Tom*, whom the foul Fiend has led through Fire and through Flame, through Ford and Whirlpool, over Bog and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pew, set Ratsbane by his Porridge, made him proud at Heart, to ride on a bay trotting Horse over four-inched Bridges, to course his own Shadow for a Traitor; who eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tadpole, the Wall Newt and the Water Newt; that in the Fury of his Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, swallows the old Rat and the Ditch Dog, drinks the green Mantle off the standing Pool:

*And Mice and Rats, and such small Geer,
Have been Tom's Food for seven long Year.*
O do, de, do, de, do, de; blest thee from Whirlwind, Star-blasting, and taking: Do poor *Tom* some Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes, there could I have him now, and there and here again, and there: Thro' the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold Wind, *Tom's* a-cold: Who gives any Thing to
poor

' poor *Tom*.' * — In this Character, and with such like Expressions, our Hero entered the Houses both of great and small, claiming Kindred to them, and committing all Manner of frantick Actions, such as beating himself, offering to eat Coals of Fire, running against the Wall, and tearing to Pieces whatever Garment was given him to cover his Nakedness; by which Means he raised very considerable Contributions.

But these different Habits and Characters were still of further Use to our Hero, for by their Means he had a fairer Opportunity of seeing the *World*, and knowing *Mankind*, than most of our Youths who make the *Grand Tour*; for as he had none of those pretty Amusements and Raree-Shews, which so much divert our young Gentlemen Abroad, to engage his Attention, it was wholly applied to the Study of *Mankind*, their various Passions and Inclinations; and he made the greater Improvement

* Though the above excellent Description of this Character of our Hero is taken from that inimitable Master of Nature, *Shakespeare*, who wrote about 130 Years before we were born, yet from this present Time we expect all Readers to regard it *as purely and entirely our own*, according to the Maxim laid down by that great Author, the Historiographer of the Life of *Tom Jones*, who, in Book the 12th of that renowned History, informs his Readers in these Words, " I shall never scruple to take to myself any Passage which I shall find in any antient Author to my Purpose, without setting down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken; nay, I absolutely claim a Property to all such Sentiments, the Moment they are transcribed into my Writings, and I expect all Readers henceforward to regard them *as purely and entirely my own*."

ment in this Study, as in many of his Characters they acted before him without Reserve or Disguise. He saw in little and plain Houses, *Hospitality*, *Charity*, and *Compassion*, the Children of *Frugality*; and found, under gilded and spacious Roofs, *Littleness*, *Uncharitableness*, and *Inhumanity*, the Offspring of *Luxury* and *Riot*: He saw Servants waste their Masters Substance, and that there was no greater nor more crafty Thief than the Domestick one; and met with Masters who roared out for *Liberty* Abroad, acting the arbitrary Tyrant in their own Houses; he saw *Ignorance* and *Passion* exercise the Rod of *Justice*; *Oppression* the Handmaid of *Power*; *Self-Interest* outweighed *Friendship* and *Honesty* in the opposite Scale; *Pride* and *Envy* spurning and trampling on what was more worthy than themselves; he saw the pure white Robes of *Truth* sullied with the black Hue of *Hypocrisy* and *Disimulation*; he met sometimes too with *Riches* unattended by *Pomp* or *Pride*, but diffusing themselves in numberless unexhausted Streams, conducted by the Hands of two lovely Servants, *Goodness* and *Beneficence*; and he saw *Honesty*, *Integrity*, and *Greatness* of *Mind*, Inhabitants of the humble Cot of *Poverty*.

All these Observations afforded him no little Pleasure, but he felt a much greater in the Indulgence of the Emotions of filial Piety, paying

ing his Parents frequent Visits, unknown to them, in different Disguises; at which Time the Tenderneſs he ſaw them expreſs for him in their Enquiries after him (it being their conſtant Cuſtom ſo to do of all Travellers) always melted him into real *Tears*.





C H A P. III.

Mr. Carew's Voyage to Newfoundland; some Account of that Island, and the great Cod-Fishery there; his Return to England; good Effects of his Voyage, and some Profit proposed to the Reader from it.

IT has been remarked, that *Curiosity*, or the Desire *Knowledge*, is that which most distinguishes *Man* from the *Brute*, and the greater the *Mind* is, the more insatiable is that *Passion*: We may, without Flattery, say, no *Man* had a more boundless one than our *Hero*; for not satisfied with the Observations he had made in *England* and *Wales*, (which we are well assured were many more than are usually made by Gentlemen before they travel into Foreign Parts) he now resolved to see other *Countries* and *Manners*. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater Service to the Community of which he was a Member, by rendering him capable of executing some of his Stratagems with much greater Success. He communicated this Design to his School-fellow *Escot*, one of those who

who commenced a *Gypsy* with him, (for neither of the four ever wholly quitted that Community.) *Escot* very readily agreed to accompany him in his Travels; and there being a Ship ready to sail for *Newfoundland*, lying at *Dartmouth*, where they then were, they agreed to embark on board her, being called the *Man-sail*, commanded by Captain *Holdsworth*. Nothing remarkable happened in their Passage which relates to our Hero: We shall therefore pass it by, and land him safe in *Newfoundland*.]

This large Island was discovered by *Sebastian Cabot*, who was sent to *America* by *Henry VII.* King of *England*, in the Year 1497, to make Discoveries. It is of a triangular Figure as big as *Ireland*, of about 300 Leagues in Circuit, separated from *Canada*, or *New France*, on the Continent to the North, and from *New Scotland* to the South, by a Channel of much the same Breadth as that between *Dover* and *Calais*. It lies between 46 and 50 Degrees of North Latitude. 'Tis not above 1800 Miles distant from the Land's-End of *England*. It has many commodious Bays along the Coast, some of them running into the Land towards one another 20 Leagues. The Climate is very hot in Summer, and cold in Winter, the Snow lying upon the Ground four or five Months in the Year: The Soil is very barren, bearing little or no Corn, being full of Mountains, and impracticable Forests:

Forests: Its Meadows are like Heath, and covered with a Sort of Moss, instead of Grass.

Our Hero, nevertheless, did not spend his Time useless, or even without Entertainment in this uncomfortable Country; for an inquisitive and active Mind will find more *Use* and *Entertainment* amongst barren Rocks and Mountains, than the indolent Person can amongst all the Magnificence and Beauties of *Versailles*: He therefore visited *Torbay*, *Kittawitty*, *Carboneer*, *Brigas Bay*, *Bay of Bulls*, *Petty Harbour*, *Cape Broil*, *Bonavist*, and all the other Settlements, both *English* and *French*, accurately making himself fully acquainted with the Names, Circumstances, and Characters of all the Inhabitants of any Note: He likewise visited the great Bank of *Newfoundland* so much talked of, which is a Mountain of Sand, lying under the Sea, about 450 Miles in Length, and in some Places 150 in Breadth, lying on the East Side of the Island: The Sea that runs over it, when it is Flood, is 200 Fathoms deep on all Sides, so that at that Time the largest Ships may venture upon it without Fear of striking, (except at a Place called the *Virgins*) but at Ebb it is dry in some Places: He likewise visited the other lesser Banks, *viz.* *Vert Bank*, about 240 Miles long, and 120 Miles over, the *Banquero Bank*, lying in the Shape of a Shoe, about the Bigness of the other: But the greatest Entertainment, and what seemed most worthy his Observation was, the great *Cod-Fishery* which

is carried on about the Great and other Banks near the Coast ; for which Purpose, during his Stay there, he saw several Hundred Ships come in from divers Parts, both of *America* and *Europe*, so that he had an Opportunity of gaining some Knowledge of a considerable Part of the World by his Enquires, he missing no Opportunity of conversing with the Sailors of different Countries : He was told, several of these Ships carried away thirty or thirty-five Thousand Fish a piece ; and though this yearly Consumption has been made for two Centuries past, yet the same Plenty of Fish continues, without any Diminution.*

He observed that there are two Sorts of Salt Cod, the one called *green* or *white*, the other *dried* or *cured* ; but they are both the same Fish, only differently prepared. The best, largest, and fattest Cod, are those taken on the

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South

* Almost every one has an Opportunity of observing the prodigious Number of Eggs or Spawn in some Sorts of Fishes ; but what can the naked Eye discern in Comparison of what M. *Leeuwenboeck* discovered by the Assistance of his excellent Microscopes ? This Gentleman examining the Spawn of a Cod Fish, took one of the Hairs of his Head, which through the Glass appeared to be an Inch broad, and placing it near the *Animalcula*, contained in the Spawn, he found that at least sixty of them would lie within its Diameter. This being supposed, and their Bodies being allowed to be, as they are, spherical, M. *Leeuwenboeck* computed that 216,000 of them are equal to a Globe whose Axis does not exceed a single Hair's Breadth. M. *Perit* found 342,144 Eggs in the hard Roe of a Carp 18 Inches long ; but M. *Leeuwenboeck* only found 211,629 Eggs in one of those Fishes. What is most to our Purpose, however, the last-mentioned curious Enquirer into the Secrets of Nature tells us, that a Cod contains 9,344,000 Eggs. Who can help standing amazed at this prodigious Fertility, undoubtedly designed by Providence to preserve the Species from being entirely destroyed by any Accidents or Enemies whatsoever.

South Side of the *Great Bank*; and the best Season is from the Beginning of *February* to the End of *April*, for then the Cod, which during the Winter had retired to the deepest Parts of the Sea, return to the *Bank*, and grow very fat. Those caught from *March* to *June* keep well enough; which cannot be said of those taken in *July*, *August*, and *September*. An experienced Fisherman, though he only takes one Fish at a Time, will catch three Hundred and fifty, or four Hundred in a Day, but not often so many; for it is very fatiguing Work, both on Account of the Weight of the Fish, and the Cold that reigns about the *Bank*. When the Heads of the Fish are cut off, their Bellies opened, and the Guts taken out, the Salter (on whose Ability and Care the Success of the Voyage chiefly depends) ranges them in the Bottom of the Vessel, and having made a Layer thereof a Fathom or two square, he covers it with Salt; over this he lays another, and covers it as before; and thus disposes all the Fish of one Day, taking Care never to mix the Fish of different Days together. When the Cod have thus laid to drain for three or four Days, they are moved into another Part of the Vessel, and salted a second Time; and this is all the Preparation these green Fish undergo.

The principal Fishery for Cod intended to be dried, is along the Southern Coast of *Newfoundland*, where there are several commodious Ports
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to carry the Fish ashore ; and though the Fish are smaller here than at the *Bank*, on that Account they are the fitter to keep, and the Salt penetrates them the better. As Cod are only to be dried in the Sun, the *European* Vessels are obliged to put to Sea in *March* or *April*, in order to have the Benefit of the Summer for drying. Some Vessels indeed are sent in *June* and *July*, but those only purchase Fish already prepared by the *English* settled in *Newfoundland*, giving them Meal, Brandy, Biscuit, Pulse, Linnen, &c. in Exchange.—When the Ships arrive in the Spring, and have fixed upon a Station, some of the Crew build a Stage or Staffold on Shore, whilst the rest are fishing ; and as fast as they catch their Fish, they land them, open them, and salt them on moveable Benches ; but the main Salting is performed on the Scaffold. As soon as the Fish have taken Salt, they wash them, and then lay them in Piles to drain. When drained, they range them on Hurdles, Head to Tail ; and whilst they lie thus, they turn them four Times every four-and-twenty Hours. As they begin to dry, they lay them in Heaps, of ten or twelve a-piece, and continue to enlarge the Heaps every Day, till they are double their first Bulk. At length they join two of these Heaps together, and turn them every Day as before. Lastly, they salt them over again, beginning with those that had been salted first, and then lay

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them

them in large Piles as big as Hay-Stacks. Thus they remain till they are carried a Ship-board, where they are laid on Branches of Trees, disposed for that Purpose at the Bottom of the Vessel, with Mats all round, to prevent their contracting any Moisture.—Besides the Fish itself, there are other Commodities obtained from it, *viz.* the Tripes and Tongues, which are salted at the same Time with the Fish, and put up in Barrels; the Roes, or Eggs, which being salted and barrell'd up, are of Use to cast into the Sea, to draw Fish together, particularly Pilchards; and the Oil, which is drawn from the Livers, and used in dressing of Leather.

The fishing Season being over, and our Hero having made all the Observations that he thought might be useful to him, returned again in the *Manfai* to *Dartmouth*, from whence he had first sail'd, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large Dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a Lamb by an Art which is peculiar to himself. Our Hero was received with great Joy by his Fellow *Gypsies*; and they were loud in his Praises, when they understood he had undertaken this Voyage to enable him to deceive their Enemies with the greater Success. He accordingly, in a few Days, went out on a Cruize in the Character of a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, lost in a Vessel homeward-bound from *Newfoundland*, sometimes belonging to *Poole*, sometimes to *Dartmouth*,

mouth, at other Times to other Ports, and under such or such Commander, according as the News Paper gave Account of such melancholy Accidents.

If the Booty he got before under this Character was considerable, it was much more so now; for being able to give a very exact Account of *Newfoundland*, the Settlements, Harbours, Fishery, and Inhabitants thereof, he applied with great Confidence to Masters of Vessels, and Gentlemen well acquainted with those Parts; so that those whom before his Prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greatest Benefactors, as the perfect Account he gave of the Country engaged them to give Credit to all he asserted, and made them very liberal in his Favour.—*Think it no Disgrace, gentle Reader, if we imagine thou may'st here draw some Instruction from the Example of our Hero: Remember the Bee draws Honey from the most bitter, as well as from the sweetest Flowers; and here thou may'st see of what great Efficacy Industry and Knowledge is in every Profession, and that thy Success in Life will be generally in Proportion to thy Attainments in these; therefore, of whatever Profession thou art, sit not down content with a moderate or common Share of Knowledge in it, but each Day make some further Progress, till thou reachest the Summit of the Hill; for he who but stops in the Middle, is in great Danger of running back again what he has already passed over: Therefore let us*

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advise

advise thee, like our Hero, to think no Trouble too great to be perfect in thy Profession, and then thou may'st assure thyself of the like Success.





C H A P. IV.

Mr. Carew accidentally falls in Love with Miss G——y, of Newcastle ; what Kind of Love it was ; a Comparison between it and Mr. Thomas Jones's ; he declares his Passion to Miss G——y, and succeeds by the Assistance of a late well-known eloquent Advocate ; some Account of this Gentleman ; he persuades Miss G——y to leave her Father's House, and to go on board Captain L——n's Vessel : They land at Dartmouth, from whence they proceed to Bath, where their Nuptials are celebrated with a great deal of Splendor and Gaiety.

It was about this Time that our Hero became sensible of the Power of Love ; we mean of that Sort which has more of the Mind than the Body, and is tender, delicate, and constant, the Object of which remains constantly fixed in the Mind, like the Arrow in the wounded Deer, and that will not admit of any Partner with it. It was in the Town of *Newcastle*, so famous for its Coal Works (which our Hero visited out of Curiosity, appearing there undisguised,

disguised, and making a very genteel Appearance) that he became enamoured with the Daughter of Mr. G——y, an eminent Apothecary and Surgeon there: This young Lady had Charms perhaps equal to any of her Sex; and we might in that Stile, which one who entitles himself *an Author of the first Rate* calls the *SUBLIME*, say, “Here was Whiteness
 “which no Lillies, Ivory, nor Alabaster could
 “match. The finest Cambrick might be
 “supposed from Envy to cover that Bosom,
 “which was much whiter than itself,” * and other Things of the same Kind; but we must confess we always feel a cold Horror shoot through our Limbs, at the reading of this puerile *Sublime*, (and we make no Doubt but many other Readers do the same) as it greatly tends *Infandum renovare Dolorem* to make our Hearts ache, by putting us in Mind of what our Posteriors have suffered from it at School. We shall therefore content ourselves with saying this young Lady had Charms sufficient to captivate the Heart of any Man, not unsusceptible of Love; and they made so deep an Impression upon our Hero, that they wholly effaced every Object which before had created any Desires in him, and never permitted any other to raise them afterwards; for *wonderful to tell!* we have, after above thirty Years Enjoyment, seen him lament her occasional Absence

* See History of TOM JONES, Vol. 1. P. 158.

fence almost with Tears, and talk of her with all the Fondness of one who has been in Love but three Days; so that had the incomparable † *Molly Seagrim* started up before him in her dirty and sweaty Shift, had the famous Mrs. *Waters*

† In Page 289, of the first Volume of the History of *Tom Jones*, wrote purely to recommend *Goodness* and *Innocence*, the Youth of both Sexes may read as follows:

“ Mr. *Jones* (being deeply in Love with Miss *Sophia Western*) retired from Company into the Fields, and coming into a most delicious Grove, in a Scene so sweetly accommodated to Love, he meditated on his dear *Sophia*. While his wanton Fancy roved unbounded over all her Beauties, and his lively Imagination painted the charming Maid in various ravishing Forms, his warm Heart melted with Tenderness; and at length throwing himself on the Ground, by the Side of a gentle murmuring Brook, he broke forth into the following Ejaculation:”

“ O *Sophia*, would Heaven give thee to my Arms, how blest would be my Condition: Curst be that Fortune which sets a Distance between us. Was I but possessed of thee, one only Suit of Rags thy whole Estate, is there a Man on Earth whom I would envy! How contemptible would the brightest *Circassian* Beauty, drest in all the Jewels of the *Indies*, appear to my Eyes! But why do I mention another Woman? Could I think my Eyes capable of looking at any other with Tenderness, these Hands should tear them from my Head. No, my *Sophia*, if cruel Fortune separates us for ever, my Soul shall doat on thee alone. The chastest Constancy will I ever preserve to thy Image. Though I should never have Possession of thy charming Person, still shalt thou alone have Possession of my Thoughts, my Love, my Soul. Oh! my fond Heart is so wrapt in that tender Bosom, that the brightest Beauties would for me have no Charms, nor would a Hermit be colder in their Embraces. *Sophia*, *Sophia* alone shall be mine. What Raptures are in that Name! I will engrave it on every Tree.”

At these Words he started up, and beheld—not his *Sophia*—no, nor a *Circassian* Maid richly and elegantly attired for the Grand Signior's Seraglio. No; without a Gown, in a Shift that was somewhat of the coarsest, and none of the cleanest, bedewed likewise with some odoriferous Effluvia, the Produce of the Day's Labour, with a Pitchfork in her Hand, *Molly Seagrim* approached. Our Hero had a Penknife in his Hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned Purpose, of carving on the Bark; when the Girl coming near him, cry'd out with a Smile, ‘ You don't intend

Waters † laid in the same House with him, or had the lascivious Lady *Bellaſton*, * with her ſtinking Breath, tempted him with the largeſt Rewards to be her *Stallion*, we are perſuaded he would have rejected either of theſe Temptations with Scorn and Indignation; for his Love was ſo delicate, that he thought any Thing unbecoming of it was as ſhameful in the Abſence of the beloved Object, as if it was committed before her Eyes; and he was a little too much above the Brute, (at the ſame Time his Affections were ſtrongly engaged upon a lovely Object) § “to think any Woman “better than none.” We flatter ourſelves, that

* to kill me, ‘Squire, I hope!’ ‘Why ſhould you think I would kill you, answered *Jones*.’ ‘Nay, replied ſhe, after your cruel Uſage of me, when I ſaw you laſt, killing me would, perhaps, be too great Kindneſs for me to expect.’

Here enſued a Parly, which, as I do not think myſelf obliged to relate, I ſhall omit. It is ſufficient that it laſted a full Quarter of an Hour; at the Concluſion of which they retired into the thickeſt Part of the Grove.

† This was a Lady who had run away from her Huſband, Captain *Waters*, with a profligate young Enſign, who afterwards attempted to rob her; but *Jones* accidentally coming by, reſcued her, and conducted her to an Inn; and though he was ſtill as much as ever in Love with his dear *SOPHIA*, yet he thought proper to accept of the Favour of Part of Mrs. *Waters*’s Bed, which ſhe generously offered him in Return for the Valour he had ſhewn in her Reſcue.—See the 7th Chapter of the 2d Volume, and the 1ſt of the 3d of the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*.

* This was a ſhamefully amorous old Lady, whom Mr. *Jones* was ſo complaiſant to, as to become her Stallion, notwithſtanding her Age and ſtinking Breath.—See the laſt Chapter of the 3d Volume, and the 2d and 3d Chapters of the 4th Volume of the Hiſtory of *Tom Jones*.

§ This is the Reaſon given for Mr. *Jones*’s retiring into the thickeſt Part of the Grove with *MOLLY SEAGRIM*, viz. becauſe he probably thought one Woman better than none.—See Page 290.

that the fondest Admirers of *Tom Jones*, will not scruple to give the Laurel to our Hero in this Place ; for it is well known to all the Readers of the incomparable History of Mr. *Jones*, that he easily and without Reluctance gave Way to all these Temptations, when he was most deeply enamoured of the adorable Miss *Sophia Western*. But to return : Our Hero tried all Love's soft Persuasions with his Fair one in an honourable Way ; and as his Person was very engaging, and his Appearance genteel, he did not find her greatly averse to his Proposals. As he was aware that his being of the Community of the *Gypsies* might prejudice her against him without Examination, he passed with her for the Mate of a Collier's Vessel, in which he was supported by Captain *L——n* of *Dartmouth*, an old Acquaintance of our Hero's, who then commanded a Vessel lying at *Newcastle*, and acknowledged him for his Mate. These Assertions satisfied the young Lady very well, and she at length consented to exchange the tender Care and Love of a Parent for that of a Husband. The Reader perhaps may be surprized that she did not make any further Enquiries concerning him ; it is therefore necessary we should inform him, that our Hero had engaged on his Side a very eloquent and persuasive Advocate or Counsellor, (for we know not which Denomination most properly belongs to him) one who though still beardless, existed as soon as the first Woman was created,

created, and has had ever since, (till within this last Century) very great Practice in the Business of uniting both Sexes for Life; but of late Years a neighbouring Counsellor, named *Self-Interest*, has by under-hand Dealings, false Insinuations, and mean Suggestions, taken away the greatest Part of his Business, so that he is seldom retained on either Side. Our Hero, however, engaged him in his Service, and he pleaded so strongly for him with the young Lady, that he removed all her Objections, and silenced all her Scruples, and at last persuaded her to leave her Home, and venture on board Captain *L——n's* Vessel with her Lover; for though this Counsellor, according to a very good Picture of him, drawn by a famous Master, has more of the wanton roguish Smiles of a Boy in his Countenance, than the Formality, Wisdom, and Gravity of those Counsellors, which thou hast perhaps seen in *Westminster-Hall*; and never wore one of those ponderous Perukes which are so essential to the Knowledge, Wisdom, and Eloquence of those Gentlemen; yet we are assured none of them ever equalled him in persuasive Arguments, removing of Difficulties, and silencing of Doubts; for he indeed differed something in Practice from most of the Counsellors we ever heard of; for as these are very apt to puzzle and perplex their Clients by their Answers, and make intricate what was *plain* before, on the contrary, the Gentleman we are speaking of, had

had a wonderful Facility of making the greatest *Difficulties plain and easy*, and always answered every *Objection and Scruple* to the entire *Satisfaction* of his *Client*.

The Lover and his Fair one being on board, they soon hoisted Sail, and the very Winds being willing to favour these two happy Lovers, they had an exceeding quick Passage to *Dartmouth*, where they landed. Our Hero being now no longer able to conceal his being a Member of the Community of the Gypsies, after some previous Introduction, declared it to the young Lady, who was not a little surprised and troubled at it; but the *Counsellor* we have already spoken of, being near at Hand, soon composed her Mind, by suggesting to her the worthy *Family* her *Lover* was sprung from; that the *Community* of the *Gypsies* was more *happy* and less *disreputable* than she imagined; that the *Person* of her *Lover* was quite *amiable*, and that he had *Good-Nature* and *Love* enough to make her *happy* in any Condition.

As these *Suggestions* entirely satisfied her, the *Lovers* in a few Days set out for *Bath*, where they lawfully solemnized their Nuptials with great *Gaiety* and *Splendor*, and were those two *Persons* whom the old *Standers* at *Bath* must needs remember to have made such an *Eclat* about thirty Years ago, though no Body at that Time could conjecture who *they were*,
E which

which was the Occasion of much *Speculation*, and many false *Surmises*.

We cannot conclude this Chapter, but with the deserved Praises of our Hero, from whose Mouth we have had repeated Assurances, that during their *Voyage to Dartmouth*, and their Journey from thence to *Bath*, not the least Indignity was offered to the *Innocence* or *Modesty* of his dear Miss *Gray*.





C H A P. V.

Mr. Carew and his Bride leave Bath; a Digression in Honour of the Inventor of the Game of E——O; their Appearance at Bristol; their Departure from thence, and Visit to an Uncle of Mr. Carew's, in Hampshire; the Offers made him by his Uncle to quit the Community of the Gypsies; his Departure from his Uncle's; appears in different Characters; pays a second Visit to Bath; the different Reception he met with there from what he had before: His Adventures with the Duke of Bolton, Sir William Courtenay, Mr. Portman, Colonel Strangways, and many others.

OUR Lovers began to be at length weary of the same repeated Rounds of Pleasures at Bath; for at that Time the Wit of Man had not reached so high as the Invention of that most charming, entertaining, never cloying Diversion called E——O, which seems to have been reserved amongst the Secrets of Fate to do Ho-

nour to the present Age ; for, upon the nicest Scrutiny, weare quite convinced it is entirely new, and cannot find the least *Traces* of its being borrowed from any Nation under the Sun ; for though we have with great Pains and Labour enquired into all the *Games* and *Diversions* of the Antients, though we have followed the untutored *Indians* through all their *Revels*, and though we have accurately examined into the dull *Pleasures* of the uncouth *Hottentots*, yet in all these we find either some Marks of *Ingeniunity* to exercise and refresh the *Mind*, or something of *Labour* to invigorate the *Body* : We therefore could not help interrupting our History, to do *Honour* to this truly original *Game*.

Our Lovers having left *Bath*, visited next the City of *Bristol*, where they stayed some Time, and caused more *Speculation* there than they had before done at *Bath*, and did as much Damage to that City as the famous *Lucullus* did at *Rome* on his Return from his victorious Expeditions ; for we have some Reason to think they first introduced the *Love* of *Dress* and *Gaiety* amongst those plain and frugal Citizens. After some Stay here, they made a Tour round *Somerset* and *Dorset* into *Hampshire*, where they paid a Visit to an Uncle of our Hero's, living then at *Portchester*, near *Gosport*, who was a Clergyman of distinguished Merit and Character : Here they were received with great Politeness and Hospitality, and abode

abode a considerable Time. His Uncle took this Opportunity of making Use of every Argument to persuade him to quit the Community of the *Gypsies*; but our Hero was so thoroughly fixed in his Principles, that even that *Argument* which oftentimes convinces Patriots in a few Hours, *that all they said and did before was wrong*, that Kings have a *Divine Right* to grind the Faces of their Subjects, and that *Power* which lays its Iron Hands on *Nabal's* goodly Vineyard, and says, this is *mine*, for so I *will*, is preferable to heavenly *Liberty*, which says to every Man, possess what is thine own, reap what thou hast sown, gather what thou hast planted; eat, drink, and lie down secure: Even this powerful Argument had no Effect upon our Hero; for though his Uncle made him very lucrative Offers for the present, and future Promises of making him Heir to all his Possessions, yet remembering his Engagements with the *Gypsies*, he rejected them all; and reflecting now that he had long lived useless to that Community, he began to prepare for his Departure from his Uncle's, in order to make some Excursions on the Enemy; and to do this with more Effect, he bethought himself of a new Stratagem: He therefore equips himself in a long loose black Gown, puts on a Band, a large white Peruke, and a broad brimm'd Hat: His whole Deportment was agreeable to his Dress; his Pace was solemn and slow, his Countenance thoughtful and

grave, his Eyes turned on the Ground, but now and then raised in seeming Ejaculations to Heaven; in every Look and Action he betrayed his Want, but at the same Time seemed overwhelmed with that *Shame* which modest *Merit* feels, when it's obliged to solicit the cold Hand of *Charity*: This Behaviour excited the Curiosity of many Gentlemen, Clergy, &c. to enquire into the Circumstances of his Misfortunes; but it was with Difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much seeming Reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exercised for many Years the sacred Office of a Clergyman at *Abberystuth*, a Parish in *Wales*; but that the Government changing, he had preferred quitting his Benefice (though he had a Wife and several Children) to taking an Oath contrary to his *Principles* and *Conscience*. This Relation he accompanied with frequent Sighs, deep Marks of Admiration of the Ways of *Providence*, and warm Expressions of his firm Trust and Reliance in its *Goodness* and *Faithfulness*, with high Encomiums on the inward Satisfaction of a good *Conscience*. When he discoursed with any Clergyman, or other Person of Literature, he would now and then introduce some *Latin* or *Greek* Sentences that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave his Hearers an high Opinion of his Learning: All this, and his thorough Knowledge of those Persons whom it was proper to apply to, made this Stratagem succeed

succeed even beyond his own Expectations. But now hearing of a Vessel bound to *Philadelphia*, on board of which were many *Quakers*, being cast away on the Coast of *Ireland*, he laid aside his Gown, Cassock, and Band, clothes himself in a plain Suit, pulls the Button from his Hat, and flaps it on every Side: His Countenance was now demure, his Language unadorned with any *Flowers of Speech*, and the Words *You* and *Sir* he seemed to hold in Abomination: His Hat was moved to none; for though under Misfortunes, he would not think of bowing the Knee to *Baal*.

With these Qualifications he addressed himself to Persons of the Denomination of *Quakers* with great Success (*for indeed it were to be wished that all other Sects would imitate them in their Readiness to relieve their Brethren*) and hearing that there was to be a great Meeting of them from all Parts, at a Place called *Thorncombe*, in *Devonshire*, he makes the best of his Way there; and with a demure Look, and modest Assurance, enters into the Assembly, where making his Case known, and satisfying them by his Behaviour of his being one of their Sect, they made a very considerable Contribution for his Relief.

So active was the Mind of our Hero, that he was never more happy than when engaged in some Adventure or other; therefore, when he had no Opportunity of putting any great Stratagem in Execution, he would amuse himself

self with those which did not require so great a Share of *Art* and *Ingenuity*: Whenever he heard of any melancholy Accident by *Fire*, he immediately repaired to the Place where it happened; and there remarking very accurately the Spot, enquiring into the Cause of it, and getting an exact Information of the *Trades*, *Characters*, *Families*, and *Circumstances* of the unhappy Sufferers, he immediately assumed the Person and Name of one of them; and burning some Part of his Coat or Hat, as an *ocular Demonstration* of his *narrow Escape*, he made the best of his Way to Places at some Distance, and there passed for one who had been burnt out; and, to gain the greater Credit, shewed a Paper signed with the Names of several Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood of the Place where the Fire happened, recommending him as an honest unhappy Sufferer; by which he got considerable Gains. Under this Character he had once the Boldness to address Justice *Hull*, of *Exmouth*, in *Devon*, the Terror and professed Enemy of every Order of the *Gypsies*; however, our Hero so artfully managed, though he went through a strict Examination, that he at last convinced his Worship that he was an *honest Miller*, whose House, Mill, and whole Substance, had been consumed by Fire, occasioned by the Negligence of an Apprentice Boy, and was accordingly relieved as such by the Justice. With so wonderful Facility did he assume every Character,

ter, and metamorphize himself into every Shape, that he often deceived those who were the most acquainted with him, and were the most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Coming one Day to *Squire Portman's*, at *Brinson*, near *Blandford*, in the Character of a Rat-catcher, with a Hair Cap on his Head, a Buff Girdle about his Waist, and a tame Rat in a little Box by his Side, he boldly marched up to the House in this Disguise, though his Person was well known by the Family, and meeting in the Court with Mr. *Portman*, the Rev. Mr. *Bryant*, and several other Gentlemen, whom he well knew, but did not suspect he should be known by them, he accosted them as a Rat-catcher, asking, *If their Honours had any Rats to kill? Do you understand your Business well*, replies Mr. *Portman? Yes, and please your Honour, I have followed it many Years, and have been employed in his Majesty's Yards and Ships. Well, go in and get something to eat, and after Dinner we will try your Abilities.*

Our Hero was accordingly placed at the second Table to Dinner, and very handsomely entertained; after which he was called into a great Parlour among a large Company of Gentlemen and Ladies: *Well, honest Rat-catcher*, says Mr. *Portman*, *can you lay any Scheme to kill the Rats without hurting my Dogs? Yes, yes*, replied Mr. *Carew*, *I shall lay it*

*it where even the Cats can't climb to reach it: And what Countryman are you? A Devonshire Man, please your Honour. What's your Name? Our Hero now perceiving, by some Smiles and Whisperings of the Gentlemen, that he was known, replied very composedly, B,A,M,P,-F,Y,L,D,E-M,O,O,R,E C,A,R,E,W. This occasioned a good deal of Mirth; and Mr. Carew asking, What scabby Sheep had infected the whole Flock? was told, Parson Byrant was the Man who had discovered him, none of the other Gentlemen knowing him under this Disguise; upon which, turning to the Parson, he asked him, If he had forgot good King Charles's Rules? Mr. Pleydell, of St. Andrews Milbourn, (who was one of the Company) expressed a Pleasure at seeing the famous Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew, saying, He had never seen him before. Yes, but you have, replies he, and given me a Suit of Clothes. Mr. Pleydell testified some Surprise at this, and desiring to know when it was, Mr. Carew asked him, If he did not remember a poor Wretch met him one Day at his Stable Door with an old Stocking round his Head instead of a Cap, and an old Woman's ragged Mantle on his Shoulders, no Shirt on his Back, nor Stockings to his Legs, and scarcely any Shoes to his Feet; and that Mr. Pleydell asked him, If he was mad or maz'd? He replied, Neither, but a poor unfortunate Man, cast away on the Coast, and taken up, with eight others, by a Frenchman; the
rest*

rest of the Crew, sixteen in Number, being all drowned; and that Mr. Pleydell having asked, What Countryman he was, and some Questions concerning the Gentlemen about Tiverton, gave him a Guinea and a Suit of Clothes. Mr. Pleydell said, He well remembered such a poor Object. Well, replied our Hero, that Object was no other than the expert Rat-catcher now before you: At which all the Company laughed very heartily. Well, says Mr. Pleydell, I will lay a Guinea I shall now know you again, come in what Shape you will; the same said Mr. Seymour, of Handford. Some of the Company asserting to the contrary of this, they desired our Hero to try his Ingenuity upon them, and then discover himself, to convince them of it.

This being agreed upon, and having received a handsome Contribution of the Company, he took his Leave; but Parson Bryant followed him out, and acquainted him that the same Company, and many more, would be at Mr. Pleydell's on such a Day, and advised him to make Use of that Opportunity to deceive them all together, which our Hero soon resolved to do: He therefore revolved in his Mind what Stratagem was most likely to succeed: At length he fixed upon one, which he thought could not fail answering his Purpose.

When the Day was come, the Barber was called

called in to make his Face as smooth as his Art could do, and a Woman's Gown and other Female Accoutrements of the largest Size were provided for him: Having jumped into his Petticoats, pinned a large Dowde under his Chin, and put a high-crown'd Hat on his Head, he made a Figure so comical, that even *Hogarth's* Humour can scarcely parallel; and though *Lucifer*, the Prince of Darkness, thinks himself sufficiently disguised under such a Form, as we suppose, (for we oftener hear of his appearing in this than any other Shape) yet our Hero bethought himself of something else to render his Disguise more impeneable: He therefore borrowed a little hump-backed Child of a Tinker, who happened to be in the same Quarters, and two more of some others of his Community. There remained now only in what Situation to place the Children, and it was quickly resolved to tie two to his Back, and to take the other in his Arms.

Thus accoutred, and thus hung with helpless Infants, but moving Orators, he marched forwards for Mr. *Fleydell's*: Coming up to the Door, he puts his Hand behind him and pinches one of the Children, which set it roaring; this gave the Alarm to the Dogs, who came out with open Mouths; so that between their barking and the Child's crying, the whole Family was sufficiently disturbed: Out comes the Maid, Carry away the Children, old Woman,

man, they disturb the Ladies. God bless their Ladyships, I am the poor unfortunate Grandmother of these poor helpless Infants, whose dear Mother and all they had was burnt at the dreadful Fire at Kirton, and hope the good Ladies, for God's Sake, will bestow something on the poor famished starving Infants. This moving Story was accompanied with Tears; upon which, in goes the Maid to acquaint the Ladies with this melancholy Tale, while the good Grandmother kept pinching one or other of the Children, that they might play their Parts to greater Perfection: The Maid soon returned with Half a Crown from the Ladies, and some good Broth, which having received, he went into the Court-Yard to eat, (understanding the Gentlemen were not in the House) and got one of the under Servants, whom he met, to give some to the Children on his Back. He had not long been there before the Gentlemen all came in together, who accosted him with, *Where did you come from, old Woman? From Kirton, please your Honours, where the poor unhappy Mother of these helpless Babes was burnt to Death by the Flames, and all they had consumed.* Damn you, said one of the Gentlemen, (who is well known by the Name of *Worthy Sir*, and was particularly acquainted with Mr. Carew) *there has been more Money collected for Kirton than ever Kirton was worth; however, he gave this good old Grandmother a Shilling; the other Gentlemen likewise relieved her, com-*

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miserating her Age, and her Burthen of so many *helpless Infants*, not one of them discovering our Hero in the *old Woman*, who received their Alms very thankfully, and pretended to go away ; but the Gentlemen were not got into the House before their Ears were saluted with a *Tantivee, Tantivee*, and a *Halloo* to the Dogs ; upon which they turned about, supposing it to be some *Brother Sportsman*, but seeing no Body, *Worthy Sir* swore the *old Woman* they had relieved was Carew ; a Servant therefore was dispatched to bring her back, and she was brought into the Parlour among the Gentlemen, where being examined, she confessed herself to be the famous *Mr. Bampfylde-Maore Carew*, which made the Gentlemen very merry, and they were now all employed in unscuring the Children from his Back, and observing the Features and Dress of this *Grandmother*, which afforded them sufficient Entertainment ; they afterwards very generously rewarded our Hero for the Mirth he had procured them.

In the same Manner he raised a Contribution of *Mr. Jones*, of *Ashton*, near *Bristol*, twice in one Day, who had maintained with a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, that He could not be so deceived. In the Morning, with a sooty Face, *Leathern Apron*, a dejected Countenance, and a *Woollen Cap*, he was generously relieved as an unfortunate *Blacksmith*, whose All had been consumed by Fire : In the Afternoon he exchanged

changed his *Legs* for *Crutches*; his Countenance was now *pale* and *sickly*, his Gestures expressive of *Pain*, his Complaints *lamentable*, a poor unfortunate Tinner, *disabled* from maintaining himself, a *Wife*, and *seven Children*, by the Damps and Hardships he had suffered in the Mines; and so well did he *paint* his *Distresses*, that the *disabled Tinner* was now as generously relieved as the *unfortunate Blacksmith* had been in the Morning.

Being now so near the City of *Bath*, where he had not long before made so great a *Figure* with his new-married *Bride*, he was resolved to visit it in a quite different Shape and Character: He therefore ties up one of his Legs behind him, and supplies the Place of it with a *Wooden one*, and putting on a false *Beard*, assumes the Character of a *poor old Cripple*. In this Disguise he had an Opportunity of entertaining himself with the different *Reception* he met with from every *Order* of Men now, from what he had done before in his *fine Clothes*: The *Rich*, who before saluted him with their Hats and Compliments, now spurn'd him out of their Way; the *Gamesters* overlook'd him, thinking he was no *Fish* for their *Net*; the *Chairmen*, instead of please your Honour, damn'd him; and the *Pumpers*, who attentively mark'd his *Nod* before, now denied him a Glass of Water; even many of the *Clergy*, those eldest Disciples of *Humility*, looked upon

him with a supercilious Brow; the *Ladies* too, who had before strove who should be his *Partner* at the *Ball*, could not now bear the Sight of so shocking a *Creature*: Thus contemptible, thus despised, is *Poverty* and *Rags*, though sometimes the *Veil* of *real Merit*; and thus caressed and flattered is *Finery*, though perhaps a *Covering* for *Shame*, *Poverty* of *Soul*, and abandoned *Profligacy*. One *Character* alone vouchsafed to look upon this contemptible *Object*; the good *Man* looked upon him with an *Eye* melting into *Tenderness* and *soft Compassion*, which, at the same *Time* the *Hand* was stretched out to relieve him, shewed the *Heart* felt all the *Pangs* which it supposed him to feel. But notwithstanding this almost *general Contempt*, he raised very considerable *Contributions*; for as some tossed him *Money* out of *Pride*, others to get rid of his *Importunity*, and a few, as above, out of a good *Heart*, it amounted to no small *Sum* by the *End* of the *Season*.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the *Reader*, that these successful *Stratagems* gained him high *Applause* and *Honour* in the *Community* of the *Gypsies*: He soon became the *Favourite* * of their *King*, (who was now very old and decrepid) and had always some honourable *Mark* of *Distinction* assigned him.

* By this Word we do not mean a *worthless Flatterer*, but one who from *real Merit* deserved the *Approbation* of his *KING*.

at their public Assemblies. These Honours and Applauses were so many fresh Spurs to his *Ingenuity* and *Industry*. So certain it is, that wherever those Qualities are honoured, and publickly rewarded, though but by an Oaken Garland, there *Industry* will out-work itself, and *Ingenuity* will exceed the common Bounds of *Art*. Our Hero, therefore, was continually planning new Stratagems, and soon executed a very bold one on his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*: Coming to his Seat near *Basingstoke*, in *Hampshire*, he dressed himself in a Sailor's ragged Habit, and knocking at the Gate, desired of the Porter, with a composed and assured Countenance, Admittance to the Duke, or at least that the Porter would give his Grace a Paper which he held in his Hand; but as he did not apply in a proper Manner to this great Officer (who we think may not improperly be filed the *Turn Key* of the *Great*) and as he did not shew him that Passport which can open every Gate, pass by the surliest Porter, and get Admittance even to Kings, neither himself nor Paper could gain any Entrance; however, he was not disheartened with this, but waiting near the Gate for some Time, he at last saw a Servant come out, whom he followed, and telling him *that he was a very unfortunate Man*, desired he would be so kind to introduce him where he might speak to his Grace. As this Servant had no Interest in locking up his Master, (for that belonged to the Porter only)

he very readily promised to comply with his Request as soon as the Porter was off his Stand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a Hall, where the Duke was to pass through. He had not been long there before the Duke came in, upon which he clapp'd his Knee to the Ground, and very gracefully offered a Paper to his Hands for Acceptance, which was a Petition, setting forth, *That the unfortunate Petitioner, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, was Supercargo of a Vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were his whole Effects, none of which he had been able to save.* The Duke seeing the Name of *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, and knowing those Names to belong to Families of the greatest Worth and Note in the West of England, enquired *Of what Family he was, and how he came entitled to those honourable Names?* He replied, *They were those of his Godfathers, the Honourable Hugh Bampfylde and the Honourable Major Moore.* The Duke then ask'd him several Questions about his Family and Relations, all which he answered very fully; and the Duke expressing some Surprize that he should apply for Relief in his Misfortunes to any but his own Family, who were so well able to assist him, he replied, *He had disobligh'd them by some Follies of Youth, and had not seen them for some Years, but was now returning to them.* Many more Questions did the Duke and a Lady who was

was present ask him, all which he answered to their Satisfaction.

As this was not a great while after his becoming a Member of the Community of the *Gypsies*, the Duke had never heard that any one of the Noble Family of the *Carews* was become one of those People; and was very glad to have it in his Power to oblige any of that Family: He therefore treated him with Respect, and called a Servant to conduct him into an inner Room, where the Duke's Barber soon waited on him to shave him, and presently after came in a Footman, who brought in a good Suit of trimm'd Clothes, a fine Holland Shirt, and all other Parts of Dress suitable to these. As soon as he had finished dressing, he was introduced to the Duke again, who complimented him on his genteel Appearance, and not without Reason, as few did more Honour to Dress: He was desired to sit down by the Duke, with whom were many other Persons of Quality, who were all greatly taken with his Person and Behaviour, and very much condoled his Misfortunes; so that a Collection was soon made for him, to the Amount of Ten Guineas. The Duke being engaged to go out in the Afternoon, desired him to stay there that Night, and gave Orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his Gentleman to keep him Company; but Mr. *Carew*, probably not liking his Company so well

well as the Duke's, took an Opportunity, soon after the Duke was gone, to set out unobserved towards *Basingstoke*, where he immediately went to a House, which he knew was frequented by some of his Community: The Master of the House, who saw him entering the Door, cry'd out, *Here's his Grace the Duke of Bolton coming in*; upon which there was no small Hurry amongst the Company: As soon as he entered, he ordered the Liquour to flow very plentifully at his private Cost: His Brethren discovering who it was, were greatly amazed at the Appearance he made, so different from the usual Custom of their Order; but when he inform'd them of the bold Stratagem he had executed, the whole Place resounded with Applause, and every one acknowledged he was most worthy of succeeding their present good old *King*.

As our Hero's Thoughts were bent upon making still greater Advantage of this Stratagem, he did not stay long with his Brethren, but went to a reputable Inn, where he lodged, and set out the next Morning for *Salisbury*: Here he presented his Petition to the Mayor, Bishop, and other Gentlemen of great Note and Fortune, (applying to none but such who were so) and acquainted them with the Favours he had received from his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*: The Gentlemen having such ocular Demonstration of the Duke's Liberality, treated

treated him with great Complaisance and Respect, and relieved him very generously, not presuming to offer any small Alms to one whom the Duke of Bolton had thought so worthy of Notice. In the same Manner, and with the same Success, he visited Lord Arundel, Sir Edward Bouverie, and many other Gentlemen in the Countries of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset. Coming into Devonshire, his native Country, he visited all his Friends and most intimate Acquaintance; and was relieved by them, not one of them discovering this unfortunate Supercargo to be Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. Being one Morning near the Seat of his great Friend, Sir William Courteny, he was resolved to pay him three Visits that Day: He goes therefore to a House frequented by his Order, and there pulls off his fine Clothes, and puts on a Parcel of Rags: In this Dress he moves towards Sir William's; there, with a piteous Moan, a dismal Countenance, and deplorable Tale, he got Half a Crown of that Gentleman as a Man who had met with Misfortunes at Sea: At Noon he put on a Leather Apron, a Coat which seemed scorched by the Fire, and with a dejected Countenance applied again, and was relieved as an unfortunate Shoemaker, who had been burnt out of his House, and all he had: In the Afternoon he goes again in his trimm'd Clothes, and desiring Admittance to Sir William; with a modest Grace and submissive Eloquence he repeats his
Misfortunes

Misfortunes as a Supercargo of a Vessel which had been cast away, and his whole Effects lost, at the same time mentioning the Kindness he had received from his Grace the Duke of Bolton. Sir William seeing his genteel Appearance and Behaviour, treated him with that Respect which the truly Great will always pay to those who supplicate their Assistance, and generously relieved him, presenting him with a Guinea at his Departure. There happened to be at that Time a great Number of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Clergy at Dinner with Sir William, not one of whom discovered who this Supercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. Richards, who did not make it known till he was gone; upon which Sir William dispatched a Servant after him, to desire him to come back: When he entered the Room again, Sir William and the rest of the Company were very merry with him, and he was desired to sit down and give them an Account by what Stratagem he had got all his Finery, and what Success he had met with it, which he did; after which he ask'd Sir William, *If he had not bestow'd Half a Crown that Morning on a Beggar, and about Noon relieved a poor unfortunate Shoemaker? I remember,* reply'd Sir William, *that I bestow'd such an Alms on a poor ragged naked Wretch.* Well, says Mr. Carew, *that poor ragged naked Wretch was no other than the Supercargo now before you.* Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew, and putting

putting on the same Rags, came again with the same piteous Moan, the same dismal Countenance, and the same deplorable Tale as he had done in the Morning, which fully convinc'd Sir *William* that he was the same Man, and occasioned no little Diversion to the Company: He was introduc'd again, and seated amongst them in his Rags, Sir *William* being one of the few who pay a greater Regard to the Man than the Dress, can discern and support Merit under Rags, and despise Poverty of Soul and Worthlessness under Embroidery: But notwithstanding the Success of this Stratagem, our Hero has always look'd upon it as one of the most unfortunate of his whole Life; for after he had been at Sir *William's*, as above-mentioned, coming to *Stoke Gabriel*, near *Totnes*, on a Sunday, and having done that which discovered the Nakedness of *Noah*, he went to the Rev. Mr *Osburn*, the Minister of the Parish, and requested the Thanksgiving of the Church for a wonderful Preservation of himself and Ship's Crew in the imminent Danger of a violent Tempest of Thunder and Lightening, which destroy'd the Vessel they were aboard of: Tho' Mr. *Osburn* knew Mr. *Carew* very well, yet he had no Suspicion of its being him in Disguise, therefore readily granted his Request; and not only so, but recommending him to his Parishioners, a handsome Collection was made for him by the Congregation, which he had Generosity enough

enough to distribute afterwards amongst the Poor of the Parish, reserving but a very small Part to himself: Though this was bringing *Good* out of *Evil*, yet he still speaks of this Action (after above thirty Years Elapse since the Commission) with the greatest *Regret* and *Compunction of Mind*; for he is sensible, that though he can deceive Man, he cannot deceive God, whose Eye penetrates into every Place, and marks all our Actions; and is a Being too Reverend and Awful to be jested with.

As Ambition of excelling in his Profession is the ruling Passion in our Hero's Breast, nothing affords him greater Pleasure than his being able to deceive those who are most confident of their Penetration. Having spent some Days in hunting with the late Colonel *Strangways*, at *Melbury*, in *Dorset*, the Conversation happening one Day at Dinner to turn on Mr. *Carew's* Ingenuity and strange *Metamorphoses*, and the above being related, the Colonel seem'd surpriz'd that Sir *William Courtenay*, who was so well acquainted with our Hero, should be deceived by him, asserting, *That he thought it impossible for Mr. Carew to deceive him under any Disguise, as he had so thoroughly observed every Feature and Line in his Countenance*; our Hero modestly reply'd, *It might be so*; and some other Subject being started, the Matter dropp'd. The next Morning early, Mr. *Carew* being call'd upon to go out with the Hounds, desired

desired to be excused, as he had been very much out of Order, and had not slept the whole Night, therefore would try to take a Morning's Nap : The Colonel being informed of this, approved of his Resolution, and went to the Field without him ; soon after Mr. Carew comes down Stairs, saying, *He could not sleep, therefore would try what a little Walk would do :* He then slightly enquired *Which Way the Colonel generally returned ?* Having got all the Information he desired in this Respect, he presently marches forth, and making the best of his Way to a House frequented by his Community, he exchanged his Clothes for a poor ragged Habit, and his Legs for a Pair of Crutches, making a counterfeit Wound * in his Thigh, and disguising his Countenance by a venerable *Pity-moving grey Beard*, and some other Alterations, he sets forward to meet the Colonel, which he accordingly did in the Town of *Evershot* : His lamentable Moans began almost as soon as the Colonel was in Sight ; his *Countenance* expressed nothing but agonizing *Pain*, and *Heart-felt Sorrow* ; his gashly Wound was exposed in the fullest Light to the Colonel's Eye, and the Tears trickled down his Silver Beard. As the Colonel's Heart was not made of that flinty Stuff which can unmov'd hear the *Wailings*, and see the *Miseries* of a Fellow Creature, he presently

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flings

* The Method of doing this will be related hereafter

flings this miserable Object Half a Crown, who receives it with exuberant *Gratitude*, and then with great Submission tells this kind *Stranger*, *That he was informed a very charitable Gentleman lived in that Neighbourhood, call'd Colonel Strangways, and that if he would direct him the nearest Way to his Seat, it would be a very great Kindness to him*: The Colonel accordingly, with a great deal of good Nature and Compassion for the miserable Creature, directed him the shortest Way to his own House: The poor old Creature takes his Leave with a great many Blessings upon his Honour, and hops away as fast as his Crutches would carry him, making the best of his Way to the Place he had taken them up at, where he quickly finds his Legs again, heals the *Wound* without any *Plaster*, lays aside his *Beard* without the Help of a *Barber*, and putting on his own Clothes with as much Expedition as possible, makes the best of his Way to the Colonel's, where he arriv'd, greatly refreshed with his Morning's Walk, before the Colonel returned from hunting; who coming in soon after, was very glad to find Mr. Carew up, and pretty well: When they were sat down to Dinner, Mr. Carew enquired, *What Sport they had had, and if the Colonel had not met a very miserable Object of a Beggar?* Aye, replies the Colonel, *a very miserable Object indeed; I gave him Half a Crown; he look'd most piteously, and had a very bad Wound on his Thigh.* Du

not you direct him here ? Yes, reply'd the Colonel, *I did ; and he got here before you too, replies Mr. Carew. What, has the poor Wretch been here ? Yes, yes, he has, and is now at Table with your Honour.* This occasioned a great deal of Mirth to the Company ; but the Colonel would not be persuaded of the Truth of what Mr. Carew asserted, till he slipp'd out and hopp'd in again upon his Crutches.-----
Think not, gentle Reader, these Deceptions and Disguises incredible ; for if thou wilt look into this great Theatre of the World, thou may'st see every Day far greater ; thou may'st see bitter Hatred wear the cordial Smiles of Friendship ; lascivious Wantonness put on the severe Brow of Modesty ; Corruption the Angel Face of Heaven-born Innocence ; thou may'st see Cowardice concealed under terrible Looks, and Falsehood dress'd in the Robes of Truth ; Fraud borrowing the Looks of her greatest Enemy, Honesty, and Oppression balancing the Scales of Justice.





C H A P. VI.

The Death of the KING of the Mendicants, with his last gracious Speech to his Subjects.

IT was about this Time the good old King of the Mendicants *, named *Clause Patch*, well known in the City of *London*, and most Parts of *England*, finished a Life of true *Glory*, being spent in promoting the Welfare of his People. A little before his Death, finding the Decays of Nature increase every Day, and his final Dissolution approach, he called together all his Children, to the Number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his Subjects as were within any convenient Distance, being willing that the last *Spark* of his *Life* should go out in the Service of his *People*: This Summons was obey'd with heavy Hearts by his loving Subjects; and at the Day and Place appointed a great Number were assembled together.

The

* Under this Title we comprehend the Community of the *Gypsies*, as well as every other Order of *Mendicants*, vulgarly called *Beggars*.

The venerable old *King* was brought in a high Chair, and placed in the Midst of them, his *Children* standing next him, and his *Subjects* behind him.—*Reader, if thou hast ever seen that famous Picture of Seneca *, bleeding to Death in the Bath, with his Friends and Disciples standing round him, then may'st thou form some Idea of this Assembly: Such was the lively Grief, such the profound Veneration, such the solemn Attention, that appeared in every Countenance: But we can give thee no adequate Idea of that inward Joy which the good old King felt at seeing these unfeigned Marks of Love in his Subjects, which he considered as so many Testimonies of his own Virtues; for certain it is, that when Kings are the Fathers of their People, their Subjects will have for them more than the filial Love and Veneration of Sons. The Mind of Man cannot conceive any Thing so august, and the Happiness of GOD can only equal a King belov'd by his Subjects: Could Kings but taste this Pleasure at their first mounting the Throne, instead of drinking of the intoxicating Cup of Power, we should see them consider their Subjects as Children, and themselves the Fathers to nourish, instruct, and provide for them, as a Flock, and themselves the Shepherds to bring them to pleasant Pastures, refreshing Streams, and secure Folds.*—

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* A Picture in the Possession of the Earl of EXETER, at his Seat near Stamford, in Lincolnshire.

For some Time the *King* of the *Mendicants* sat contemplating these Emotions of his Subjects, then bending forward he thus addressed them :

“ *Children and Friends*, or rather may I call
“ you all my *Children*, as I regard you all with
“ a paternal Love ; I have taken you from
“ your daily Employments, that you may all
“ eat and drink with me before I die. I am
“ not Courtier enough yet, however, to make
“ my Favours a Loss to my Friends ; but be-
“ fore you depart, the Books shall be exa-
“ mined, and every one of you shall receive
“ from my Privy Purse the same Sum that
“ you made by your Business this Day of the
“ last Week : Let not this honest Act of Ge-
“ nerosity displease my Heirs, it is the last
“ Waste I shall make of their Stores ; the rest
“ of what I die possess’d is their’s of Right ;
“ but my Council, though directed to them
“ only, shall be a public Good to all. The
“ good Success, my dear Children, with
“ which it hath pleased Heaven to bless my In-
“ dustry in this our Calling, has given me
“ Power of bestowing one Hundred Pounds
“ on each of you, a small Fortune, but im-
“ proveable ; and of most Use, as it is a Proof
“ that every one of you may gain as much as
“ the Whole, if your own Idleness or Vice
“ prevent not : Mark by what Means ! Our
“ Community, like People of all other Pro-
“ fessions, live upon the Necessities, the Pas-
“ sions,

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew.

“ fions, or the Weaknesses of their Fellow
“ Creatures. The two great Passions of the
“ Human Breast are Vanity and Pity ; both
“ these have great Power in Men’s Actions,
“ but the first the greater far ; and he who can
“ attract these the most successively, will gain
“ the largest Fortune.

“ There was a Time when Rules for doing
“ this were of more Worth to me than Gold ;
“ but now I am grown old, my Strength and
“ Senses fail me, and I am past being an Ob-
“ ject of Compassion. A real Scene of Afflic-
“ tion moves few Hearts to Pity ; dissem-
“ bled Wretchedness is what most reaches
“ the Human Mind, and I am past dissem-
“ bling. Take therefore among you the
“ Maxims I have laid down for my own Guide,
“ and use them with as much Success as I have
“ done.

“ Be not less Friends because you are Bro-
“ thers, or of the same Profession ; the Law-
“ yers herd together in their Inns, the Doctors
“ in their College, the Mercers on *Ludgate-*
“ *Hill*, and the old Clothes-men in *Monmouth-*
“ *Street* : What one has not among these,
“ another has ; and among you, the Heart of
“ him who is not moved by one lamentable
“ Object, will probably be so by another ; and
“ that Charity which was half awakened by
“ the first, will relieve a second or a third.
“ Remember this, and always people a whole
“ Street

“ Street with Objects skilled in Scenes of different Distress, placed at proper Distances.
“ The Tale that moves not one Heart, may surprise the next ; the obdurate Passer by of the first, must be made of no Human Matter, if it feels no Part of the Distress that twenty different Tales have reaped together ; and be assured, that where it is touched with a kindred Misfortune, it will bestow.

“ Remember that where one gives out of Pity to you, fifty give out of Kindness to themselves, to rid them of your troublesome Application ; and for one that gives out of real Compassion, five hundred do it out of Ostentation. On these Principles, trouble People most who are most busy, and ask Relief where many may see it given, and you'll succeed in your Attempt. Remember that the Streets were made for People to walk, and not to converse in : Keep up their antient Use ; and whenever you see two or three gathered together, be you amongst them, and let them not hear the Sound of their own Voices, till they have bought off the Noise of your's. When Self-love is thus satisfied, remember social Virtue is the next Duty, and tell your next Friend where he may go and obtain the same Relief by the same Means

“ Trouble not yourselves about the Nobility ; Prosperity has made them vain and
“ insensible ;

" insensible ; they cannot pity what they can
 " never feel.

" The Talkers in the Street are to be tole-
 " rated on different Conditions, and at diffe-
 " rent Prices ; if they are Tradesmen, their
 " Conversation will soon end, and may be
 " well paid for by an Halfpenny ; if an Infe-
 " rior clings to the Skirt of a Superior, he
 " will give Two-pence rather than be pull'd
 " off ; and when you are happy enough to
 " meet a Lover and his Mistress, never part
 " with them under Six-pence ; for you may
 " be sure they will never part with one ano-
 " ther.

" So much regards Communities of Men ;
 " but when you hunt single, the great Game
 " of all is to be played. However much you
 " ramble in the Day, be sure to have some one
 " Street near your Home, where your chief
 " Residence is, and all your idle Time is spent.
 " Here learn the History of every Family ; and
 " whatever has been the latest Calamity of
 " that, provide a Brother or a Sister that may
 " pretend the same. If the Master of one House
 " has lost a Son, let your eldest Brother at-
 " tack his Compassion on that tender Side, and
 " tell him that he has lost the sweetest, hope-
 " fullest, and dutifullest Child that was his only
 " Comfort ! What should the Answer be, but
 " aye, poor Fellow, I know how to pity thee in
 " that ; and a Shilling will be in as much Haste
 " to

“ to flow out of his Pocket as the first Tear
“ from his Eye

“ Is the Master of a second House sick,
“ way-lay his Wife from Morning to Night,
“ and tell her you will pray Morning, Noon
“ and Night for his Recovery. If he dies,
“ Grief is the reigning Passion for the first
“ Fortnight, let him have been what he
“ would : Grief leads naturely to Compassion,
“ so let your Sister thrust a Pillow under
“ her Coats, and tell her she is a poor dis-
“ console Widow left with seven small Chil-
“ dren, and that she lost the best Husband in
“ the World ; and you may share considera-
“ ble Gains.

“ Whatever People seem to want, give it
“ them largely in your Address to them ; call
“ the Beau sweet Gentleman, bless even his
“ Coat or Perriwig, and tell him they are hap-
“ py Ladies where he's going. If you meet
“ with a School-boy Captain, such as our
“ Streets are full of, call him *noble General* ;
“ and if the Miser can be any Way got to strip
“ himself of a Farthing, it will be by the Name
“ of *charitable Sir*.

“ Some People shew you in their Looks the
“ whole Thoughts of their Heart, and give
“ you a fine Notice how to succeed with
“ them ; if you meet a sorrowful Countenance
“ with a red Coat, be sure the Wearer is a dis-
“ banded Officer ; let a Female always attack
“ him, and tell him she's the Widow of a
“ poor

“ poor Marine, who had served twelve Years,
“ and then broke his Heart because he was
“ turn’d out without a Penny : If you see a
“ plain Man hang down his Head as he comes
“ out of some Nobleman’s Gate, tell him,
“ *good worthy Sir, I beg your Pardon, but I*
“ *am a poor ruin’d Tradesman that was once in*
“ *good Business, but the great People would not*
“ *pay me !* And if you see a pretty Woman
“ with a dejected Look, send your first Sister
“ that is at Hand to complain to her of a bad
“ Husband that gets drunk and beats her, that
“ runs to Whores and has spent all her Sub-
“ stance ; there are but two Things that can
“ make an handsome Woman melancholy, the
“ having a bad Husband, or the having no
“ Husband at all ; if the first of these is the
“ Case, one of the former Crimes will touch
“ her to the Quick, and loosen the String of
“ her Purse ; if the other, let a second distrels’d
“ Object tell her she was to have been mar-
“ ry’d well, but that her Lover died a Week
“ before : One Way or other the tender Heart
“ of the Female will be melted, and the Re-
“ ward will be handsome. If you meet a
“ homely but dress’d-up Lady, pray for her
“ lovely Face, and beg a Penny ; and if you
“ see a Mark of Delicacy by the drawing up
“ of the Nose, send some Body to shew her a
“ fore Leg, a scal’d Head, or a Rupture. If
“ you are happy enough to fall in with a ten-
“ der Husband leading his big Wife to
“ Church,

“ Church, send some Companion that has but
 “ one Arm, or has two Thumbs, or tell her of
 “ some monstrous Child you have brought
 “ forth, and the good Man will pay you to be
 “ gone : If he gives slightly, it is but follow-
 “ ing, getting before the Lady, and talking
 “ louder, and you may depend upon his search-
 “ ing his Pockets to better Purpose a second
 “ Time. Many more Things there are I
 “ have to speak of, but my feeble Tongue
 “ will not hold out to speak them ; profit by
 “ these, they will be found sufficient ; and if
 “ they prove to you, my Children, what they
 “ have been these eighteen Years to me, I
 “ shall not repine at my Dissolution.”

Here he paused for some Time, being almost
 spent ; then recovering his Spirits, he thus
 began again : “ As I find the Lamp of Life
 “ is not quite extinguished, I shall employ
 “ the little that remains in saying a few Words
 “ of my *publick Conduct* as your King : I call
 “ *Heaven* to witness that I have lov'd you all
 “ with a *Paternal Love* : These now feeble
 “ Limbs and broken Spirits have been worn
 “ out in providing for your *Welfare* ; and often
 “ have these now *dim Eyes* watch'd, whilst
 “ *your's* have slept, with a *Father's* Care for
 “ your *Safety*. I call you all to witness that I
 “ have kept an *impartial Register* of your *Ac-*
 “ *tions*, and no *Merit* has passed unnotic'd : I
 “ have with a most exact Hand divided to
 “ every Man his due Portion of our common
 “ Stock,

“ Stock, and have had no *worthless Favourite*,
 “ nor *useless Officers*, to eat the *Honey* of your
 “ *Labour*. And for all these I have had my
 “ *Reward*, in seeing the *Happiness*, and hav-
 “ ing the *Love* of all my Subjects. I depart
 “ therefore in *Peace*, to rest with my *Fathers*:
 “ It remains only that I give you my last *Ad-*
 “ *vice*, which is, that in chusing my *Suc-*
 “ *cessor*, you pay no partial *Regard* to my *Fa-*
 “ *mily*, but let him only who is most *worthy*
 “ rule over you.” He said no more, but
 leaning back in his Chair, expired without a
Sigh.

Never was there a Scene of more real *Dis-*
treffs, or more unfeigned *Grief*, than appeared
 now amongst his Children and Subjects; no-
 thing was heard but Sighs and Exclamations
 of their Loss. When the first Transports of
 their Grief were over, they sent the sorrowful
 News to all the Houses that were frequented
 by their Community in every Part of the
 Kingdom; at the same Time summoning
 them to repair to the City of *London* by a cer-
 tain Day, in order to the Election of a new
King.





C. H A P. VII.

A Rhapsody on Public Liberty, very proper to be read by all who vote for Members of Parliament. The Manner of electing a new King of the Mendicants: Mr. Carew is elected to that high Honour.

BEFORE the Day appointed for the Election, a vast Concourse of Mendicants flock'd from all Parts of the Kingdom to the City of London; for every Member of the Community has a Right to vote in the Choice of their King, as they think it inconsistent with that natural *Liberty* which every Man is born *Heir* to, to deny any one the Privilege of making his own *Choice* in a Matter of so great Importance to him.—Here, Reader, as thou wilt be apt to judge from what thou hast seen, thou already expectest a Scene of *Riot* and *Debauchery*; to see the *Candidates* servilely cringing, meanly suing, and basely bribing; the *Electors* depriving themselves of *Sense* and *Reason*, and selling
more

more than *Esau* did for a *Mess* of *Pottage*; for what is *Birthright*, what is *Inheritance*, when put in the Scales against that choicest of Blessings, *Public Liberty*?----O *Liberty*, thou Enlivener of Life, thou Solace of our Toils, thou Patron of Arts, thou Encourager of Industry, thou Spring of Opulence, thou Something more than Life, beyond the Reach of Fancy to describe, all hail! It is thou that beamest the *Sun-shine* in the Patriot's Breast; it is thou that sweetenest the *Toil* of the labouring Mechanick; thou dost inspire the Ploughman with jocund *Mirth*, and thou tuneest the merry Milk-maid's Song; thou canst make the *Desart* smile, and the barren *Rock* to sing for Joy: By thy sacred *Protection* the poorest Peasant lies secure under the Shadow of his defenceless *Cot*, whilst *Oppression* at a Distance gnashes with her Teeth, but dares not show her Iron *Rod*; and *Power*, like the raging Billows, dashes its Bounds with *Indignation*, but cannot overpass them.——But where thou art not, how chang'd the *Scene*! how tasteless *Life*! how irksome *Labour*! how languid *Industry*! Where are the beauteous *Rose*, the gaudy *Tulip*, the sweet-scented *Jessamine*? Where the purple *Grape*, the luscious *Peach*, the glowing *Nectarine*? Wherefore smile not the Vallies with their beauteous *Verdure*, and sing for Joy with their golden *Harvests*? All, all are withered by the scorching *Sun* of lawless *Power*! Where thou art

not, what Place so sacred as to be secure? or who can say, *this is my own*? This is the Language only of the Place where thou delightest to dwell; but as soon as thou spreadest thy Wings to some more pleasing Clime, *Power* walks Abroad with haughty Strides, and treads upon the Weak, whilst *Oppression*, with its heavy Hand, bows down the unwilling Neck to the Yoke.—O my Country! alas! my Country! Thou wast once the chosen Seat of *Liberty*, her Footsteps appeared in thy Streets, thy Palaces, thy public Assemblies; she exulted in thee; her Voice, the Voice of *Joy* and *Gladness*, was heard throughout the Land; with more than a Mother's Love she held forth her seven-fold *Shield* to protect the meanest of her *Sons*, whilst *Justice*, supported by the *Laws*, rode triumphant by her Side with awful *Majesty*, and look'd into *Fear* and *Trembling* every Disturber of the Public *Quiet*. O thou, whom my Soul loveth, wherefore do I now seek thy Footsteps in vain? Wherefore dost thou sit dejected, and hidest thy Face all the Day long?—*Canst thou ask the Reason of my Grief*? See, see my generous and hardy *Sons* are become foolish, indolent, effeminate, thoughtless; behold, how with their own Hands they have loaded me with *Shackles*: Alas! alas! hast thou not seen them take the *Rod* from my beloved Sister *Justice*, and give it to the *Sons* of *Blood* and *Rapine*? Yet a little while I mourn over my lost and degenerate

degenerate *Sons*, and then with hasty Flight fix my Habitation in some more happy Clime.

Though the Community of the *Gypsies* at other Times give themselves up to *Mirth* and *Jollity* with perhaps too much *Licence*, yet nothing is reckoned more infamous and shameful amongst them, than to appear intoxicated during the Time of an *Election*; and it very rarely happens that any of them are so; for they reckon it a *Choice* of so much *Importance*, that they cannot exert in it too much *Judgment*, *Prudence*, and *Wisdom*; therefore endeavour to have all their *Faculties* strong, lively, penetrating, and clear at that Time. Their Method of *Election* is different from that of most other People, though perhaps it is the best contrived of any, and attended with the fewest *Inconveniencies*. We have already observed, that none but those who have been long Members of the Community, are well acquainted with the Institutions of it, and have signalized themselves by some remarkable Actions, are permitted to offer themselves *Candidates*. These are all obliged, ten Days before the Election, to fix up in some Place of their public Resort an Account of those *Actions*, upon the *Merit* of which they found their *Pretensions* of becoming *Candidates*; to which they must add their *Sentiments* on *Liberty*, and the *Office* and *Duties* of a *King*: They must likewise, during these ten Days, appear every Day at the Place of Election, that their Electors may have

an Opportunity of forming some *Judgment* from the *Lineaments* and *Prognosticks* of the Countenance. A few Days before the Election, a little white Ball, and as many black ones as with the white one will equal the Number of the Candidates, are given to each Elector.

When the Day of Election is come, as many Boxes are placed as there are Candidates, with the Name of the particular Candidates wrote on the Box, which is appropriated to him: These Boxes are quite closed, except a little Opening at the Top, which is every Night, during the Election, lock'd up under the Keys and Seals of each of the Candidates, and of six of the most venerable old Men in the Community: It is in the little Opening, at the Top of these Boxes, that the Elector puts in the little Balls we have just now mentioned; at the same Time he puts his white Ball into the Box of the Candidate whom he chuses to be his King, he puts a black Ball into the Boxes of all the other Candidates; and when they have all done so, the Boxes are broke open, and the Balls counted in the Presence of all the Candidates, and as many of the Electors as chuse it, by the old Men above-mentioned; and he who has the greatest Number of white Balls, is always duly chosen. By this Means no *presiding Officer* has it in his Power to make *one* more than *two*, which sometimes happens in the Elections amongst other Communities, who do not use this Form. There are other innumerable Advantages

Advantages attending this Manner of Election, and it is likely to preserve *public Liberty* the longest ; for first, as the Candidates are obliged to fix up publicly on Account of those Actions, upon the Merit of which they become Candidates, it deters any but those who are *truly worthy* from offering themselves ; and as the Sentiments which each of them gives upon *public Liberty*, and the *Office and Duty* of a King, is immediately entered in their public Register, it stands as a perpetual *Witness* against, and a *Check* upon that Candidate who is chosen, to deter him from a Change of *Sentiments and Principles* ; for though in some Countries this has been known to have little Effect, and Men have on a sudden, without any Alteration in the Nature of Things, shamelessly espoused those *Principles and Sentiments* which they had vehemently all their Lives before opposed ; yet in this Community (where there is so high a Sense of Honour and Shame kept up) it must needs be one of the most binding *Obligations*. Secondly, by this Method of Balloting, or giving their Votes by Balls, the Elector's Choice is more free and unbiass'd ; for as none but himself can know the Candidate he gives his white Ball to, there can be no Influence of Fear, Interest, Ties of Blood, or any other Cause to oblige him to give his Vote contrary to his *Judgment* ; even *Bribes* (if they were known amongst these People) would lose their Effect under this Method of Voting, because
few

few Candidates would chuse to bribe, when they could have no Security, or Knowledge, whether the bribed Elector might not put a black Ball instead of a white one into his Box.

Our Hero was now one of the Candidates, and exhibited to the Electors so long a List of bold and ingenious *Stratagems* which he had executed, and made so graceful and majestic an Appearance in his Person, that he had a considerable Majority of white Balls in his Box ; (tho' there were ten Candidates for the same Honour) upon which he was declared duly elected, and hail'd by the whole Assembly *King of the Mendicants*. The publick Register of their Actions being immediately committed to his Care, and Homage done him by all the Assembly, the whole concluded with great Feasting and Rejoicing, and the following *Ode* sung by the Electors :

I.

CAST your *Nabs* * and *Cares* away,
This is *Maunder's* Holiday :
In the World look out and see,
Where so happy a King as † He ?

II.

At the *Crowning* of our King,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
Where's the Nation lives so free,
And so merrily as we ?

Be

* Hats or Caps.

† Pointing to their new-made King.

III.

Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at Liberty we are :
Hang all *Harmenbecks*† we cry,
We the *Cuffin Queres*§ defy.

IV.

We enjoy our Ease and Rest,
To the Field we are not press'd :
And when the Taxes are increas'd,
We are not a Penny cess'd.

V.

Nor will any go to Law
With a *Maunder* || for a Straw ;
All which Happiness he brags,
Is only owing to his Rags.

† Constables.

§ A Justice of Peace, or a Churl.

|| A Beggar.





C H A P. VIII.

Mr. Carew's Behaviour after his Election; his bold Adventure at Fleet, near Portland; the Character he appeared in at Bristol; his unfortunate Meeting with Justice Lethbridge; Imprisonment, and Banishment to America.

THOUGH Mr. Carew was now privileged, by the Dignity of his Office, from going out on any Cruize, and was provided with every Thing necessary, by the joint Contributions of the Community; yet he did not give himself up to that slow Poison of the Mind, *Indolence*, which, though its Operations are imperceptible, is more hurtful and fatal than any of the quicker *Passions*; for we often see great *Virtues* break through the Cloud of other *Vices*, but *Indolence* is a standing corrupted Pool, which always remains in the same State, unfit for every *Purpose*. Our Hero, therefore, notwithstanding the particular *Privilege* of his Office, was as active in his Stratagems

Stratagem as ever, and ready to encounter any Difficulties which seem'd to promise Success, of which the following is an Instance: Happening to be in the Parish of *Fleet*, near *Portland-Race*, in *Dorsetshire*, he heard in the Evening of a Ship in imminent Danger of being cast away, she having been driven on some Shoals: Early in Morning, before it was well light, he pulls off his Clothes, which he flung into a deep Pit, and then, unseen by any one, swims to the Vessel, which was now parted asunder; he found only one of the Crew alive, who was hanging by his Hands on the Side of the Vessel, the rest being either washed overboard, or drown'd in attempting to swim to Shore. Never was there a more piteous *Object* than this poor *Wretch* hanging between *Life* and *Death*: Mr. Carew immediately offered him his Assistance to get him to Shore, at the same Time enquiring the Name of the Vessel, and her Master, what Cargo on Board, whence she came, and whither bound? The poor *Wretch* replied, *She belong'd to Bristol, Capt. Griffin, Master; came from Hamburgh, and bound to Bristol with Hamburgh Goods, and had seven Men and a Boy on Board*; at the same Time our Hero was pressing him to let go his Hold, and commit himself to his Care, and he would endeavour to swim with him to Shore; but when Danger is so imminent, and Death stands before our Eyes, it is
no

no easy Matter to be perswaded to quit the weakest *Stay* : Thus this poor Wretch hesitated so long before he would quit his Hold of the Vessel, that a large Sea broke upon the Wreck, and overwhelmed him in the great *Deep*. Mr. *Carew* was in no little Danger, but being an excellent Swimmer, he with great Difficulty got to Shore, tho' not without Hurt, the Sea throwing him with great Violence on the Beach, whereby one of his Arms was wounded. By this Time a great Number of Spectators were gathered on the Strand, who rejoiced to see Mr. *Carew* come to Shore alive, supposing him to be one of the poor Wretches belonging to the Ship ; *Naked, spent with Fatigue, and wounded*, he raised a feeling Pity in all the Spectators ; for so strongly is this tender *Passion* connected with our *Frame* by the beneficent *Author of Nature*, to promote the *mutual Assistance* of each other, that no sooner doth the *Eye* see a deplorable *Object*, but the Heart feels it, and as quickly forces the *Hand* to relieve it ; so that those whom the *Love of Money* (for we think THAT the greatest Opposite to *Pity*) has render'd unfeeling of another's *Woes*, are said to have no *Hearts*, or *Hearts of Stone* ; as we naturely conclude no one can be void of that soft and God-like *Passion*, *PITY*, but either one who by some Cause or other happened to be made up without a *Heart*, or one in whom the continual

Droppings

Droppings of Self-love or Avarice have quite changed the Nature of it; which, by the most skilful *Anatomists*, is allowed, in its natural State, to be *fleshy, soft, and tender*; but has been found, without Exception, upon Inspection into the Bodies of several *Money-Lovers*, to be nothing but a *callous, stony Substance*; from which the *Chymists*, by the most intense Fires, have been able to extract nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*, or an earthy, dry, useless Powder.

Among the Spectators of Mr. Carew, was the Housekeeper of Madam Mohun, in the Parish of *Fleet*, who (with great Pleasure do we mention it) had a *Heart* made of the *softest Substance*; for she immediately, agreeable to the *beneficent Precepts* of the *Gospel*, pull'd off her own Cloak to give to him who had none; and, like the good *Samaritan*, giving him a Handkerchief to bind up his *Wound*, bid him follow her, and led him to her Mistress's House, where she seated him before a good Fire, gave him two large Glasses of Brandy with Loaf Sugar in it; then bringing him a Shirt and other Apparel, goes up Stairs and acquaints her Lady, in the most moving Manner, with the whole Affair.—Here could we hope our Work would last to future Ages, we would immortalize this good Woman.—Her Mistress was so affected with her Relation, that she immediately ordered a Bed to be warmed very hot, for the poor Wretch to be put into, and

taken great Care of; which was accordingly soon done, and Mr. *Carew* lay very quiet for three or four Hours; then awaking, he seemed to be very much disturbed in Mind; his Talk was incoherent, his Groans moving, and he tossed from one Side of the Bed to the other, but seemed to find Ease in none: The good People seeing him so uneasy in Bed, brought him a good Suit of Clothes, and he got up: Being told the Bodies of some of his Ship Mates were flung up by the Sea on the Shore, he seemed greatly affected, and the Tears dropped from his Eyes. Having received from Justice *Farwell* (who happened to be there ill of the Gout) a Guinea, and a Pass for *Bristol*, and considerable Contributions from the great Number of People who flocked to see him, to the Amount of nine or ten Pounds, he expressed an Inclination of making the best of his Way to *Bristol*; and the good Justice *Farwell* lent him his own Horse to ride as far as *Dorchester*, and the Parson of the Parish sent his Man to shew him the Way.

Mr. *Carew* would have been gladly excused from going through *Dorchester*, as he had appeared there but four or five Days before in the Character of a broken *Miller*, and had thereby raised a Contribution of the Mayor and Corporation of that Place; but, as it lay in the direct Road to *Bristol*, and he was attended by a Guide, he could not possibly avoid it: As soon as they came there, his Guide presented the
Pass

Pass in Behalf of Mr. *Carew* to the Mayor, who thereupon ordered the Town-Hall Bell to be rung, and assembled the Heads of the Corporation. Though he had been so lately with them, yet, being now in a quite different Dress, and his Pass (which they knew to be signed by Justice *Farwell*) and the Guide testifying he was an unfortunate Ship-wreck'd Seaman, escaped from the most imminent Danger, they had no Notion of his being the broken *Miller* who had been with them a few Days before; they therefore treated him with great Humanity, and relieved him very generously. After this the Guide took his Leave of him with a great many good Wishes for his safe Arrival at *Bristol*; but Mr. *Carew*, instead of pursuing his Way thither, steered his Course towards *Devonshire*, and raised Contributions in the Way, as a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, on Colonel *Brown*, of *Frampton*, 'Squire *Trenchard* and 'Squire *Fulford*, of *Tolla*, Col. *Broadrip*, Col. *Mitchell*, and 'Squire *Richards*, of *Long Britty*, and several other Gentlemen.

It was not long after this, that being in the City of *Bristol*, he put in Execution a very bold and ingenious Stratagem. Calling to Mind one *Aaron Cock*, a Trader of considerable Worth and Note at *St. John's*, in *Newfoundland*, whom he resembled both in Person and Speech, he was resolved to be the Son of Mr. *Aaron Cock* for some Time: He therefore goes upon the *Tolsey*, and other Places of public

lic Resort for the Merchants in *Bristol*, and there modestly acquaints them with his Name and Misfortunes: *That he was born, and lived all his Life at St. John's, in Newfoundland; that he was bound for England, in the Nicholas, Capt. Newman; which Vessel springing a Leak, they were obliged to quit her, and were taken up by an Irishman, Patrick Pore, and by him carried into Waterford, from whence he had got Passage, and landed at King-Road; that his Business in England was to buy Provisions and Fishing Craft, and to see his Relations, who lived in the Parish of Cockington, near Torbay, where his Father was born.* The Captains *Elton, Calloway, Masters, Thomas, Turner,* and several other *Newfoundland* Traders, (many of whom personally knew his pretended Father and Mother) asked him many Questions concerning the Family, their usual Place of fishing, &c. particularly, *If he remembered how the Quarrel happened at his Father's, (when he was but a Boy) which was of so unhappy Consequence to Governor Collins?* Mr. CAREW very readily replied, *That though he was then very young, he remembered that the Governor, the Parson and his Wife, Madam Short, Madam Bengy, Madam Brown, and several other Women of St. John's, being met together, and feasting at his Father's, a warm Dispute happened among the Men (in the Heat of Liquor) concerning the Virtue of Women, the Governor obstinately averring (being unmarried himself) that*
there

there was not one honest Woman in all Newfoundland : What think you then of my Wife ? says the Parson, *Nay, the same I do of all other Women, all Whores alike,* answered the Governor roughly. *Hereupon the Women, not able to endure this gross Aspersions upon their Honour, with one Accord attacked the Governor, who being overpowered by their Fury, could not defend his Face from being disfigured by their Nails, nor his Clothes from being torn off his Back ; and what was much worse, the Parson's Wife thinking herself most injured, cut the Hamstring of his Leg with a Knife, which rendered him a Cripple his whole Life after.*

This circumstantial Account, which was in every Point exactly as the Affair happened, and many other Questions concerning the Family, which the Captains asked him, and he as readily answered, (having got very particular Information concerning them when he was in Newfoundland) fully convinced the Captains that he must really be the Son of their good old Friend Mr. Aaron Cock ; they therefore not only very generously relieved him, but offered to lend him any moderate Sum, to be paid again in Newfoundland the next fishing Season ; but Mr. Carew had too high a Sense of Honour to abuse their Generosity so far ; he therefore excused himself from accepting their Offer, by saying, *He could be furnished with as much as he should have Occasion for, by Merchant Pemm of Exeter.* They then took him with them to the

Guildhall, recommending him to the Benevolence of the Mayor and Corporation, testifying he was a Man of a reputable Family in *Newfoundland*. Here a very handsome Collection was made for him, and the Circumstances of his Misfortune becoming public, many other Gentlemen and Ladies gave him that Assistance, according to their Abilities, which is always due to unfortunate Strangers. Three Days did the Captains detain him by their Civilities in *Bristol*, shewing him all the Curiosities and Pleasures of that Place, to divert his Melancholy. He then set out for *Cockington*, (where his Relations lived) and *Bridgwater* being in his Road, he had a Letter from one of the *Bristol* Captains to Captain *Drake* in that Place. As soon as he came to *Bridgwater*, he went directly to the Mayor's House, and knocking at the Door, it was opened to him by Madam *Mayoress*, to whom he related his Misfortunes; and the good Lady pitying him as an unfortunate Stranger so far distant from his Home, gave him Half a Crown, and engaged her Daughter, a Child, to give him a Shilling.— We cannot pass by this amiable Lady, without paying her the due *Tribute* of Praise; for *Tendernefs* and *Compassion* ought to be the peculiar *Ornament* of every *Female Breast*; and it were to be wished that every Parent would betimes (like this good Lady) instill into their Children a tender *Sense of Humanity*, and *Feeling of another's Woe*; They would by this Means teach

teach them the Enjoyment of the most God-like and pleasing of all Pleasures, that of relieving the Distressed ; and would extinguish that fordid, selfish Spirit, which is the Blot of Humanity. The good Lady, not content with what she had already done, ushered him into a Room, where her Husband, an aged Gentleman, was writing; to whom she related Mr. Cock's Misfortunes in as moving a Manner as she was able : The old Gentleman laid aside his Spectacles, and asked him several Questions ; then dispatched his Servant into the Town, who soon returned with two *Newfoundland* Captains ; one of whom happened to be Captain *Drake*, to whom our Hero had a Letter of Recommendation given him by one of the *Bristol* Captains ; and the other Captain *Morris*, whose Business having lately called him to *Bristol*, he had there been informed by the Captains of the Circumstances of Mr. Cock's Misfortunes ; and he repeating the same now to the Mayor, Captain *Morris* confirmed his Relation, told them how he had been treated at *Bristol*, and made him a Present of a Guinea and a great Coat, (it being then very rainy Weather ;) Capt. *Drake* likewise gave him a Guinea, for both these Gentlemen perfectly well knew Mr. *Aaron's* Father and Mother ; the Mayor likewise made him a Present, and entertained him very hospitably in his House. In the same Character he visited Sir *Hafwell Tent*, and several

several other Gentlemen, raising considerable Contributions.

This Activity and Ingenuity of their new King, was highly agreeable to the Community of the Mendicants, and his Applauses resounded at all their Meetings: But as Fortune delights to change the Scene, and of a sudden to depress those she hath most favoured, we come now to relate the Misfortunes of our Hero, (though we know not whether we should call them by that Name or not) as they gave him a larger Field of Action, and greater Opportunities of exercising the more manly Virtues, Courage, and Intrepidity in Dangers.

Going one Day to pay a Visit to Mr. *Robert Inclendon*, at *Barnstaple*, in *Devon*, (in an ill Hour, which his Knowledge could not foresee) knocking at the Door softly, it was opened to him by his Clerk, who accosted him with the common Salutations of 'How do you do, Mr. CAREW? Where have you been?' He readily replied, 'That he had been making a Visit to *Squire Bassett's*, and in his Return had called to pay his Respects to Mr. *Inclendon*.' The Clerk very civilly asked him to walk in; but no sooner was he entered than the Door was shut upon him by Justice *Lethbridge*, (a very bitter Enemy to the whole Community of Mendicants) who had conceal'd himself behind it, and Mr. CAREW was made a Prisoner. *So sudden are the Vicissitudes of Life! and Misfortunes spring as it were out of the Earth. Thus sudden and unexpected*

pected fell the mighty Cæsar, the Master of the World; and just so affrighted Priam look'd, when the Shade of Hector drew his Curtains, and told him that his Troy was taken.

The Reader will, undoubtedly, be at a Loss to comprehend why he was thus seized upon contrary to the Laws of Hospitality; it is therefore our Business to inform him, that he had the Misfortune some Time before this, in the Shape of a poor lame Cripple, to frighten either the Justice or his Horse on *Pilton-Bridge*; but which of the two it was; cannot be affirmed with any great Certainty: However, the Justice vow'd a *dire Revenge*, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his Power. *Fame* had no sooner sounded with her hundred *prattling* Tongues, that our Hero was in Captivity, but the Justice's House was crouded with Intercessors for him; however, Justice *Lethbridge* was deaf to all, and even to the *Entreaties* of *Beauty*, several very pretty Ladies being likewise Advocates for him: Whether it was that the Justice was past that Age when *Love* shoots his Darts with most Success; or whether his Heart was always made of that *unmalleable Stuff* which is quite unaffailable by *Love*, or by his *Cousin German*, *Pity*, we cannot well determine.

Among the rest who came to see him, were some Captains of Collier Vessels, whom the Justice espying, and, probably taking some Disgust to their Countenances, demanded who they

they were, and immediately discharging the Guard which had been before placed over Mr. *Carew*, charged the Captains with the Care of him, though they affirmed their Vessels were to sail with the next Tide ; however, the Justice paying as little Regard to their Allegations, as he had done before to the Petitioners for Mr. *Carew*, they found they had no other Hope but from that good-natur'd Dame, *Patience* : She, good Woman, is always ready to render our Misfortunes less, and was, in all his Adventures, a great Friend to our Hero.

At length a Warrant was made out for conveying him to *Exeter*, and lodging him in one of the securest Places in that City ; but as it was now too late to set forward on their Journey that Night, they were ordered to a Public-house in *Barnstaple* ; and the Justice remembering the old Proverb, *fast bind fast find*, would fain have lock'd the Door of the Room where Mr. *Carew* was, and taken the Key with him ; but the honest Landlord offering to become Security for his Appearance in the Morning, the Justice was at last persuaded to be content without the Office of Gaoler. Mr. *Carew*, notwithstanding his Situation, was not cast down, but bravely opposed his ill Fortune with his Courage, and passed the Night chearfully with the Captains, who were his Guard. The next Day he was conducted to *Exeter*, without any Thing remarkable happening on the

the Road : Here he was securely lodged for more than two Months, and then brought up to the Quarter Sessions held at the Castle, when Justice *Beavis* was Chairman ; but that awful Appearance,

The Judges all met, a terrible Show !
 did not strike any Terror into his Breast ; tho' loaded with Chains, he preserved his usual Firmness of Mind, and saluted the Court with a noble *Assurance*. Being asked by the Chairman what Parts of the World he had been in, he answered, *Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales,* and some Part of *Scotland* : The Chairman then told him, " He must proceed to a hotter Country ;" he enquired into what Climate, and being told *Merryland*, he with great Composure made a critical Observation on the Pronunciation of that Word, implying, that he apprehended it ought to be pronounced *Maryland*, and added, it would save him Five Pounds for his Passage, as he was very desirous of seeing that Country ; but, notwithstanding, with great Resolution, desired to know by what Law they acted, as he was not accused of any Crime : However, Sentence of *Banishment* was passed upon him for 7 Years ; but his Fate was not singular, for he had the Comfort of having Fellow Companions enough in his Sufferings, as out of 35 Prisoners, 32 were ordered into the like Banishment.--*Whether, at that Period of Time, Mankind were*
 more

more profligate than usual, or whether there was a more than ordinary Demand for Men in his Majesty's Colonies, cannot by us be determined.

Mr. Carew was not, as is most commonly the Case, deserted by his Friends in Adversity, for he was visited, during the Time of his Imprisonment, by many Gentlemen, who were exceeding liberal to him; and no sooner did the News of his Captivity reach the Ears of his Subjects, than they flock'd to him from all Parts, administer'd to his Necessities in Prison, and daily visited him 'till his Departure. This, and the Thoughts of the many new Scenes and Adventures which he was likely to encounter with, whereby he might have an Opportunity of making his Name as *famous* in *America* as it was already in *Europe*, often filled his Mind with too pleasing Reflections to regret his Fate, though he could have liked to have performed the Voyage under more agreeable Circumstances; but whenever the *Thought* of being cruelly separated from his beloved Wife and Daughter glanc'd on his Mind, the *Husband* and *Father* unmann'd the *Hero*, and melted him into Tendernefs and Fear; the Reflection too of the Damage his Subjects might sustain by his Absence, and the Disorder the whole Community would be put in by it, fill'd him with many Disquietudes. Thus between pleasing *Ideas*, and Heart-felt *Pangs*, did he pass his Time 'till the Day arrived that he was to be conducted on board the *Juliana*, Capt.

Froade,

Froade, Commander : But how, *gentle Reader*, shall I describe the Ceremony of *Parting*, the last *Farewells* of that dreadful Day, unless I had the abundant Wit of the ingenious Author of *Tom Jones*, who can, whenever he pleases, entertain his Readers with a Chapter upon *Nothing* ; had I been blest'd with the fertile Imagination of this Gentleman, I could here have entertained the *courteous Reader* with half a Score Pages at least, in describing the Tears, the Embraces, Adieus and Farewells of this sorrowful *Parting*.

Leaving the Reader therefore to suppose all these fine Things, behold the Sails already spread, and the Vessel cutting the Waves ; but, as if Fate had opposed itself to the *Banishment* of our Hero, the Winds soon proved contrary, and they were obliged to stay more than a Fortnight in *Falmouth Harbour* for a fair Wind, and thence were eleven Weeks in their Passage to *Maryland*.





C H A P. IX.

Mr. Carew arrives in Maryland; a particular Description of that Country; an Account of the Manner of sowing, cultivating and drying Tobacco; a Description of that remarkable Animal, in Maryland, the flying Squirrel; the surprising Manner of the Fishing-Hawks catching Fish, and their Encounters with the bald Eagle; the Sociableness and good Nature of the Rock Bird; Mr. Carew is upon the Point of being sold for a Slave; but whilst they are bargaining for him, makes his Escape into the Woods.

THE first Place they touch'd at was Hampton, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, where the Captain went ashore and got a Pilot; and after about two Days Stay here, the Pilot brought the Vessel down Miles's River, and cast Anchor in Talbot County; when the Captain ordered a Gun to be fired as a Signal for the Planters to come down, and then went ashore; he soon after sent on a Board a Hogshhead of
Rum,

Rum, and ordered all the Men Prisoners to be close shav'd against the next Morning, and the Women to have their best Head Dresses put on, which occasioned no little Hurry on Board; for between the *trimming* of Beards, and *putting* on of Caps, all Hands were fully employed. In the Morning the Captain ordered public Notice to be given of a Day of Sale, and the Prisoners, who were pretty near a Hundred, were all ordered upon Deck, where a large Bowl of Punch was made, and the Planters flock'd on Board; their first Enquiry was for Letters and News from *Old England*, what Passage he had, how their Friends did, and the like. The Captain informed them of War being declared against *Spain*, and that it was expected it would soon be declared against *France*; that he had been a eleven Weeks and four Days in his Passage. Their next Enquiry was, if the Captain had brought them good Store of Joiners, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Weavers, and Taylors; upon which the Captain called out one *Griffy*, a Taylor, who had lived at *Chumleigh*, in the County of *Devon*, and was obliged to take a Voyage to *Maryland* for making too free with his Neighbour's Sheep: Two Planters, who were Parson *Nicholas* and Mr. *Rolles*, ask'd him, *If he was sound Wind and Limb*, and told him, *It would be worse for him if he told them an Untruth*; and at last purchased him of the Captain. The

poor Taylor cry'd and bellowed like a *Bell-Weather*, cursing his Wife who had betray'd him. *Mr. Carew*, like a brave Man, to whom every Soil is his own Country, ashamed of his Cowardice, gave the Taylor to the Devil; and as he knew he could not do without them, sent his Shears, Pressing-Iron, Thimble and Needle, to bear him Company. *Wherefore all these Wailings*, says our Hero, *have we not a fine glorious Country before us?* pointing to the Shore; and indeed in this he was very right, for *Maryland* not only affords every Thing which preserves and confirms Health, but also all Things that are charming. The Beauty of the Prospect, the Fragrancy of the Fields and Gardens, the Brightness of the Sky, and Serenity of the Air, affect the ravish'd Senses; the Country being a large Plain, and the Hills in it so easy of Ascent, and of such a moderate Height, that they seem rather an artificial Ornament to it, than one of the Accidents of Nature. The Abundance of Rivers and Brooks is no little Help to the Fertility of the Soil.

The Winter in *Maryland* does not continue above three or four Months, *December*, *January*, *February*, and *March*, of which thirty or forty Days only are bad Weather. The Frosts are severe, but attended with a clear Sky, and don't last long. The Rains are frequent and refreshing; and the Heats of the Summer, which are most violent in *June*, *July*, and *August*,
are

are much mitigated by them; and the fresh Breezes that are common in this Country, contribute much to render the Heat tolerable to new Comers, and hardly sensible to the Inhabitants

Most Sorts of Fruits here grow wild, and without cultivating; and they have such Plenty of Peaches, that they give them to their Hogs: Their Flowers likewise are as fine as any in the World.

Tobacco is the standing Commodity of the Country, and is so beneficial to the Planter, and so natural to the Soil, that all other Improvements give Place to that. Indeed they could turn their Hands to nothing that would employ so many Slaves and Servants, and require so little Stock to manage it, or take up such a large Tract of Land; for the same Ground that is planted every Year with *Tobacco*, would produce, if Corn was sown there, more than all the Plantations of *America* could consume. This Plant is so common in *England*, that we need not describe it; it grows much like a Dock; and whereas in our Gardens it must be managed with as much Care as the choicest Fruit or Flower, in *Maryland* they leave it exposed to all the Injuries of the Weather, which is very favourable to it, and 'tis seldom that the Crop suffers by it. The *Tobacco* of this Plantation was not at first so good as 'tis now. That of *Brazil* had once the

greatest Reputation over all *Europe* ; but now *Maryland* and *Virginia* has the best Price in all Markets. It is not known how the *Indians* cured their's ; they now have it all from the *English* : 'Tis said they used to let it run to Seed, only suckering the Leaves, to keep the Spouts from growing up and starving them. When it was ripe, they pull'd them off, cured them in the Sun, and laid them up for Use. The *Maryland* Planters sow the Tobacco Seeds in Beds, as the Gardeners in *England* do Colwort Seeds ; they leave them there a Month, taking Care all that Time to have them well weeded. When the Plants are about the Breadth of one's Hand, they are removed in the first rainy Weather, and transplanted into what they call *Tobacco-Hills*. In a Month's Time the Plants will be a Foot high, and they top them, and then prune off all the bottom Leaves, leaving only seven or eight on the Stalk, that they may be better fed by the Top ; and these Leaves, in six Weeks Time, will be at their full Growth. The Planters prune off the Suckers, and clear them of the Horn-Worm twice a Week, which is called *Worming* and *Suckering* ; and this last Work lasts three Weeks or a Month ; by which Time the Leaf from green begins to turn brownish, and to spot and thicken, which is a Sign of it ripening. As fast as the Plants ripen, you must cut them down, leave them in the Field for half a Day, then heap them up,
let

let them lie and sweat a Night, and the next Day carry them to the Tobacco-House, where every Plant is hanged one by another (by a Peg which is drove into the Stalk of each Plant) at a convenient Distance, for about a Month or five Weeks; at the End of which Time, they strike or take them down in moist Weather, when the Leaf gives, or else it will crumble to Dust; after which they are laid upon Sticks, and covered up close in the Tobacco-House for a Week or a Fortnight to sweat; and then opening the Bulk in a wet Day, the Servants strip them and sort them, the top Leaves being the best, and the bottom the worst Tobacco. The last Work is to pack it in Hogheads, or to bundle it up, which is also done in a wet Season; for in the curing Tobacco, wet Seasons are as necessary as dry to make the Leaf pliant, which would otherwise be brittle and break.

Besides *Lions*, *Leopards*, *Elks*, *Bears*, and other Animals which are met with in *Maryland*; there are two peculiar to the Country which deserve to be described, viz. the *Flying Squirrel* and the *Opassum*.

The *Flying Squirrel* has a fleshy Substance, which it extends in its skipping from one Tree to another, like Wings; and by the Help of these he will fly, or rather skip, thirty or forty Yards at a Time, from Tree to Tree.

The *Opassum* has a Head like a Hog, and a Tail like a Rat; 'tis about the Bigness of a Cat;

Cat ; and the false Belly, in which the Female carries her Young, is thus described by one that saw it : 'Tis like a loose Skin quite over the Belly, which never sticks to the Flesh, but may be looked into at all Times, after they have been concerned in Procreation. In the hinder Part of it is an Overture big enough for a small Hand to pass ; and thither the young ones, after they are full haired, and strong enough to run about, fly when any Danger appears, or when they go to rest or suck, and continue to do so till they have learned to live without their Dam. The strangest Part of this Description is, that the young ones are bred in this false Belly, without ever having been in the true one. They are formed at the Teat, and grow there for several Weeks together, till they are in perfect Shape, and have Strength, Sight and Hair : They then drop off, and rest in this false Belly, going in and out at Pleasure. They are to be seen fastened to a Teat from the Bigness of a Fly, till they become as large as a Mouse. Neither is it any Hurt to the old one to open the Bag, and look in upon her Young.

There were no Rats nor Mice in *Maryland* when the *English* first landed ; but they soon multiplied so from the *English* Shipping, that once there was like to have been a Sort of *Rat-Plague* among the Planters.

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There is no Country more remarkable for the Variety of Birds in it than *Maryland*; where the Woods and Groves in the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and almost all the Year, are rendered as delightful by the Musick of the feathered Choirs, as by the Coolness of their Shades, or the Fragrancy of their Flowers. Among these the Rock-Birds are the most diverting; they love Society so well that whenever they see Mankind, they will perch upon a Twig near the Person, and sing the sweetest Airs in the World. The next is the Humming-Bird, who revels among the Flowers and licks off the Dew and Honey from the Leaves: 'Tis not half so large as an *English* Wren, and its Colour is a shining Mixture of Scarlet, Green and Gold.

As for Fish, there is such a prodigious Plenty of them, that it is hardly credible to an *European*. Many of these Fishes will leap into Canoes and Boats, as the *English* or *Indians* cross a River.

The Manner of the Fishing-Hawks here preying upon Fish is very diverting and remarkable. The Sport is to be seen every Summer in the Morning, and sometimes all Day long. These Hawks are wonderful eager after their Game, when the Fish first come in the Spring. In the Dead of the Winter they fish further off at Sea, or remain among the uninhabited Islands upon the Sea Coast. They have often been seen to catch Fish out of the
Water,

Water, and as they were flying away with their Prey, the bald Eagles have taken it from them again. The Fishing-Hawk will hover over the Water, and rest upon the Wing some Minutes together, and then from a vast Height dart down at once into the Water, plunge into it for the Space of half a Minute, and at last bring up a Fish with him so big that he can hardly carry it. When he is on the Wing, he shakes himself so strongly, that the Water comes off of him like a Mist, and then he flies to the Woods with his Prey, unless the bald Eagle intercepts him, and takes it away from him. This Bird, as soon as he perceives the Fishing-Hawk with the Game in his Mouth, pursues him, and strives to get above him in the Air, which if he can do, the Hawk lets his Fish drop, and the Eagle leaves him to take up his Prey, which he shoots after with such surprizing Swiftneſs, that he catches it in the Air before it falls to the Ground. These Fishing-Hawks, when the Seasons are extraordinary plentiful, will catch a Fish, and loiter about with it in the Air, on Purpose to have a Chace with the Eagle for it; and if the Eagle does not come, he'll make a daring Noise, as if it were to defy him. This Sport has been frequently seen, and by the Description of it, must certainly be extreamly pleasant to the Spectators.

But to return: When all the best Tradesmen were bought up, a Planter came to Mr. Carew,

Carew, and asked him what Trade he was of: Mr. Carew, to satisfy him of his Usefulness, told him he was a *Rat-catcher*, a *Mendicant*, and a *Dog-Merchant*. *What the D—l Trades are those?* replies the Planter, in Astonishment, *for I have never before heard of them.* Upon which the Captain, thinking he should lose the Sale of him, takes the Planter a little aside, and tells him, *He did but jest, being a Man of Humour, for that he was a great Scholar, and was only sent over on Account of having dis-obliged some Gentlemen; that he had no Indenture with him, but he should have him for seven Years, and that he would make an excellent School-Master:* However no Purchase was made of him. The next Day the Captain ask'd him to go on Shore with him to see the Country, but indeed with a View of getting a Purchase for him among the Planters. As they were walking, several People came up to Mr. Carew, and ask'd him what Countryman he was, &c. At length they went to a Tavern, where one Mr. *David Huxter*, who was formerly of *Lyme*, in *Dorset*, and Mr. *Hambleton*, a *Scotchman*, seemed to have an Inclination to buy him between them; Soon after came in one Mr. *Ashcraft*, who put in for him too, and then the Bowl of Punch went round merrily. In the Midst of their Mirth, Mr. Carew, who had given no Consent to the Bargain they were making for him, thought it no Breach of Honour or good Manners to take an Opportunity

Opportunity of slipping away without taking any Leave of them; and taking with him about a Pint of Brandy, and some Biscuit Cakes, which, by good Luck, he chanced to lay his Hands on, he immediately betook himself to the Woods, as the only Place of Secu- rity for him.





C H A P. X.

Mr. Carew congratulates himself on his Escape, and flatters himself that he shall find Means to regain his native Country; but is soon stopp'd on his Journey by an unforeseen Difficulty: He is seiz'd upon and carried Prisoner to New Town: He there meets unexpectedly with Friends: They resolve to purchase his Freedom; but he refuses their Offer, and desires to be delivered up to Captain Froade, from whom he had made his Escape: The cruel Treatment he meets with from the Captain, and the Method taken to prevent his escaping again.

M R. Carew having found he had eluded their Search, congratulated himself on his happy Escape and Deliverance; for he now made no Doubt of getting to Old England again, notwithstanding the Difficulties which lay in his Way, as he knew his Courage was equal to every Danger; but we are too often apt, as the Proverb says, To reckon
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*without our Host, and are oftentimes nearest Danger when we think ourselves most secure; and so it happened to our Hero at this Time; for, amidst his joyful Reflections, he did not know that none were allowed to travel there, unless where known, without proper Passes, of which we need not tell the Reader he was not provided; and there is moreover a Reward of 5l. for any one who apprehends a Runaway. It therefore happened, that one Morning early, going through a narrow Path, he was met by four Timber Men going to Work; he fain would have escaped their Observation, but they soon hail'd him, and demanded where he was going, and where his Pass was? These were Questions which he would willingly have been excused from answering; however, as his Wit was always ready, he immediately told them he belonged to the *Hector* Privateer, (which he knew then lay upon the Coast) and that he was going on some Business for the Captain to *Charles County*; but, as he could produce no Pass, this would not satisfy them; so they seized upon him, and conducted him to one Colonel *Brown's*, a Justice of the Peace, in *Anne Arundel County*.—But here, most gentle Reader, that thou may'st not form wrong Ideas of this Justice; and (as too often is the Case) judge of what thou hast not seen from what thou hast seen, it will be necessary to inform thee, that he was not such a one as *Hudibras* describes:*

*An old dul Sot, who told the Clock
 For many Years at Bridewell-Dock,
 At Westminster and Hicks's Hall,
 And Hickius Doccius play'd in all.
 Where in all Governments and Times,
 He had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,
 And us'd to equal Ways of gaining,
 By hindring Justice, or maintaining.*

Neither was he such a *one* as that excellent Artist Mr. Hogarth has depicted in his Picture of *A Modern Midnight Conversation*; nor such a *one* as the Author of *Joseph Andrews* has, above all others, so inimitably drawn to the Life; nor yet was he such a *one* as thou hast often seen at a *Quarter-Sessions*, with a large Wig, a heavy unmeaning Countenance, and a sour Aspect, who gravely nods over a Cause, and then passes a Decision on what he does not understand; and no Wonder when he, perhaps, never saw, much less ever read, the *Laws* of his Country. But of Justice Brown, I can assure the Reader, he could not only read, but upon Occasion write a *Mittimus*, without the Assistance of his Clerk; he was thoroughly acquainted with the general Duties of his Office, and the particular *Laws* of *Maryland*; his Countenance was an awful Majesty, tempered with a humane Sweetness, ever unwilling to punish, yet always afraid of offending Justice; and if, at any Time, Necessity obliged him to use the Rod, he did it with so much

Humanity and Compassion, as plainly indicated the *Duties* of his *Office* forced, rather than the *Cruelty* or *Haughtiness* of his *Temper* prompted him to it; and whilst the unhappy *Criminal* suffered a corporal *Punishment*, he did all that lay in his *Power*, to the *End* that it might have a due *Effect*, by endeavouring to amend the *Mind* with salutary *Advice*: If the *Exigencies* of the *State* required *Taxes* to be levied upon the *Subject*, he never, by his *Authority* or *Office*, excused himself from bearing his full *Proportion*; nor would he meanly submit to see any of his *Fellow Justices* do so.

It was before such a Justice Mr. *Carew* had the good *Fortune* to be carried; they found him in his *Court-Yard* just mounting his *Horse* to go out; he very civilly enquired their *Business*; the *Timber Men* told him they had got a *Runaway*: The Justice then enquired of Mr. *Carew* who he was; he replied, he was a *Seafaring Man*, belonging to the *Hector* *Privateer* of *Boston*, Captain *Anderson*; and that as they could not agree, he had left the *Ship*. The Justice told him, he was sorry it should happen so; but he was obliged, by the *Duty* of his *Office*, and the *Laws* of his *Country*, to stop all *Passengers* who could not produce *Passes*; and that therefore, though unwillingly, he should be obliged to commit him; he then entertained him very plentifully with *Victuals* and *Drink*, and in the mean *Time* made his *Commitment* for *New Town Goal*. Mr. Ca-

rew finding his Commitment made, told the Timber Men, *That as they got their Money so very easily, he would have a Horse to ride on, for it was too hot for him to walk in that Country.* The Justice merrily cry'd, *Well spoken, Prisoner.* There was then a great Ado with the Timber Men to get a Horse for him; but at last one was procured, and our Hero, mounted on a Milk-white Steed, was conveyed in a Sort of *Triumph* to *New Town*, the Timber Men performing the Cavalcade on Foot. The Commitment was directed to the Under-Sheriff in *New Town*, a Sadler by Profession, who immediately waited upon him to the Prison; he found it well peopled, and his Ears were confus'd with almost as many Dialects as put a Stop to the Building of *Babel*. Mr. Carew saluted them courteously, and enquired what Countrymen they were; some were of *Kilkenny*, some *Limerick*, some *Dublin*, others of *Somerset*, *Dorset*, *Devon*, and *Cornwall*; so that he found he had Choice enough of Companions; and, as he saw he had no Remedy but *Patience*, he endeavoured to amuse himself as well as he could. Looking through the Iron Bars, he espies the Whipping-Post and Gallows; at which he turns to his Companions, and cries out, *A fine Sight truly this is, my Friends!* which was a Jest many of them could not truly relish, as they had before tasted of the Whipping-Post: Looking on the other

Side, he saw a fine House, and demanding whose it was, they told him it was the Assembly-House. While he was thus amusing himself, reflecting on the Variety of his Fate, Fortune was preparing a more agreeable Scene for him : A Person coming up to the Window ask'd where the Runaway was, who had been brought in that Day ; Mr. Carew composedly told him, he was the Man ; they then entered into Discourse, enquiring of each other of what Country they were, and soon found they were pretty near Neighbours, the Person who address'd him being one of *Dorsetshire*. While they were thus talking, Mr Carew seeing the Tops of some Vessels riding in the River, enquired what Place they belonged to : The Man replied, the West of *England*, to one Mr. *Buck* of *Bideford*, to whom most of the Town belonged. Our Hero's Heart leap'd for Joy at this good News, and hastily ask'd if the Captains *Kenny*, *Harvey*, *Hopkins*, and *George Burd* were there : The Man replying in the Affirmative, still heightened his Satisfaction. *Will you have the Goodness to be an unfortunate Prisoner's Friend*, says he to the Person he was talking with, *and present my humble Duty to any of them, but particularly to Captain Harvey, and inform them I am here ?* The Man very civilly replied, *He would do it ;* and ask'd what he should tell them to be his Name ? Carew, reply'd our Hero. Away runs the Messenger with

with great Haste ; but before he had got half Way, forgetting the Name, runs back again to ask it ; *Tell them my Name is Carew the Rat-catcher.* Away goes the Man again, repeating all the Way *Carew Rat-catcher*, lest he should forget it a second Time ; and he now executed his Message so well, that very soon after up came the Captains to the Goal Door, enquiring what *Carew Rat-catcher* wanted to speak with them ? Mr. *Carew*, who heard them, answered with a Tantivy and Halloo to the Dogs ; upon which Captain *Harvey* swore it was *Carew*, and fell a laughing very heartily : Then coming up to the Window, they very cordially shook Hands with him, saying, *They should as soon have expected to have seen Sir Robert Walpole there as him.* They then enquired by what Means he came there ; and he informed them circumstantially of every Thing as aforementioned. The Captains ask'd him, if he would drink a Glass of Rum, which he accepting of very gladly in his present Condition, one of them sent down to the Store-House for a Bottle of Rum and a Bottle of October, and then they all came into the Goal, and sat down with him. Thus did he see himself once more unexpectedly surrounded by his Friends ; so that he scarce regretted his meeting with the Timber Men, as they had brought him into so good Company : He was so elevated with his good Fortune, that he for-

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got all his Misfortunes, and passed the Evening as chearfully as if he was neither a Slave nor a Prisoner. The Captains enquired, if he had been sold to a Planter before he made his Escape: He replying in the Negative, they told him, *That unless his Captain came and demanded him, he would be publicly sold the next Court Day.* When they took their Leaves, they told him, they would see him again the next Morning.

Accordingly they returned very early; and as soon as they had got Admittance into the Prison, hail'd him with the pleasing Sound of *Liberty*; telling him, *They had agreed among themselves to purchase him, then give him his Release, and furnish him with proper Passes*; but instead of receiving this joyful News with the Transports they expected, our Hero stood for some Time silent, and lost in Thought. During this while, he reflected within himself, whether his Honour would permit him to purchase his Liberty on these Terms; and it was, indeed, no little Struggle which passed in his Breast on this Occasion: On the one Side, *Liberty*, with all her Charms, presented herself, and woo'd to be accepted, supported by *Fear*, who set before his Eyes all the Horrors and Cruelties of a severe Slavery; on the other Side, *Dame Honour*, with a majestic Mien, forbade him, sounding loudly in his Ears how it would read in future Story, *That the ingeni-*

ous Mr. Carew had no Contrivance left to regain his lost Liberty, but meanly to purchase it at his Friends Expence. For some Time did these Passions remain in Equipoise, as thou hast often seen the Scales of some honest Tradesman before he weighs his Commodity; but at length Honour prepondered, and Liberty and Fear flew up and kicked the Beam. He therefore told the Captains, *He had the most grateful Sense of this Instance of their Love, but that he could never consent to purchase his Freedom at their Expence; and therefore desired they would only do him the Favour to acquaint Captain Froade of his being there.* The Captains were quite amazed at this Resolution, and used great Entreaties to persuade him to alter it, but all in vain; so that at last they were obliged to comply with his Request in writing to Captain Froade.—And here, charm'd with the Beauty of it, we must beg Leave of our Readers to expatiate a little on this noble Action of our Hero; which, in our Judgment, as far surpasses all the Actions of that celebrated Hero of the Age, Tom Jones, as Mount Ararat*, or the lofty Alps, exceed the humble Hills of Maryland, none of which are above fifty Yards high.

Captain Froade received, with great Pleasure, the News of his being in Custody at New-Town,

* This Mountain is reckoned one of the highest in the World, and that on which Noah's Ark is supposed to have first rested.

Town, and soon sent round his Long Boat, paid all Costs and Charges, and brought him once more on board his Ship. The Captain received him with a great Deal of malicious Satisfaction in his Countenance, telling him in a taunting Manner, *That though he had promised Sir William Courtenay to be at Home before him, he should find himself damnably mistaken;* and then, with a tyrannic Tone, bid him strip, calling to the Boatswain to bring up a Cat-and-nine-Tails, and tie him to the Main Gears. Accordingly our Hero was obliged to undergo a cruel and shameful Punishment.

—*Here, gentle Reader, if thou hast not a Heart made of something harder than Adamant, thou canst not chuse but melt at the Sufferings of our Hero; he, who but just before did what would have immortalized the Name of a Cæsar or Alexander, is now rewarded for it with cruel and ignominious Stripes, far from his native Country, Wife, Children, or any Friends, and still doom'd to undergo severer Hardships.*—As soon as the Captain had sufficiently satisfied his Revenge, he ordered Mr. Carew on Shore, taking him to a Blacksmith, whom he ordered to make an heavy Iron Collar for him, which in Maryland they call a *Pot-Hook*, and is usually put about the Necks of the runaway Slaves. When it was fastened on, the Captain jeeringly cry'd, *Now run away if you can; I will make you help to load*
this

*this Vessel, and then I'll take Care of you,
and send you to the Iron Works of Sufky Hal-
lam.*

C H A P. XI.





C H A P. XI.

Mr. Carew, by Hardships and Severities, is almost driven to Despair; is unexpectedly visited by some Friends: They contrive his Escape, and advise him to travel through the Indians Country, to avoid being re-taken: A particular Description of the Indian Nations; their Government, Religion, Manners, and Customs: The uncommon Ceremony of Husk-nawing.

CAPTAIN FROADE soon after left the Vessel, and went up to a Store-house at Tuckhoe, and the First Mate to Kent Island, whilst the Second Mate and Boatswain kept the Ship: In the mean Time our Hero was employed in loading the Vessel, and doing all Manner of Drudgery; gall'd with a heavy Yoke, and narrowly watch'd, he began to loose all Hopes of Escape; his Spirits began now to fail him, and he gave himself up almost to Despair, little thinking his Deliverance to be so near at Hand, as he found it soon to be.

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One Day, as he was employed in his usual Drudgery, reflecting with himself upon his unhappy Condition, he unexpectedly sees his good Friends, the Captains *Harvey* and *Hopkins*, two of the *Bideford* Captains; who, as has been before related, offered to redeem him at *New Town*: He was overjoyed at the Sight of them; not that he expected any Deliverance from them, but only as they were Friends he had been so much obliged to. The Captains came up and enquired very kindly how it fared with him, and how he bore the Drudgery they saw him employed in; adding *That he had better have accepted the Offer they made him at New Town.* Our Hero gallantly replied, *That however severe the Hardships he underwent, and were they still more so, he would rather chuse to suffer them, than purchase Liberty at their Cost.* The Captains, charmed with this Generosity, were resolved to make one Attempt more to get him his Liberty; they soon after sounded the Boatswain and Mate, and finding them not greatly averse to give him an Opportunity of Escape, they took him aside, and thus addressed him: *Friend Carew, the Offer we made you at New Town, may convince you of the Regard we have for you; we therefore cannot think of leaving the Country, before we have by some Means or other procured your Liberty; we have already sounded the Boatswain and Mate, and find we can bring them to*

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wink at your *Escape* ; but the greatest *Obstacle* is, that there is *Forty Pounds Penalty*, and *half a Year's Imprisonment*, for any one that takes off your *Iron Collar* ; so that you must be obliged to travel with it, till you come among the friendly *INDIANS*, many Miles distant from hence, who will assist you to take it off ; for they are great *Friends to the English*, and trade with us for *Lattens, Kettles, Frying Pans, Guns, Powder and Shot*, giving us in *Exchange Buffalo and Deer Skins*, with other *Sorts of Furs* : But there are two other *Sorts of INDIANS*, one of which are distinguished by a very flat *Forehead*, who use *Cross Bows in Fighting* ; the other of a very dwarf *Stature*, who are great *Enemies*, and very cruel to the *Whites* ; these you must endeavour by all *Means* to avoid, for if you fall into their *Hands* they will certainly murder you. — And here the Reader will, we make no Doubt, be pleased to see some *Account of the INDIANS*, among whom our Hero was treated with so much *Kindness and Civility*, as we shall relate in its proper *Place*.

At the first settling of *Maryland*, there were several *Nations* of them, governed by petty *Kings*. Mr. *Calvert*, Lord *Baltimore's* Brother, who was sent by him to make the first *Settlement in Maryland*, landed at *Patowmeck Town*, where the *Werowance* being a *Child, Archihau*, his Uncle, who governed his *Territories* in his *Minority*, received the *English* in a friendly *Manner*. From *Patowmeck* the Go-
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vernor went to *Piscattaway*, about twenty Leagues higher, where he found many *Indians* assembled, and among them an *Englishman*, Captain *Henry Fleet*, who had lived there several Years in great Esteem with the Natives. Captain *Fleet* brought the Werowance or Prince on board the Governor's Pinnace, to treat with him. Mr. *Calvert* ask'd him, *Whether he was willing he and his People should settle in his Country in Case they found a Place convenient for them?* The Werowance replied, *I will not bid you go, neither will I bid you stay, but you may use your own Discretion.* The *Indians* finding the Werowance staid on board longer than they expected, crowded down to the Water-side to look after him, fearing the *English* had kill'd him, and they were not satisfied 'till he shewed himself to them to appease them.

The Natives who fled from *St. Clement's Isle*, when they saw the *English* came as Friends, returned to their Habitations; and the Governor, not thinking it adviseable to settle so high up the River, in the Infancy of that Colony, sent his Pinnaces down the River, and went with Captain *Fleet* to a River on the North Side of *Patowmeck*, within four or five Leagues of its Mouth, which is called *St. George's River*. He went up four Leagues in his Long-Boat, and came to the Town of *Yoamaco*, from whence the *Indians* of that Neighbourhood are called *Yoamacoes*. The Governor landed, and treated with the Werowance

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there,

there, acquainting him with the Occasion of his coming ; to which the *Indian* said little, but inviting him to his House, entertained him very kindly, and gave him his own Bed to lie on. The next Day he shewed him the Country, and the Governor determining to make the first Settlement there, ordered his Ship and Pinnaces to come thither to him. To make his Entry the more safe and peaceable, he presented the Werowance and Wifos, or principal Men of the Town, with some *English* Cloth, Axes, Houghs and Knives, which they accepted very kindly, and freely consented that he and his Company should dwell in one Part of their Town, reserving the other for themselves. Those *Indians* who inhabited that Part which was assigned the *English*, readily abandoned their Houses to them ; and Mr. *Calvert* immediately set Hands to Work to plant Corn. The Natives agreed further, to leave the whole Town to the *English* as soon as their Harvest was in ; which they did accordingly, and both *English* and *Indians* promised to live friendly together. If any Injury was done on either Part, the Nation offending was to make Satisfaction. Thus on the 27th of *March*, 1634, the Governor took Possession of the Town, and named it *St. Mary's*.

There happened an Event which very much facilitated this Treaty with the *Indians*. The *Sasquehanocks*, a warlike People, dwelling between *Chesapeake Bay* and *Delaware Bay*, were

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wont to make Incurfions on their Neighbours, partly for Dominion, and partly for Booty, of which the Women were moft defired by them. The *Yoamacoes*, fearing thefe *Safquehanccks*, had, a Year before the *English* arrived, refolv'd to desert their Habitations, and remove higher into the Country ; many of them were actually gone, and the reft preparing to follow them. The Ship and Pinnaces arriving at the Town, the *Indians* were amazed and terrified at the Sight of them, efpecially at hearing their Cannon thunder, when they came to an Anchor.

The firft Thing that Mr. *Calvert* did, was to fix a Court of Guard, and erect a Store-Houfe ; and he had not been there many Days before Sir *John Harvey*, Governor of *Virginia*, came thither to vifit him, as did feveral *Indian Werowances*, and many other *Indians*, from feveral Parts of the Continent : Among others, came the King of *Patuxent*, and being carried aboard the Ship, then at Anchor in the River, was placed between the Governor of *Virginia* and the Governor of *Maryland*, at an Entertainment made for him and others. A *Patuxent Indian* coming aboard, and feeing his King thus feated, started back, thinking he was furprized ; he would fain have leaped over-board, and could not be perfuaded to enter the Cabin till the Werowance himfelf came and fatisfied him he was in no Danger. This King had

formerly been taken Prisoner by the *English* of *Virginia*. After the Store-House was finished, and the Ship unladen, Mr. *Calvert* ordered the Colours to be brought ashore, which was done with great Solemnity, the Gentlemen & their Servants attending, in Arms; several Vollies were fired on Ship-board and ashore, as also the Cannon, at which the Natives were struck with Admiration, such at least as had not heard the firing of Pieces of Ordnance before, to whom it could not but be dreadful.

The Kings of *Patuxent* and *Yoamaco* were present at this Ceremony, with many other *Indians* of *Yoamaco*; and the Werowance of *Patuxent* took that Occasion to advise the *Indians* of *Yoamaco* to be careful to keep the League they had made with the *English*. He staid in Town several Days, and was full of his *Indian* Compliments: When he went away, he made this Speech to the Governor; *I love the English so well, that if they should go about to kill me, if I had so much Breath as to speak, I would command my People not to revenge my Death, for I know they would not do such a Thing, except it was thro' my own Fault.*

This Infant Colony supplied themselves with *Indian* Corn at *Barbadoes*, which at their first Arrival they began to use, to save their *English* Store of Meal and Oat-Meal. The *Indian* Women perceiving their Servants did not know how to dress it, made their Bread for them,
and

and taught them to do it themselves. There was *Indian* Corn enough in the Country, and these new Adventurers soon after shipped off 10,000 Bushels for *New-England*, to purchase Salt Fish and other Provisions. While the *Indians* and *English* lived at *St. Mary's* together, the Natives went every Day to hunt with the new Comers for Deer and Turkies, which when they had caught they gave to the *English*, or sold for Knives, Beads, and such-like Trifles. They also brought them good Store of Fish, and behaved themselves very kindly, suffering their Women and Children to come among them, which was a certain Sign of their Confidence in them.

Most of the *Indians* still follow the Religion and Customs of their Ancestors; and are not become either more pious or more polite by the Company of the *English*.

As to their Religion, they have all of them some dark Notion of GOD; and some of them brighter ones, if a Person may be believed who had this Confession from the Mouth of an *Indian*: "That they believed
 " GOD was universally beneficent; that his
 " Dwelling was in Heaven above, and the In-
 " fluences of his Goodness reached to the
 " Earth beneath; than he was incomprehen-
 " sible in his Excellence, and enjoyed all pos-
 " sible Felicity; that his Duration was eter-
 " nal, his Perfection boundless; and that he
 " possesses everlasting Happiness." So far the
 Savage

Savage talk'd as rationally of the Being of a GOD, as a Christian, Divine, or Philosopher, could have done ; but when he came to justify their worshipping of the *Devil*, whom they call *Okee*, his Notions were very hetrodox. He said, " 'Tis true GOD is the Giver of all good Things, but they flow naturally and promiscuously from him ; and they are shower'd down upon all Men indifferently, without Distinction ; that GOD does not trouble himself with the impertinent Affairs of Men, nor is concerned at what they do ; but leaves them to make the most of their free Will, and to secure as many as they can of the good Things that flow from him ; that therefore it was to no Purpose either to fear or worship him ; but, on the contrary, if they did not pacify the evil Spirit, he would ruin their Health, Peace, and Plenty, he being always visiting them in the Air, Thunder, Storms, &c."

As to the Idol which they all worship, and is kept in a Temple, called *Quiocasan*, he seemed to have a very indifferent Opinion of its Divinity, and cried out upon the Juggling of the Priests.—This Man does not talk like a common Savage, and therefore we may suppose he had studied the Matter more than his Countrymen ; who, for the Generality, pay a great deal of Devotion to the Idol, and worship him as their chief Deity.

Their Priests and Conjurers are highly revered

verenced by them : They are given extremely to pawawing or conjuring ; and one of them very lately conjured a Shower of Rain for a Gentleman's Plantation in a Time of Drought for two Bottles of Rum. We are not apt to give Credit to such supernatural Events ; and had we not found this in an Author who was on the Spot, we should have rejected it as a Fable.

Their Priests promise fine Women, eternal Spring, and every Pleasure in Perfection in the other World, which charmed them in this ; and threaten them with Lakes of Fire and Torments, by a Fairy in the Shape of an old Woman. They are often bloody in their Sacrifices, and offer up young Children to the Devil. They have a superstitious Ceremony among them, which they call *Huskanawing*, and is performed thus : They shut up ten or twelve young Men, the most deserving among them, about twenty Years of Age, in a strong Inclosure, made on Purpose, like a Sugar-loaf, and every Way open like a Lattice, for the Air to pass through. They are kept there for several Months, and are allowed to have no Sustenance but the Infusion or Decoction of poisonous intoxicating Roots, which turns their Brain, and they run stark mad.

By this 'tis pretended they loose the Remembrance of all former Things, even of their Parents, Treasure, and Language, as if they had drunk

drank of the Water of Oblivion, drawn out of the Lake of LETHE.

When they have been in this Condition as long as their Custom directs, they lessen this intoxicating Potion ; & by Degrees the young Men receive the Use of their Senses : But before they are quite well, they are shewn in their Towns ; and the Youths who have been *huskanaw'd* are afraid to discover the least Sign of their remembering any Thing of their past Lives, for in such Case they must be *huskanaw'd* again ; and they are disciplin'd so severely the second Time, that it generally kills them.

After the young Men have passed this Trial, they are *Coucarouses*, or Men of Quality in their Nations ; and the *Indians* say they do it to take away from Youth all childish Impressions, and that strong Partiality to Persons and Things which is contracted before Reason comes to take Place.

The *Indian* Priests, to command the Respect of the People, make themselves look as ugly and as terrible as they can : The Conjurors always share with them in their Deceit, and they gain by it : The *Indians* consult both of them before they go on any Enterprize : There are no Priestesses or Witches among them. They erect Altars on every remarkable Occasion, & have Temples built like their common Cabins in which their Idol stands, and the Corpse of their Kings and Rulers are preserved.

They

They have no Sort of Literature among them ; and their Way of communicating Things from one to another, is by Hieroglyphicks. They make their Accounts by Units, Tens, Hundreds, &c. as the *English* do ; but they reckon their Years by Cohonks or Winters, and divide every Year into five Seasons, the budding Time, the Earing of the Corn, the Summer, the Harvest, and the Winter.

Their Months they count by Moons. They divide the Day into three Parts, the Rise, Power, and Lowering of the Sun ; and keep their Accounts by Knots on a String, or Notches on a Stick ; of which Captain *Smith* relates a pleasant Story : That when the Princess *Pocahonta* came from *England*, a *Coucarouse* or Lord of her own Nation attended her ; his Name was *Uttamaccomack* ; and King *Powhatan*, *Pocahonta's* Father, commanded him, when he arrived in *England*, to count the People, and give him an Account of their Number. *Uttamaccomack*, when he came ashore, got a Stick, intending to count them by Notches ; but he soon found that his Arithmetic would be to no Purpose, and threw away his Stick. At his Return, the King ask'd him *How many People there were ?* and he reply'd, *Count the Stars of the Sky, the Leaves upon the Trees, and the Sand on the Sea-shore, and you will know how many ; for such is the Number of the People in England.*

They esteem the Mariage Vow as the most
sacred

sacred of all Engagements, and abhor Divorces; Adultery is the most unpardonable of Crimes amongst them.

Their Maidens are very chaste; and if any one of them happens to have a Child before Marriage, her Fortune is spoiled. They are very sprightly and good-humour'd, and the Women generally handsome. Their Manner of handling Infants is very rough: As soon as the Child is born, they plunge it over Head and Ears in cold Water, and then bind it naked to a Board, making a Hole in the proper Place for Evacuation. Between the Child and the Board they put some Cotton-Wool, or Fur, and let it lie in this Posture till the Bones begin to harden, the Joints to knit, and the Limbs to grow strong: Then they loosen it from the Board, and let it crawl about where it pleases. From this Custom 'tis said the *Indians* derive the Cleanneſs and Exactneſs of their Limbs, which are the most perfect in the World. Some of them are of a gigantick Stature, live to a great Age, and are stronger than others; but there is never a crooked, bandy-legg'd, or ill-shapen *Indian* to be seen. Some Nations of them are very tall and large limb'd, but others are short and small: Their Complexion is a Chesnut Brown and Tawny. They paint themselves with a Pecone-Root, which stains them of a reddish Colour. They are clear when they are young, greasing and

and sunning makes their Skin turn hard and black. Their Hair, for the most Part, is Coal black, so are their Eyes : They wear their Hair cut after several whimsical Modes, the Persons of Note always keeping a long Lock behind : The Women wear it very long, hanging it at their Backs, or twisted up with Beads ; and all the better Sort adorn their Heads with a Kind of Coronet. The Men have no Beards, and to prevent their having any, use certain Devices, which they will not communicate to the *English*.

Their Clothes are a Mantle girt close in the Middle, and underneath a Piece of Cloth tied round their Waist, and reaching down to the Middle of the Thigh. The common Sort only tie a Piece of Cloth or Skin round the Middle. As for their Food, they boil, broil, or roast all the Meat they eat ; *Honomy* is their standing Dish, and consists of *Indian* Corn soak'd, broken in a Mortar, and then boil'd in Water over a gentle Fire for ten or twelve Hours together. They draw and pluck their Fowl, skin and paunch their Quadrupedes ; but dress their Fish with the Scales on, without gutting : They leave the Scales, Entrails, and Bones, till they eat the Fish, when they throw the Offals away. Their Food is chiefly Beavers, Turtle, several Species of Snakes, Broth made of Deer's Humbles, Pease, Beans, &c. They have no set Meals ; they eat when they are hungry, and drink nothing but Water.

ter. Their Bread is made of *Indian* Corn, wild Oats, or the Seed of the Sun-flower : They eat it alone, and not with Meat.

They travel always on Foot, with a Gun or Bow. They live upon the Game they kill, and lie under a Tree, upon a little high Grass. The *English* prohibit them to keep Corn, Sheep or Hogs, lest they should steal their Neighbours.

When they come to Rivers, they presently patch up a Canoe of Birch Bark, cross over in it, and leave it on the River's Bank, if they think they shall not want it ; otherwise they carry it along with them.

Their Way of receiving Strangers is by the Pipe or *Calumet* of Peace. Of this *Pere Hennepin* has given a large Account in his Voyages, and the Pipe is as follows : They fill a Pipe of Tobacco, larger and bigger than any common Pipe, light it, and then the Chief of them takes a Whiff, gives it to the Stranger, and if he smoaks of it, 'tis Peace ; if not, War : If Peace, the Pipe is handed all round the Company.

The Diseases of the *Indians* are very few, and easy to be cured : They, for the most Part, arise from excessive Heats and Colds, which they get off by sweating. As for Aches, and settled Pains in the Joints or Limbs, they use Causticks and scarifying. Their Priests are their Physicians, and from their Childhood are taught

taught the Nature and Use of Simples, in which their Knowledge is excellent; but they will not communicate it, pretending 'tis a Gift of God's: And by this Myſtery they make it the more valuable.

Their Riches conſiſt in Furs, Peak, Roenoke, and Pearl. Their Peak and Roenoke are made of Shells; the Peak an *English* Buglas; the Roenoke is a Piece of Cockle drill'd through like a Bead. Before the *English* came among them the Peak and Roenoke were all their Treasure; but now they ſet a Value on their Fur and Pearl, and are greedy of keeping Quantities together. The Pearl is good, and formerly was not ſo rare as 'tis at this Time.

They had no Iron Tools before the *English* brought them over: Their Knives were ſharpen'd Reeds, or Shells, their Axes ſharp Stones. They rubb'd Fire, by turning the End of a hard Piece of Wood upon the Side of one that is ſoft and dry, which at laſt would burn. They fell'd great Trees by burning them down at the Root, having Ways of keeping the Fire from aſcending. They hollowed them with a gentle Fire, and ſcraped the Trunk clean; and this made their Canoes, of which ſome were thirty Feet long. They are very good Handicraftsmen, and what they do is generally neat and convenient.

Their Kingdoms deſcended to the next Heir, Male or Female; & they were very exact

in preserving the Succession to the right Line. If, as it often happened, one great Prince subjected the other, those Conquests commonly were lost at his Death, and the Nations returned again to the Obedience of their natural Princes. They have no written Laws, neither can they have any, having no Letters. Their Lands are in common, and their *Werowances*, or Judges, are all Lord Chancellors, deciding Causes and inflicting Punishments according as they think fit. These *Werowances*, and the *Coucarouses*, are their Terms to distinguish their Men of Quality; the former are their War Captains, and the latter such as have past the Trial of *Huskanawing*. Their Priests and Conjurors have great Authority among them. They have Servants whom they call *Black Boys*, and are very exact in requiring the Respect that is due to their several Qualities.

Most of the *Indians* live on the Eastern Shore, where they have two or three little Towns; some of them come over to the other Side in Winter-time to hunt for Deer, being generally employ'd by the *English*. They take Delight in nothing else, and 'tis very rare that any of them will embrace the Christian Way of Living and Worship. There are not above 500 fighting *Indians* in all the Province; the Cause of their diminishing proceeded not from Wars with the *English*, for they have had none with them worth speaking of; but from their perpetual

perpetual Discords and Wars among themselves. The Female Sex has also swept away a great many.

One Thing is observable in them, tho' they are a People very timorous, and cowardly in Fight; yet when taken Prisoners and condemned, they will die like Heroes, braving the most exquisite Tortures that can be invented, and singing all the Time they are upon the Rack.

We find several of the *Indians* doing Actions which would do Honour to the greatest Heroes of Antiquity: Thus Capt. *Smith*, who was one of the first Adventurers in planting the Colony of *Virginia*, being taken Prisoner, while he was making Discoveries, by King *Oppecamcanough*, he not only spared Mr. *Smith's* Life, but carried him to his Town and feasted him; and afterwards presented him to *Powhatan*, the chief King of the Savages, who would have beheaded him, had he not been saved by the Intercession and Generosity of his Daughter *Pocahonta*, who, when Mr. *Smith's* head was on the Block, and she could not prevail with her Father to give him his Life, put her own Head upon his, and ventured receiving of the Blow to save him, tho' she was then scarce thirteen Years of Age.

Some Time after Sir *Thomas Dale* sent Captain *Argall* to *Powtownack* to buy Corn, where he met with *Pocahonta*. He invited

her to come aboard his Ship, which with some small Difficulty she consented to, being betrayed by the King of *Postacny*, Brother to the King of *Potowmack*, with whom she then resided.

Argall having got her into his Custody, detain'd her and carried her to *James Town*, intending to oblige her Father King *Powhatan* to come to what Terms he pleased for the Deliverance of her Daughter. Tho' the King loved her tenderly, yet he would not do any Thing for her Sake which he thought was not for his own and his Nation's Interest; nor would he be prevail'd upon to conclude a firm Treaty of Peace, till he heard his Daughter, who turned Christian, and was christen'd *Rebecca*, was married to Mr. *John Rolfe*, an English Gentleman, her Uncle giving her in Marriage in the Church.

Powhatan approved of the Marriage, took it for a sincere Token of Friendship, and was so pleased with it, that he concluded a League with the *English* in the Year 1613.

Some Time after Sir *Thomas Dale* going for *England*, took Mr. *Rolfe* and his Wife *Pocahonts* with him, and arrived at *Plymouth*.

Captain *Smith* hearing the Lady who had been so kind to him was arrived in *England*, and being engaged at that Time in a Voyage to *New England*, which hindered his waiting on her himself, petitioned Queen *Anne*, Consort

to King *James*, on her Behalf, setting forth the Civilities he had received from her, and the Obligations she had laid upon the *English*, by the Services she had done them with her Father.

The Queen received this Petition graciously; and before Captain *Smith* embarked for *New-England*, Mr. *Rolfe* came with his Wife from *Plymouth* to *London*. The Smoke of the City offending her, he took Lodgings for her at *Brentford*, and thither Captain *Smith* went with several Friends to wait on her.

Pocahonta was told all along that Captain *Smith* was dead, to excuse his not coming to *Virginia* again; from which he had been diverted, by settling a Colony in *New-England*. Wherefore, when this Lady saw him, thinking the *English* had injured her in telling her a Fal-
sity, which she had ill deserved from them, she was so angry, that she would not deign to speak to him; but at last, with much Persuasion and Attendance, was reconciled, and talked freely to him: She then put him in Mind of the Obligations she had laid upon him, and reproach'd him for forgetting her, with an Air so lively, and Words so sensible, that one might have seen Nature abhors nothing more than Ingratitude; a Vice which even the very Savages detest.

She was carried to Court by the Lady *Delaware*, and entertained by Ladies of the first Quality, towards whom she behaved herself with

with so much Grace and Majesty, that she confirmed the bright Character Captain *Smith* had given of her. The whole Court was charm'd with the Decency and Grandeur of her Deportment so much, that the poor Gentleman, her Husband, was threatened to be called to an Account for marrying a Princess Royal without the King's Consent; though in that King *James* shewed a very notable Piece of King-Craft, for there was no Likelihood that Mr. *Rolfe*, by marrying *Pocahonta*, could any Way endanger the Peace of his Dominions; or that his Alliance with the King of *Wiccomoco* could concern the King of *Great Britain*: Indeed we are told, that upon a fair and full Representation of the Matter, the King was pleased to be satisfied.

The Lady *Pocahonta* having been entertained with all Manner of Respect in *England*, was taken ill at *Gravefend*, where she lay in order to embark for *Virginia*: She died there with all the Signs of a sincere Christian, and true Penitent.

She had one Son by Mr. *Rolfe*, whose Posterity are at this Day in good Repute in *Virginia*, and inherit Lands by Descent from her.

The Language of the *Indians* is lofty, but narrow; the Accent and Emphasis of some of their Words are great and sweet, as *Oetorockon*, *Rancocas*, *Orieton*, *Shakameron*, *Poqueffin*, all Names of Places, and as sonorous as any in *Attica*; then for Sweetness they have their

Anna

*Anna Mother, Iffimus Brother, Nelap Sin, and
 Usque Oret very good, Pone Bread, Morridge
 Walk a burying-Place, Scau a Woman, Salop
 a Man, Pappoes a Child.*



C H A P. XII.

*Mr. Carew, notwithstanding the great Difficul-
 ties and Dangers which he is told by his
 Friends he must expect to meet with in his
 Journey, resolves to undertake it: He takes
 Leave of his Friends, and sets out: The Ter-
 rors in which he passes the first Night, being
 surrounded by wild Beasts: The Method he
 makes Use of to secure himself from them:
 His Manner of travelling afterwards; is in
 great Danger; sees some Indians at a Dis-
 tance, who likewise discover him, and come
 towards him: Their Manner of accosting
 him: Their King joins them, who speaks to
 him in English: A Description of his Dress:
 He conducts Mr. Carew to their Wigwams,
 and performs a very kind Office to him with
 his own Hands: He brings him into his own
 Wigwam, and orders Refreshments to be set
 before*

before him: The Queen and a young Prince come in: He is presented to the Wifos, and received with great Civility; grows in high Esteem with them: His Conversations with King Lillycraft.



THE Captains acquainted Mr. Carew that the unfriendly Indians were not the only Enemies he had to fear, for he must expect to encounter with great Dangers and Difficulties, as Rattle-Snakes, Horn-Snakes, Black-Snakes, Lions, Leopards, Bears, Wolves, and Wild Cats. However, this did not dishearten our Hero, for he was resolved to attempt regaining his Liberty, let the Consequence be what it would. The Captains then gave him a Pocket Compass to steer by, a Steel and Tinder-Box, a Bag of Cakes, a Cheese, and some Rum, telling him, he must leave the three-notched Road a little Way off, and steer to his Left Hand; (in *Maryland* they distinguish the Roads by Letters or Notches cut on the Trees) that he must travel by Night, and lie concealed in the Day, for forty Miles; and then he would come to a Part of the Country quite uninhabited; from thence he would enter the *Indians* Country. They likewise told him, that all the wild Beasts were afraid of Fire, so that his best Defence would be to strike a Light and kindle some Sticks, whenever

ever he was apprehensive of being attacked by any of them.

Our Hero having received these and some other necessary Instructions, and having returned his generous Benefactors many Thanks for their Kindness, bidding them farewell with Tears, set out on his dangerous Journey about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon. He had not travelled far, before he began to reflect on his melancholy Condition: *Alone, unarm'd, unacquainted with the Way, gall'd with a heavy Yoke, exposed every Moment to the most eminent Dangers,* and a dark tempestuous Night approaching with all its Horrors, increased his Terror; his Ears were now assaulted with the dismal Yells and Cryings of wild Beasts of different Sorts, but remembering the Instructions he had received from the Captains, he soon struck Fire, and kindled some Sticks, and was obliged the whole Night to swing a Firebrand round his Head; the Sight of which kept the wild Beasts from coming near; for though they often came and look'd upon him, yet they soon turn'd Tail again, seeing the Fire. However, it was with great Joy he saw Day-light appear, at first Dawn of which he was quite freed from these troublesome Guests: He had now nothing to do but to seek for the thickest Tree he could find, and climbing up into it, he took some Refreshment of Sleep, which he had great Need of, having travelled hard all Night.

He

He afterwards eat sparingly of his Cheese and Biscuit, fearing they might not last till he could get a fresh Supply, and then took a pretty large Dram of Rum, with which, finding his Spirits much refreshed, and Night coming on, he began his Journey again, travelling in the same Manner as the preceding Night, with a Fire-brand whirling round his Head. In this Manner, travelling by Night, and concealing himself by Day, he went on for four Days, when he reached the blue Mountains, where he thought himself out of any Danger of Pursuit, or being stopped for Want of a Pass. He now travelled by Day, meeting with great Multitudes of Buffaloes, black Bears, Deer, Wolves, and wild Turkeys, the latter being so large as to weigh thirty or forty Pounds: None of these Creatures offered to attack him; but walking one Day on the Side of a small Rivulet, almost lost in Thought, he was suddenly alarmed by something he heard plunging in the Water, and turning his Head on the Side from whence the Noise came, he was struck with the Sight of a great white Bear, who being likewise disturbed, raised herself immediately, and made towards him. Our Hero now thought there was no Escape; however, with great Presence of Mind, he stepped aside to a Furze Bush, and striking Light with all the Haste he could, set it on Fire; at the Sight of which the Bear, who was now within a very small Distance from

from him, turned about, and went away roaring hideously.

Some Time after this, he was comically alarmed by an inoffensive Animal: As he was walking along a Deer-Track, he chanced to espy a very fine Tortoiseshell Box, as he imagined, though he could not conceive how it could be dropped there; and thinking he might make good Advantage of it among the *Indians*, claps it into his Pocket: He had not gone far, before he heard a hissing Noise, which seemed to be very near; he immediately thought it to be some venomous Snake, and endeavoured to avoid it, by going out of the Path he was in; but still the Noise seemed to pursue him: At last looking down, he sees a little ugly black Head peeping out of his Pocket, which he found came out of what he had pick'd up for a Box; he with much Ado slips his Fingers into his Pocket, takes out his supposed Box, and flings it to the Ground, when the Creature opening the upper from the under Shell, marched away: This was, as he afterwards found, no other than a Land Tortoise.

He found his Journey very often obstructed by Rivers and Rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through, or swim over. At length, after many Days tiresome Travel, being grievously galled by his Yoke or Collar, he discovered several Tracts of the *Indians*: Never did more different Passions agitate the

Breast of any Man, than did the Breast of our Hero at this Time : On the one Side, he was overjoyed at the Sight of the Tract of any Human Creature, thinking he should now get rid of his heavy Collar, as well as get some Refreshment of Provisions, his own having been exhausted for almost two Days past ; but he had not pleased himself long with these Reflections, before the Idea of the barbarous and unfriendly *Indians* struck into his Mind, for he was quite uncertain whether the Footsteps he discovered might lead him to the good and friendly *Indians*, or to those barbarous and inhuman Wretches : He now represented himself as set upon by these, against whom he had no Arms to defend himself, cruelly tormented, and at last slain as a Victim in some of their bloody Sacrifices. It was about the Evening when he discovered these Footsteps, and passed the whole Night in this tormenting Suspence : Very early in the Morning, he discovered five *Indians* at a Distance ; his Fear represented them in the most frightful Colours ; they seemed of a gigantick Stature, and he thought he could perceive their Faces to be very flat and broad, which was the Characteristic or Mark of the unfriendly *Indians*. This struck him with unusual Dread, and he now gave himself over for lost, as he saw they had espied him, and were making towards him : They coming nearer, he perceived them to be clothed in Deer Skins, their Hair to be exceed-
ing

ing long, hanging down a great Way over their Shoulders ; and to his inexpressible Joy, distinguished they had Guns in their Hands, which was a sure Sign to him they were the friendly *Indians*. This raised his Spirits, and he approached them in a suppliant Manner, making Signs that he craved their Assistance. The *Indians* accosted him with clapping their Hands on their Head and crying *Hush a me Top*, which in their Language signifies *Good-morrow* ; then taking hold of his Collar, they repeated to one another in broken *English*, *A Runaway ! A Runaway !* Presently after came up two more *Indians*, one of whom was a Person of a fine majestic Presence, whose Dress was by far more magnificent than any of the others, his Habit being a most beautiful Panther's Skin lac'd with Fur ; his Hair was adorned with a great Variety of fine Feathers, and his Face painted of a great many Colours. By these Marks of Distinction, Mr. Carew supposed him to be their King or Prince, and indeed such he was ; he spoke very good *English*, and accosted him as the others had done before ; he then had him brought to a *Wigwam*, which is the Name they give their Houses, which are no more than Stakes drove into the Ground, covered over with Deer or other Skins. Here observing that our Hero was grievously hurt by his Collar, this good King immediately set himself about freeing him from it ; but as he had no proper Tools for the Purpose, he was

at a great Loss how to execute it ; but at last, taking the Steel of Mr. *Carew's* Tinder-Box, he jagg'd it into a Kind of a Saw, with which he cut off his Collar, but not without much Labour, his Majesty sweating heartily at the Work. He then carried him into his own *Wigwam*, which appeared handsomely furnished. Here he ordered some *Indian* Bread and other Refreshments to be set before Mr. *Carew*, who eat very heartily. During this the Prince acquainted him his Name was *George Lillycraft* ; that his Father was one of those Kings who were in *England* in the Reign of *Queen Anne* ; and then shewed him some fine laced Clothes, which he said were made a Present of to him by the late King *George* of *England*, (meaning his late Majesty King *George* the First :) He expressed a great Affection for his Brother Kings of *England* as he called them, and for the *English* Nation in general. Soon after came in the *Queen* dressed in a short Jacket, leading in her Hand a young Prince, who both repeated the Word *Runaway* once or twice.

Next Day the King presented him to the Wifos, or chief Men of the Town, who received him with a great deal of Civility, and Tokens of high Esteem : He eat every Day at the King's Table, and had a Lodging assigned him in his *Wigwam*, and grew every Day more and more in Esteem among them, being consulted in all Matters of Difficulty. Thus sudden

den are the Scenes of Life shifted and changed, that a brave Man will never despair under whatsoever Misfortunes; for our Hero, who but a few Weeks before was treated like a Beast of Burthen, heavily loaded, cruelly whip'd, coarsely fed, and all by the Insolence and Inhumanity of his own Countrymen, is now seated in a strange Country, with Kings and Princes, and consulted by a whole Nation.

King Lillycraft, who was a Man of very good natural Sense, used to discourse with, and ask Mr. Carew many Questions of the Customs and Manners of his Brother Kings of England: Being told one Day that the King of England never stirred Abroad without being surrounded by a great Number of armed Men, whom he paid for defending him, and fighting for him, he very simply asked, *Who he was afraid of? or, whether he was constantly at War with any neighbouring King, who might fall upon him unawares?* Being told to the contrary, he expressed very great Surprize, and could not conceive of what Use these armed Men were, when the King had no Enemy; adding, *When I am at War, my whole People are my Guard, and fight for me without being paid for it, and would each of them lay down his Life to defend mine; and when I am at Peace, I can fear no Evil from my own People, therefore have no Need of arm'd Men about me.* Being told another Time, that the King of

England kept himself generally in his Wigwam or Palace, surrounded by certain Officers, who permitted no one to come near him, but by their Permission, which was the greatest Difficulty in the World to obtain, and that not a thousandth Part of the People who lived in the Town where his Palace was, had ever once seen him in their Lives, he turned away from Mr. Carew in a Passion, telling him, He was certain he deceived him, and belied his good Brother of England; for how, adds he, can he be the King of a People, whom he hath no Knowledge of? or, how can he be beloved by his Subjects, who have never seen him? how can he redress their Grievances, hear their Complaints, and provide for their Wants? How can he lead his People against their Enemies? or, how know what his Subjects stand in Need of, in the distant Parts of his Kingdom, if he so seldom stirs out of his Wigwam? Being told that the King of England was informed of, and transacted all this by Means of the Officers that were about him, he replied, It might be so; but if he should ever chance to go to England, he should talk with his good Friend the King upon these Matters, as he could not clearly apprehend how they could be. For my Part, adds he, I know, and am known by all my Subjects; I appear daily among them, hear their Complaints, and redress their Grievances, and am acquainted with every Place in my Kingdom. Being told, the People of England paid their King yearly vast Sums
out

out of the Profits of their Labour, he laugh-
ed, and cry'd, *O ! poor King !* adding, *I have*
often given to my Subjects, but never received any
*Thing from them.**



C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Carew, desirous of returning to his Native
Country, leaves the Indians : He arrives in
Pensylvania : His Adventure with the Rev.
Mr. Whitfield, the Methodist Preacher :
Comes to Philadelphia : A Description of that
beautiful City ; waits on the Proprietor of
Pensylvania, and the Governor ; is treated
handsomely by both of them ; travels through
Pensylvania, &c. to the City of New-York :
A Description of the remarkable Places he
passed through, and of that City.



UNTING being the principal
Employment and Diversion of the
Indians, at which they are very
expert, Mr. Carew had an Oppor-
tunity of gratifying to the utmost
his

* The INDIAN Kings are obliged to provide for the Subsistence of their People.

his Taste for this Diverſion, there ſcarce paſſing a Day but he was a Party among them, at ſome Hunting Match or other, and moſt generally with the King himſelf. He was now grown into ſo great Reſpect among them, that they offered him a Wife out of one of the principal Families in the Place, nearly related to the King; but our Hero, notwithſtanding theſe Honours, could not forget his Native Country, the Love of which glowed within his Breſt; he had therefore, for ſome Time, formed the Deſign of leaving them, and very ſoon after this found an Opportunity of doing ſo.

One Day, being out hunting, they chanced to fall in Company with ſome other *Indians*, near the River *Delaware*; and when the Chace was over, ſat down to be merry together, and having got ſome Rum amongſt them, they drank pretty freely, and fell to ſinging and dancing after their Country Faſhion.

Mr. *Carew* took this Opportunity of ſlipping out; and going down to the River Side, ſeizes one of the Canoes; and though he was entirely unacquainted with the Method of managing them, boldly puſhes from Shore, landing near *Newcaſtle* in *Penſylvania*, the Place he croſſed over being called *Duck's Creek*, which communicates with the great River *Delaware*. Mr. *Carew* being now got, as it were, among his own Countrymen again, ſoon transformed
himſelf

himself into a *Quaker**, pulling off the Button from his Hat, and flapping it on every Side, he put on as demure and precise a Look as if his whole Family had been *Quakers*, and he had never seen any other Sort of People. Here, Reader, it will be necessary to remark, that as our Hero is no longer among the simple, and honest Indians, who are enough polished to forget the Dictates of Nature, but follow her in all their Ways; who have not Art enough to deceive, but speak what they think, and act what they say: As he is no longer amongst such, but amongst a polished People, whose Knowledge has taught them to forget the Ways of Nature, and to act every Thing in Disguise; whose Hearts and Tongues are as far distant asunder as the North from the South Pole, and who daily over-reach one another in the most common Occurrences of Life: We hope it will be no Disgrace to our Hero, if among such he appears as polished as the best, and puts on a fresh Disguise as often as it suits his Convenience.

The first House he went to was a Barber's, of whose Assistance he had indeed Need enough, not having shaved his Beard since he left the Ship: Here he told a moving Story, saying, *His Name was John Elworthy, of Bristol; that he had been artfully kidnapped by one Samuel Ball, of the same Place, and had gone thro' great Hardships in making his Escape.* The good

* Most of the Inhabitants of PENNSYLVANIA are QUAKERS.

good Barber, moved by his Tale, willingly lent him his Assistance to take off his Beard; during the Operation, he entered into a good deal of Chat, telling him, his Father was one of *Exeter*, and when he went away, gave him a Half Crown Bill*, and recommended him to one Mr. *Wiggil*, a *Quaker*, of the same Place. Here he told his moving Story again, and got a Ten Shilling Bill from Mr. *Wiggil*, with Recommendations to the rest of the *Quakers* of the Place, amongst whom he got a great deal of Money. When he took his Leave, he was recommended by them to the *Quakers* of a Town called *Castile*. Here he found a great deal of Favour, and made the best of his Way to *Brandywine* Ferry, where is Room enough to lay up the whole Royal Navy of *England*; and from thence to *Chester*, so called because the People who first settled there, came for the most Part from *Cheshire*. Here are above an hundred Houses, and a very good Road for Shipping; the *Delaware*, on which it stands, being about three Miles over. Here are a Court-house, and a Prison. This Place is also called *Upland*, and has a Church dedicated to St. *Paul*, with a numerous Congregation of those whom, exclusive of all other Christians, we call *Orthodox*. Mr. *Carew* came here on a *Saturday*, and stay'd all Night,

* In *PENNSYLVANIA*, and several Parts of the *WEST-INDIES*, they make great Use of Paper Money.

Night, and next Morning enquired out one Mrs. Turner, a Quaker, who formerly lived at Embercomb, by Minehead, in Somersetshire : From her he got a Bill, and a Recommendation to some Quakers at Derby, about five Miles further, where she told him he would find Mr. Whitfield. He hearing this, sets out for Derby ; but before he reached there, was overtaken by Hundreds of People going to hear Mr. Whitfield preach. Friend, says he to one of them, *where art thee going so fast ? Hast thou not heard, Friend, says the other, that the second Christ is come ?* He then joined them, and proceeded to Derby with them, where he found Mr. Whitfield preaching in an Orchard, but could not get near enough to hear his Discourse, by Reason of the great Concourse of People ; however he seemed to be affected with it, and strictly imitated the Quakers in all their Sighs, Groans, lifting up of the Eyes, &c. Leaving them, he went to the Sign of the Ship, and enquiring where Mr. Whitfield lodged that Night, was told at the Justice's, who was a Miller ; he then ask'd if he could have a Bed there that Night, and being told he might, passed the Evening very chearfully.

In the Morning he ask'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and soon drew up a moving Petition in the Name of John Moore, the Son of a Clergyman, who had been taken on board the Tyger, Captain Matthews, and carried into the
Havannah

Havannah, from whence he had got his Redemption by Means of the Governor of the City of *Anapolis*; that he was in most deplorable Circumstances, having nothing to help himself with, and hoped he would commiserate his Condition. Having finished his Petition, away goes he to the Miller's, House, where Mr. *Whitfield* lodged, and found above an hundred People were waiting about the Door, to speak to Mr. *Whitfield*; looking narrowly about, he espies a young Lad, who he found belonged to Mr. *Whitfield*; and going up to him, accosts him very civilly, and begg'd he would do an unfortunate Man the Kindness to give that Paper (giving him his Petition) to Mr. *Whitfield*: The young Lad readily promised he would. Presently after comes forth Mr. *Whitfield*; and as soon as they perceived him the *Quakers* pressed round him, one crying, *Pray thee, Friend, come and pray by my dear Wife*; and another, *Pray thee, Friend, come and see my dear Brother*. Mr. *Whitfield* made his Way through them all as well as he could towards Mr. *Carew*, whom the young Lad pointed out to him; when he came up to him, he told him, *He was heartily sorry for his Misfortunes, but that we were all liable to them, and that they happened by the Will of God, and therefore it was our Duty to submit to them with Patience and Resignation*: Then pulling out his Pocket-Book, gave him three or four Pounds of that Country Paper Money. Mr.

Carew

Carew returned him Thanks with all the Marks of the most lively Gratitude, and Mr. Whitfield wishing him well to *England*, went away singing Psalms with those who were about him ; and we make no Doubt but Mr. Carew joined with them in the Melody of the Heart for the good Success he had had with Mr. Whitfield.

From hence Bampfylde had only seven Miles to the City of *Philadelphia*, which is one of the finest in all *America*, and one of the best laid out Cities in the World, the Capital of *Pensylvania* ; and if it was full of Houses and Inhabitants, according to the Proprietor's Plan, it would be a Capital fit for a great Empire. As it is, 'tis a large City, considering its late Foundation, most commodiously situated between two navigable Rivers, the *Delaware* and *Schuylkill*. He designed the Town in Form of an Oblong Square, extending two Miles in Length, from one River to the other. The long Streets, eight in Number, and two Miles in Length he cut at right Angles by others of one Mile in Length, and sixteen in Number, all strait and spacious. He left proper Spaces for Markets, Parades, Keys, Meeting-Houses, Schools, Hospitals, and other public Buildings. There are a great Number of Houses, and it encreases every Day in Buildings, which are all carried on regularly, according to the first Plan, The City has two Fronts on the

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Water,

Water, and on the East Side, facing the *Schuylkill*, and the other on the West, facing the *Delaware*, which is near two Miles broad, and navigable 300 Miles, at least for small Vessels. The eastern Part is the most populous, on Account of the *Schuylkill*, which is navigable 800 Miles above the *Falls*. We have observed that each Front of the Street was to be two Miles from River to River, as it was at first laid out, but one cannot suppose it is finished in that Manner. The Streets that run against the *Schuylkill* are three Quarters of a Mile in Length; the Houses are stately, the Wharfs and Warehouses numerous and convenient. This City flourished so much at first, that there were near 100 Houses, great and small, in it in less than a Year's Time, and it has made answerable Progress, the Number of Houses at this Time being above 2000, and, generally speaking, better Edifices than in the Cities of *England*, a few excepted, and those only in a few Streets. All the Houses have large Orchards and Gardens belonging to them; the Land on which the City stands is high and firm, and the Convenience of Cover, Docks and Springs, have very much contributed to the Commerce of this Place, where many rich Merchants now reside, some of whom are so wealthy, that they keep their Coaches. Ships may ride here in six or seven Fathom Water, with a very good Anchorage; the Land about it

it is a dry wholesome Level. All Owners of 1000 Acres and upwards have their Houses in the two Fronts, facing the Rivers, and in the *High-Street*, running from the Middle of one Front to the Middle of the other. Every Owner of 1000 Acres hath but an Acre in Front, and the smaller Purchasers about half an Acre in the back Streets; by which Means the least has Room enough for a House, Garden, and small Orchard. *High-street* is 100 Feet broad, so is *Broad-street*, which is in the Middle of the City, running from North to South. In the Centre is a Square of ten Acres for the State-House, Market-House, and School-House, as before hinted. The Names of the Streets here denote the several Sorts of Timber that are common in *Pensylvania*, as *Mulberry-street*, *Sassafras-street*, *Chesnut-street*, *Walnut-street*, *Beach-street*, *Ash-street*, *Vine-street*, *Cedar-street*. There are also *King-street*, *Broad-street*, *High-street*. The Court-House is built of Brick, and under it is a Prison; several Houses on the Key are worth 4 or 5000l. and 13 Ships have been on the Stocks at a Time; some Hundreds have been built there. The Cellars or Ware-Houses on the Key are made over the River three Stories high. Here are two Fairs in a Year, and two Markets a Week. It sends two Members to the Assembly.

The Inhabitants were at first mostly *Quakers*, and so they continue. It was some Time before

there was a Church built after the Manner of *England*; but as soon as one was built, it was called *Christ-church*. It had, in a few Years, a very numerous Congregation, and King *William* ordered an Allowance of 50*l.* a Year to the Minister; which, with voluntary Contributions, made a very handsome Provision for him. There are above twelve hundred of the Inhabitants that are of this Congregation, who have for some Years had the Benefit of an Organ; and though it looked and sounded strange to the *Quakers* at first, yet they are now so far reconciled to it, as to bear with their Neighbours having it without grumbling. Here are, besides this, several *Meeting-Houses*, viz. for the *Quakers*, who are properly the Church as by Law established, being the Originals, the *Presbyterians*, the *Baptists*, and a *Spanish* Church.

According to the Plan, there is; in each Quarter of the City, a Square of eight Acres, intended for the same Uses as was *Moorfields* in *London*, Walks and Exercises for the Citizens. The great Dock is formed by an Inlet of the River *Delaware*, at the South Corner of the Front of the Wharfs, and has a Bridge over it at the Entrance; several Creeks run into the City out of the two Rivers, and there's no City in *Holland* that is so naturally accommodated with fine & commodious Canals, as this might be very easily. The Key is beautiful, above 200 Feet square, to which a Ship of 500 Tons may lay her Broadside; and as these sur-
prizing

prizing Advantages have already rendered it one of the best trading Towns in the *British* Empire out of *Europe*, so in all Probability it will continue to increase in Commerce, Riches, and Buildings, till for Number and Magnificence it will have no Equal in *America*; where the *French* have not, nor are likely to have, any Thing like it. Here also are almost all Sorts of Trades and Mechanics, as well as Merchants and Planters. Here the Assemblies and Courts of Judicature are held, and the Business of the Province is chiefly managed, as in all Capitals. Here is a Printing-House and a *Gazette* weekly published. In a Word here are all Things necessary for an *Englishman's* Profit and Pleasure.

Mr. *Carew* walking through *High-street*, had a Mind to refresh himself with a Nip of Punch; the first Publick-House he chanced to fall upon was kept by an *Irishman*, and asking him if he sold Punch, *Yes, my dear Honey*, reply'd the Man; *Arrah*, says Mr. *Carew*, are you my Countryman, dear *Joy*? quite in the *Irish* Brogue; *Yes*, replies the Man: *What do you belong to one of our Vessels?* No, *I belonged to Captain Dubois, of Dublin, who was taken off the Capes and carried into the Havannah*: *Arrah, dear Joy, I know Captain Dubois very well*, replies the *Irishman*. *Come in, come in*. Accordingly, in goes Mr. *Carew*; and the *Irishman* was so well pleased with his Countryman, (for giving a very particular Account of

many Places in *Ireland*, and counterfeiting the Brogue extremely well, he did not suspect him to be any other) that he entertained him very well, and they passed the Day very merrily together.

The next Morning his Host takes him out to see the City : Mr. *Carew* did not content himself with idly gazing, (as most of our modern Travellers do) but diligently enquired the Names of the principal Merchants and Places, and informed himself of all those Circumstances which could be of any Service to him. At length, seeing a very fine House, he enquired whose it was ; and being told the Proprietor *Penn's* who was just come from *England* with his Brother-in-Law, Captain *Frame*, he takes his Leave of his Host, telling him, *He had a little Business to transact, and would be at Home presently, for that he should be able to find the Way back, without his staying for him.* Having thus got rid of the Irishman, he claps his Right Hand into his Coat, as if he had lost the Use of it ; and then going up to the Proprietor's knocks at the Door, which was opened to him by a *Negro*, with a Silver Collar about his Neck : He enquired if the Proprietor lived there, and if he was at Home ; being told he was, *Pray tell him,* says he, *that a poor Man desires the Favour of speaking with him.* The *Negro* then bid him come into the Court : Soon after, out came the Proprietor very plainly dress'd, and his Brother, Captain *Frame*,

Frame, in his Regimentals : The Proprietor came up to him, enquiring who he was, and what he wanted with him ; he replied, *He was a poor unfortunate Man, who craved his Honour's charitable Assistance ; that his Name was John Hawkins, of the City of Exeter, and belonged to Captain Davis's Ship of the same Place, who was taken near the Capes. Captain Frame seeing him a lusty tall Fellow, presently cries out, Revenge ! Revenge ! my brave Boy, you shall go along with me and fight the Dogs : Mr. Carew replied with a Sigh, that he should be glad to do that, but that it was his Misfortune, by the Severities and Hardships he suffered in Prison, to have lost the Use of his Right Arm by the Dead Palsy.* This moved their Compassion so much that each of them gave him a Guinea, the Proprietor telling him he would take Care to send him Home with Captain Read, who would sail very soon ; then asking if he had been at the Governor's, and he replying in the Negative, the Proprietor told him, *He should go there, for he was a very good-natured Man, and would assist him ; then calling to his Black, bid him shew the poor Man to the Governor's.* As they were going along, he informed himself of the Black what Countryman the Governor was, and being told a *Welchman*, and his Name *Thomas*, took Care to make his Advantage of it. When he came to the Governor's, and enquired for him, he was told he was walking in the Garden : While

he was waiting for his coming out in came the Proprietor and his Brother, and going into the Garden, they represented his Case to the Governor, who coming out, enquired where he was born, &c. He told him as he had before done the Proprietor, and added, *That he had married Betty Larkey, Parson Griffy's Maid, of Wales, and that the Parson had a Son at Bishop's Nympton, in Devon: The Governor replied, He knew the Parson very well, and likewise Betty Larkey; and after he had ask'd some Questions about them, which Mr. Carew answered very readily, he gave him two Guineas.*

In this Manner did he apply to most of the principal Merchants in *Philadelphia*, always suiting some Circumstances of his Story in particular to the Person he applied to, which he did by diligently enquiring from what Places they came from in *England*, who were their Friends and Acquaintance, and the like, which he knew how to suit most to his Purpose.

Captain *Read* being now ready to sail, and Mr. *Carew* having a Curiosity of seeing more of the Country, thought proper to leave *Philadelphia*, without taking Leave of any of his good Friends there. From hence he goes into *Buckingham County*, where he enquired out one *George Boon*, a Justice of the Peace in that County, who formerly lived at *Bradninch*, in *Devon*, his Father being a Weaver there. Here
he

he went by his own Name, telling him, *He had been taken Prisoner and carried into the Havannah, where he had lain many Months.* The Justice having known his Father very well, entertained him generously, shew'd him the Country, and gave him three Guineas at his Departure to help pay his Passage.

From hence he went to *Burlington*, the first Town in *West New-Jersey*, which contains about 250 Families, and has an answerable Number of Acres laid out for Plantations. The Houses are well built, and almost all of Brick. The Market affords Plenty of all Sorts of Provisions, which are as good here as any where in *America*.

From thence to *Perth-Amboy*, so called in Honour to the Duke of *Perth*. 'Tis at the Mouth of the River *Raritan*, which runs into *Sandyhook Bay*, and able to contain 500 Ships. The Plan of this City was laid out very regularly and spaciouly. The Plot of Ground was divided into 150 Shares for Purchasers to build upon. Four Acres were preserved for a Market-Place, and three for publick Wharfrage; very useful Things, if there had been Inhabitants, Trade, and Shipping. The Town being thus artfully and commodiously laid out, some Scots began building, especially a House for a Governor, which was then as little wanted as a Wharf or Market. The whole Plan of the City consists of 1070 Acres, and there are two good

good Roads from it to *Piscataway* and *Woodbridge*. Ships in one Tide can come up to the Port, and be at the Merchant's Doors, though of 300 Tons Burthen ; but the *Perth City* has not above 2 or 300 Men, Women, and Children in it.

From thence over a Ferry, into a Town called *Trent Town*, in *Staten Island* ; and from thence over *Brunswick Ferry*, to *East Jersey*, where he found out one Mr. *Matthews* a Miller, who formerly lived at *Whitechurch*, near *Lyme* in *Dorset* ; and making Use of his old Story of having been taken, was received by Mr. *Matthews* with great Hospitality ; he kept him three Days in his House, and would have entertained him still longer. At his Departure he gave him a Guinea, with several Letters of Recommendation, and sent Letters by him to his Friends in *England*, sending his Servant with him as far as *Elizabeth Town*, which is three Miles within a Creek, oposite to the West End of *Staten Island*. Here the first *English* Settlement was made ; and if any Place in the *Jerseys* may be said to have thrived, it is this ; for notwithstanding the Endeavours of the Proprietors to make a Capital of *Perth* by calling it a City, *Elizabeth Town* has near six Times the Number of Inhabitants, containing above 250 Families, and 40,000 Acres of Land cast out. Here the Proprietors have a Plantation, which goes by the Name of their *Farm*. The Government of the Province is here

here managed, Courts are kept, Assemblies held, and the greatest Part of the Trade of the Colony carried on. Here he met with one Mr. *Nicholas* a *Cornishman*, who gave him a Ten Shilling Bill, and recommended him to one Mr *Anderson* in *Long-Island*, sometimes call'd *Nassau Island*, stretching from *Fairfield Country*, in a fine Spot of Ground, 150 Miles in Length, and 12 in Breadth. Here he changed his Religion, and turned *Presbyterian*, most of the Inhabitants being of that Denomination, travelling quite through the Island; and then crossed over a Ferry into *Block Island*, from whence there are great Quantities of Timber transported to *Boston*.

Soon after crossing another Ferry, he come into *New-York*, which is a very fine City, There are now about 1100 Houses, and near 7000 Inhabitants in it. The Houses are well built, the meanest of them said to be worth 100l. which cannot be said of any City in *England*. The great Church here was built in the Year 1695, and is a very handsome Edifice. Here are also a *Dutch Church*, a *French Church*, and a *Lutheran Church*. The Inhabitants of *Dutch* Extraction make a very considerable Part of the Town; but most of them speaking *English*, one may suppose they go pretty much to the great Church, especially all those that are or hope to be in Offices. Here he was surprised at the Sight of a great Number of Gibbets with Blacks hanging upon them; but on enquiring,

quiring, he found the Negroes had not long before entered into a Conspiracy of burning the whole City ; but the Plot being timely discovered, great Numbers were executed, and hung up to terrify the others. His first Care here was to enquire the Names, Circumstances, Family, and Countires of the principal Inhabitants of the City ; Amongst the rest, he enquired out Captain *Lush*, who was formerly one of *Charmouth*, by *Lyme*, in *Dorsetshire*, to whom he had a Recommendatory Letter from *Mr. Matthews*, of *East Jersey* : He was received very hospitably by Captain *Lush*, who likewise gave him two Shirts, and informed him there was no Ship ready to sail for *England* there, but that he would find one at *New-London*. Having found there was one *Mr. Lucas*, formerly of *Taunton* in *Somersetshire*, in *New York*, and judging he was a Brother to *Mr. Lucas*, of *Bampton*, in *Devon*, whom he knew very well, he goes boldly to his House, which was in the Fish-Shambles, and knocking at the Door, it was opened to him by a *Negro* : He enquired if *Mr. Lucas* was at Home ; and before the *Negro* could give him an Answer, out came *Mr. Lucas* with a little Boy, and enquired what he wanted ; he replied, he was an Englishman born in *Devonshire*, who had the Misfortune to be cast away in a Ship behind *Long Island*, and hearing his Name was *Lucas*, had made bold to apply to him for Assistance, as he was very well acquainted with his Brother,

Mr.

Mr. Lucas of Bampton. Mr. Lucas asked him *If he could tell whom his Brother married ?* He replied, *Mrs. Mary Tristam : Do you know Huntsham ?* Yes, replied he, and Mr. Beer, *who first courted Mrs. Tristam : And how many Children has my Brother ?* To this likewise Mr. Carew answered very exactly ; and Mr. Lucas being convinced by this of his being no Impostor, bid him come in, telling him, *He expected his youngest Brother there in three Weeks Time.* He was entertained here very generously, and at his Departure Mr. Lucas gave him two Guineas.

From thence he goes through *Seabroke* and *Seaford* to *New-London*, which is situate on a River called the *Thames*. The first Branch of which River goes by the Name of *Glass-River*, the next Branch by that of *Russel's Delight*, the third by that of *Indian River*. There is a small River which falls into the Sea at *Manchester*. The Trade of Ship-building flourishes here. Here he enquired if there were none of the Name of *Davey* in that City, and being asked why, he replied, *They were near Heirs to a fine Estate near Crediton in Devon, formerly belonging to Sir John Davey.* He was then shewn to two antient Sisters of *Sir John Davey*, whose Sons were Timber Men : They asked a great many Questions about the Family ; and he told them, *Sir John Davey was dead, and his eldest Son also, who had left two Sons ; that the youngest Brother, Humphry*
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Davey,

Davey, was then living at Creedy-House, and the little Boys some where about Exeter. They then gave him two Letters to deliver to Mr. *Humphry Davey*; after which, each gave him a Guinea, with Recommendations to one Justice Miller, and Captain Rogers, who was bound for England. Justice Miller received him very kindly, and sent his Servant with him to Captain Rogers, with whom he agreed to take the Run to England for ten Guineas, ten Gallons of Rum, ten Pounds of Sugar, ten Pounds of Tobacco, and ten Pipes.



C H A P. XIV.

Mr. Carew embarks at New London, on board Captain Rogers, for England; provides, with great Prudence, against Accidents: The bold Resolution of an honest Indian: Mr. Carew arrives at Bristol, and proceeds to Exeter, where he meets with the Owner of the Vessel in which he had been carried to America.



APTAIN Rogers having taken in his Loading, which consisted of Rice, Tobacco, and Pipe Staves, set sail with a fair Wind from New-London, and run to Lundy in

a Month and three Days : Nothing happened material on their Voyage, and the Sailors passed their Time very jovailly, having so favourable a Gale but ; our Hero, who knew that *Fortune*, like a common *Felt*, often puts on the *fairest Smiles* when she is about to *discard* you, thought it prudent to provide against her slippery Tricks as much as lay in his Power ; he therefore pricked his Arms and Breast with a Needle, and then rubbed it with Bay Salt and Gunpowder, which made it appear like the Small-Pox coming out ; in the Night Time he groaned very dismally, till at length the Captain called to him, to know the Reason of his groaning so in his Sleep. *Alas ! Sir*, replied he, *I have been dreaming my poor Wife was dead, and that she died in the Small-Pox.* *Be of good Cheer, Man*, says the Captain, *Dreams are but Fables ; and for your Comfort, I beleive we shall quickly make Land :* However, they did not do this so soon as the Captain expected ; for towards the next Evening the Wind springing up a fresh Gale, the Captain ordered to stand out to Sea again : During all the Day Mr. Carew did not stir out of his Hammock, pretending to be very ill. Towards the Morning the Wind was somewhat laid, and they stood in before it ; but it being very hazy Weather, the Captain ordered a good Look-out, crying, *My brave Boys take Care we don't fall foul of some Ship, for we are now in the Channel ;* the Men replied, *All*

is well. Now the Cocks began to crow on board, and Sol took his last Embrace of Thetis, to begin his daily Stage; for indeed already had his Equipage waited near an Hour for him. Reader, if thou art acquainted with the inimitable History of *Tom Jones*, thou mayest perhaps know what we mean by this; but lest thou should'st not, we think it not improper to inform thee, that we mean no more than we might have told thee in three Words, *That it was broad Day-light.* The Captain called out, *How goes the Glass, my brave Boys? Eight Glasses are just run,* replied the Men; *then look out sharp for Land.* Soon after the Cabin Boy hollows out, *Land! Land!* The Captain runs nimbly to see if it was so, saying, *I am afraid we are embay'd.* No, replies the Mate, *I will be bound for it it's Lundy Island.* The Captain ran up immediately to the Main-top-mast Head, to look out for other Lands to the Right and Left, and found it to be indeed *Lundy Island*: Upon which several Sailors ran up the Rigging; and, among the rest, Mr. Carew creeps out with nothing but a Blanket upon his Shoulders, and makes an Attempt to run up the Rigging; which the Captain seeing, hastily cries out, *Where is old John going? Take Care of the old Man, he is light headed:* Upon which some of the Sailors took him down, and carried him back to his Hammock. They then crouded all the Sail they could for *Lundy*: When they came near, they perceived several

several Ships lying at Anchor there, and made a Signal for a Pilot ; soon after comes off a Pilot of *Clovelly*, who was then upon the Island, waiting to pilot Ships up to *Bristol*. The Captain welcomed him on board, and agreed for seven Guineas to be piloted to *Bristol* ; then the Captain ask'd him, *What News ? and if any New-England Men were gone up the Channel ?* He replied, *that none had passed, but that he could inform him of bad News for his Men, which was that the Ruby Man of War, Capt. Goodyere, lay then in King-Road, and pressed all the Men they could lay hold of.* Mr. Carew hearing this, immediately comes upon Deck, with his Blanket upon his Shoulders, and pretending to vomit over the Ship's Side. The Pilot observing him, ask'd the Captain, *What was the Matter with the old Man ? I believe,* replies the Captain, *he has got the Small-Pox ; he dreamed the other Night that his Wife was dead of them, which frightened him so much, that I think the Small-Pox is come out upon him :* The Pilot then stepped up to him, and ask'd him to let him look upon him, which he complying with, and shewing him his Arms, the Pilot swore he had the Small-Pox heavily upon him ; and Mr. Carew kept on groaning very mournfully. They then sailed by *Appledore, Bideford and Barnstaple*, (where Mr. Carew, notwithstanding his having the Small-Pox so heavily, wished himself on Shore, drinking some of their fat Ale,) so to the *Holmes*, and

into *King Road* early in the Morning. He then thought it adviseable to take a pretty large Quantity of warm Water into his Belly, and quickly after, to their great Concern, they saw the *Ruby Man of War* lying in the Road, with Jack, Ensign and Pendent hoisted.

Now were all the Sailors, who had been so jovial before, struck with a dreadful Pannick ; but our Hero, secure of the Favour and Protection of the Goddess *Prudence*, was quite easy at Heart :—So, courteous Reader, if thou wilt follow our Advice, thou should'st always in thy Prosperity, when the Waters of Life are smooth and calm, endeavour to provide for what may happen hereafter, as thou canst not tell how soon the Winds may rise, and change thy halcyon Calm into a troubled Sea ; and then if thou hast not before moored thyself with the Anchor of *Prudence*, what can prevent thee from sinking like a Stone in the mighty Waters?—And now they perceived the Man of War's Boat making towards them ; upon which, Mr. *Carew* grew sicker and sicker : The Captain ordered the Ropes to be flung out for the Man of War's Boat, and the Stanchions and red Ropes to be got ready for the Lieutenant, as though they had been to receive some good Visitor on board : *Such are the polished Arts of the World* ; for we think we may venture to say, both the Captain and Crew, at the same Time they were making these Preparations to receive
the

the Lieutenant, had rather have seen him gone to the Bottom of the Sea, than come on board their Vessel. At length the Man of War's Boat came along-side the Ship : Mr. Carew goes down into the Steerage, with his Belly full of hot Water, and the Lieutenant steps on board. *Sir, you are welcome on board*, says the Captain ; or rather, that little Part of the Captain called the *Tongue*; for the Heart, Mind, and every other Particle of the Captain, wish'd him at the D——l at the same Time. The Lieutenant enquired, from whence they came, and what Passage : The Captain replied, from *Boston*, in a Month and four Days ; and then asked him to walk aft, and take a Dram of Rum ; but before he did so, the Lieutenant ask'd, How many Hands there were on board ? The Captain answered, He had only fifteen, for Men were very scarce. Of what Burthen is your Ship ? 250 Tons. I must have your Hands, Sir, says the Lieutenant ; Come in, Barge Crew, and do your Duty. No sooner were the Words spoken, than the Crew leaped upon Deck, and the Lieutenant ordered all the Ship's Company aft, saying, He wanted to talk with them. He then accosted them with an oratorical Harangue, ' *Gentlemen Sailors*, said he, *I make no Doubt* ' *but you are willing to enter voluntarily, and* ' *not as-pressed Men ; if you go like brave* ' *Men, freely, when you come round to Ply-* ' *mouth.*

mouth and *Portsmouth*, and go on board your respective Ships, you will have your Bounty Money, and Liberty to go on Shore, and kiss your Landladies.* Tho' this Oration was pronounced with as much Self applause as *Cicero* felt, when, by the Force of his Eloquence, he made *Cesar*, the Master of the World, to tremble; or, as the vehement *Demosthenes*, when he used to thunder against King *Philip*; yet we are not quite certain whether it was the Power of his Eloquence alone that persuaded the Men to enter voluntarily, or, whether being seated between the two Rocks of *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, it was indifferent to them which they dashed upon: However this was, all but one of the Men entered, (though with sad Hearts) without being pressed; which, we make no Doubt, the Lieutenant attributed to the Eloquence of his Oration.———Here, Reader, if thou hast any Father, Son, Brother, Friend, or Relation belonging to the Sea, thou wilt drop a Tear of Indignation; that in the Land of *Liberty*, *Justice*, and *Wisdom*, no more humane or equitable Method can be thought of to man our Fleets, than to drag unhappy Men like the Ox to the Slaughter, just at that Moment, when, after a tedious Absence, they hail the Sight of their native Land, and already stretch out their Arms to embrace their long absent and long wished for Friends: Perhaps, Reader, thou hast experienced the Heart-felt Pang, when after counting the
Years,

Years, Months, Days, and even Hours of Absence of some beloved Friend, just when the long expected Hour was come, when thou hadst perhaps prepared thy Banquet to welcome him, and already thought him within thy Arms, at that Hour to have him unwillingly and cruelly forced away to some distant Shore, perhaps never to see him more. But let us throw a Veil, thicker than Night itself, over this barbarous Custom, and return to our Story.

The Lieutenant observing a stout Fellow in a Frock and Trousers, who did not come aft with the other Men, asked the Captain, Who he was : The Captain replied, He was an *Indian*, and a brave Sailor, and called to him by his Name. *Wat ye want wit mee*, replies the *Indian*, *mee won't comee, demme*. Upon which the Lieutenant sent some of the Barge Crew to bring him forwards, which the brave *Indian* perceiving, caught hold of a Handspike, and put himself in a Posture of Defence, crying out to the Barge Crew who came up towards him, *Demme, ye meddle with mee, mee dashee your Brains out*. The Crew finding him resolute, did not think proper to attack him ; upon which the Lieutenant ask'd him, *If he would serve King George : Dem King George, mee know no King George, mee be an Indian, mee have a King in my own Country, whom mee lovee and fightee for, because he be de very good King :*

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At which the Lieutenant and Captain fell a laughing, and left him.

Are these all your Men ? says the Lieutenant :
Yes, replied the Captain, *except one old Man, who dreamed the other Night that his Wife died in the Small-Pox, and was so much frightened that the Small-Pox is come out upon him.* The Captain then ordered the Bills to be made for what was due to the Men, and asked the Lieutenant in the mean while to walk down and taste his Rum. Accordingly down comes the Lieutenant humming a Tune ; Mr. Carew hearing this, prepared himself, and taking an Opportunity of putting his Finger down his Throat, discharges his Stomach just under the Lieutenant's Feet, crying out in a most lamentable Tone at the same Time, O, my Head ! O, my Back ! What, cries the Lieutenant very hastily, is this the Fellow who has the Small-Pox ? No, no, replies he, I have had the Small-Pox many Years ago, and have been with Sir Charles Wager and Sir George Walton up the *Baltic* ; and do for God's Sake, take me on Board your Ship, noble Captain, for I only want to be blooded. The Lieutenant whips out his Snuff Box, and claps it to his Nose, swearing, " He " would not take him on Board for Five Hun-
" dred Pounds, for he was enough to infect a
" whole Ship's Crew ; that the D---I should take
" him before he would," hurrying at the same Time as fast as he could into the great Cabbin. When he came there, Mr. Carew heard him
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complaining how unfortunate it was that he should come on board them, as he never had the Small-Pox himself. When the rest of the Men had had their Bills made out, the Captain, willing to get rid of Mr. Carew, said to him, Come, old John, I will have your Bill made too; which was accordingly done, and amounted to seven Pounds ten Shillings, for which the Captain gave him a Draught on Merchant *Lidiate* in *Bristol*. The Captain then ordered the Boat to put him on Shore; he beseeched the Captain to let him die on board: No, no, says the Captain, by all Means take him on Shore: Ay, ay, says the Lieutenant, take him on Shore, take him on Shore. Then the Captain called to some of the Sailors, to help the poor old Man over the Side of the Ship, and out came Mr. Carew with the Blanket wrapped about his Shoulders; and so well did he counterfeited, that he seemed a most deplorable Object of Compassion. The Boat being got a little Distance from the Ship, was called back again, and the Lieutenant tossed him half a Guinea, charging him not to go into the City of *Bristol*, for that he was enough to infect the whole City.

Thus our Hero, after seeing many Cities and Men, undergoing great Hardships, and encountering many Dangers and Difficulties, once more sets his Foot on his beloved Country. Notwithstanding the Joy he felt at being safe on Shore, he did not lay aside his Small-Pox, but travels on toward *Bristol*, as one very bad
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in that Distemper : Coming to Justice Cann's, near *Durdham Downs*, he meets with the Gardener, whom he asked, If the Justice lived there, and was at Home ? Being told he was, he made a most lamentable Moan, and said, He was just come from *New-England*, and had the Small-Pox on him. The Gardener goes into the House, and soon returning, told him, The Justice was not at Home ; but gave him Half a Crown : He still kept crying, I am a dying Man, and I beseech you let me lie and die in some Hay-Tallat, or any Place of Shelter. The Gardener seeing him so ill, goes in again, and brings out a Cordial Dram, and a Mug of warm Ale, which Mr. *Carew* made Shift to swallow. The Gardener then left him, being so much affrighted at his Appearance and lamentable Moans, that he let both Glass and Mug fall to the Ground before he reached the House. Mr. *Carew* then made Shift, notwithstanding his dying Condition, to reach the City of *Bristol* ; and being now freed from his Apprehensions of being pressed, at the first Barber's he came to he got rid of his Beard, and bid Adieu to the Small-Pox ; then makes the best of his Way to the Mendicant's-Hall, on *Mile-Hill* : Just as he came there, the Landlady and an old Croney, a Tinker's Wife, were standing at the Door : As soon as the Landlady espied him, she claped her Hands, and swore it was either Mr. *Carew* or his

his Ghost : As soon as they were convinced he was Flesh and Blood, great were the Kisses, Hugs and Embraces of these three. Our Hero's first Enquiry was, when they had seen his dear *Polly* ? meaning his Wife ; the Landlady told him, She had not seen her lately, but had heard both she and his Daughter were well ; but that his Wife never expected to see him more.

Mr. *Carew* soon called for a Room above Stairs, ordered an elegant Dinner to be provided, and passed the Afternoon very merrily : The next Morning he waited on the Merchant with his Bill, and received the Money for it, then weighed Anchor, and steered for *Bridgewater*, where he arrived just at night : He immediately repaired to a Mumper's House, kept by a one-ey'd old Woman, named *Laskey* : from whence he goes to the *Swan*, where were several Gentlemen passing the Evening together, viz. Mr. *Moore*, Dr. *Dipford*, Counsellor *Bedford*, and others, all of whom were particularly acquainted with him ; however, he pretended to be a *West-Indian*, who had been cast away in a Ship coming from *Antigua*, which foundered behind *Cape Clear* ; that he was taken up by an *Irishman*, and afterwards put on board a *Bristol Ship*. Having by this Story raised a Contribution from the Gentlemen, he discovered himself, knowing them to be his good Friends ; but the Gentlemen could scarcely credit him, till he gave them very

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sufficient Proofs of his being the real *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*.

The next Morning he goes to Sir *John Tynte*, and made the same Complaint as he had done the Night before at the *Swan* in *Bridgwater*; the Servant telling him, Sir *John* would come forth soon, he waited till he did so, and then discovered himself; Sir *John* would not believe him, but at last made him a Present. He afterwards visited Justice *Crosse* of *Brompsfylde*, who presently knew him, and made him very welcome; from whence, setting out for *Exeter*, he visited on the Road Mr. *John Bampfylde* of *Hesticombe*, the Rev. Mr. *Boswell*, and Dr. *Hildyard* of *Tannton*, the Rev. Mr. *Miniffee*, 'Squire *Bluet*, of *Holcombe Rogus*, the Rev. Mr. *Newt*, of *Tiverton*, 'Squire *Blundel*, and Major *Worth*, in the Neighbourhood of that Place, who being all his particular Friends, were very glad to see him returned, and treated him very handsomely. Major *Worth* took him a hunting with him; but he soon took an Opportunity of slipping away, and directed his Steps to his own Parish of *Bickley*. Here he happened to meet Lady *Carew*; but so great was his Respect for her, that he who used to attempt every Thing, had not Courage to accost this Lady, therefore turned off to a Place called *Condbury*, the Seat of Mr. *Furfdon*: As soon as he came there, he was known by Mr. *Furfdon's* Sister, who told him, He should not stir thence till her Brother came Home; soon after

after Mr. *Furfdon* returned, and brought with him one Mr. *Land* of *Silverton*; he was very much surprized to see him, and treated him very generously, making him a very handsome Present, as did also Mr. *Land*: He abode there that Night, went a hunting with Mr. *Furfdon* the next Day, and likewise to see Mr. *Bampfylde Rode*, at *Stoke*, who would not believe Mr. *Carew* had been in *America*, but treated him handsomely, and made him a Present at his Departure. He next comes into *Exeter*, the Place he had sailed from to the *West-Indies*, and going into St. *Peter's* Church-yard, sees Sir *Henry Northcote*, Dr. *Andrews*, and two other Gentlemen, who were walking there: He accosted them with a "God bless you, Sir *Harry*, Dr. *Andrews*, and the rest of the Company." Sir *Harry* staring very wistfully at him, cry'd, Are you Flesh and Blood? Why, you can never have been in *America*. Dr. *Andrews* then ask'd, If it was *Carew*? and the Report being spread that he was in *Exeter*, drew a Number of Spectators to see him; and among the rest Merchant *Dacey* himself, who asked him in a very great Hurry, If the Ship was cast away? No, no, says he, I have been in *America*, have had the Honour to see your Factor, Mr. *Mean*, and saw *Griffiths* sold for a thousand Weight of Tobacco; but did not I tell you that I would be at Home before Captain *Froade*? He then gave an Account of several Particulars, which convinced

the Gentlemen he had really been in *America*. Mr. *Davey* ask'd him, If he had been sold before he ran away? and he replying, he had not, the Merchant told him jeeringly, Then he was his Servant still, that he should charge him five Pounds for his Passage, and five Pounds for Costs and Charges, besides Captain *Froade's* Bill. He next enquired, Where he had left Captain *Froade*? Mr. *Carew* told him, he had left him in *Miles's* River. The Gentlemen then gave him Money, as did likewise Merchant *Davey*.

Two Months after this, came Home Captain *Froade*, laden with Tobacco: As soon as he came to an Anchor, several Gentlemen of *Exeter* going on board him, enquired, *What Passage? and where he left Mr. Carew?* Damn him, replied the Captain, you'll never see him again: He ran away; was taken, put into New Town Goal, brought back and whipped, had a Pot-hook put upon him, ran away with it on his Neck, and has never been heard of since; so that, without Doubt, he must be either kill'd by some wild Beast, or drown'd in some River. At which the Gentlemen fell a laughing, telling the Captain, He had been at Home two Months before him. Captain *Froade* swore it could never be; however, they confirmed it to him that it was so.

C H A P.



C H A P. XV.

Mr. Carew visits Sir William Courtenay : His handsome Reception, and the Character of that Gentleman : He disguises himself, and visits his Relation, Sir Thomas Carew ; passes undiscovered by his own Brother : His remarkable Adventure with Lord Weymouth.



SOON after this, Mr. Carew went and paid his Respects to Sir William Courtenay, returning him many Thanks for what he had furnished him with when he failed for Maryland; adding, *He had been as good as his Word, in coming Home before* CAPTAIN FROADE: Sir William told him, *He thought he had;* and then called to his Butler to give him something to drink. In a little Time Sir William comes to him again, with his Brother, Mr. Henry Courtenay, who conducted him into a noble Parlour, where was a great Company of fine Ladies sitting, whom our Hero accosted with all that Respect which is ever due to Beauty and Merit. Sir William then ask'd him jocosely, If he could find out which was his Dove? He replied, He knew some of

the Ladies there ; and that, unless his Judgment deceived him, such a Lady (singling out one of them) was the happy Person. You are right, reply'd Sir *William*, this is indeed my Dove, and Turtle Dove. Sir *William* then put a Piece of Money into his Hat, as did Mr. *Henry Courtenay*, and bid him go round to the Ladies ; which he did, addressing them in a very handsome Manner, and we need not add, gathered a very plentiful Harvest, as the fair Sex are, in general, so much inclined to Humanity and good Nature. Sir *William* ask'd him, If he would not drink to the Ladies Health ? and fill'd him up a Bumper of excellent Wine : He then took his Leave of this truly noble and hospitable Gentleman.---- Here, Reader, if my Pen was equal to the Task, I would describe to thee One, whom in this degenerate Age, thou may'st gaze at as a Prodigy ; One who, like the Phoenix rising from the Ashes of his Father, inherits all the Virtues of his glorious Ancestors ; I would describe to thee Magnificence without Extravagance, Pomp without Ostentation, Plenty without Luxury or Riot, and Greatness undiminished by little Pride : I would set before thee something more than a King, (surrounded and imprisoned by worthless and imperious Favourites, fawning Sycophants, and tasteless Grandeur.) Such are the Scenes within thy Walls, such thy Master, happy *Powderham* !*

From

* The Seat of Sir WILLIAM COURTENAY, near EXON.

From hence our Hero goes to 'Squire Ball's of Mamhead; in the Way he meets with Mr. Jackson, his Steward, who was lame with the Gout; he presently knew Mr. Carew, gave him Half a Crown, and told him, He would hop back on his Crutches to give him something to drink. While they were drinking a Glas, the Steward advis'd him to make his Application to the 'Squire. Presently after, out he comes, and Mr. Carew soon began his Attack upon him: Pray who are you, says the Justice? I am a poor unfortunate *West-Indian*, replies he, who have been ship-wreck'd on the Coast of *Ireland*, and was taken up by a *Bristol Ship*. Ay, ay, you are one of Carew's Gang, I suppose, says the Justice, but he is transported. Bless your Honour, says he, I am no Impostor; I have heard Carew was a very great one, and I think deserved more than Transportation. Well, well, there's a Shilling for you, replies the Justice, and go about your Business.

From hence he steers towards Mr. Oxenham's, at *New-House*; when he came near the House, he pulls off his Shirt, and gives it to an old Man he met, as though he had been maz'd; then marches up to the House, and just at the Stables meets Mrs. Oxenham and another Lady, whom he immediately accosted with a doleful Complaint of being a poor ship-wreck'd Mariner. Mrs. Oxenham told him, *She should have taken him for Bampfylde-Moore*

Moore Carew, but that she knew he was transported: He was not disconcerted at this, but readily told her, with great Composure, that his Name was *Thomas Jones*, belonging to *Bridport*, in *Dorsetshire*. The Ladies gave him each a Shilling, and then bid him go into the House, where he had *Victuals* set before him; and before he went away, the Lady sent him a fine *Holland Shirt*: Being thus equipp'd, he enquires out the Church-Wardens of the Parish, and by the same Story gets a Crown of them. From hence he goes to *Lord Clifford's* at *Uggbrooke*, in the Parish of *Chudleigh*: Here he sends in a Petition to my Lord, as an unfortunate *Roman Catholick*, and received a Guinea, lay that Night at *Sandy Gate*, and behaved as a *Roman Catholick*, under the Name of *William Passmore*.

The next Day, at *Moll Upton's*, in *Newton-Bushell*, he met with one of the Sisters of that Order of Mendicants, commonly called *Cousin Betties*; and he having an Inclination to pay a Visit to *Sir Thomas Carew's* at *Hackum*, soon made an Agreement with the *Cousin Betty* to exchange Habits for that Day. The Barber was then called in to make his Beard as smooth as his Art and Razor could make it, and his Hair was drest up with Ribbands; thus metamorphos'd, our Hero sets out, having a little Wand in his Hand, and a little Dog under his Arm: Being come to *Sir Thomas Carew's*, he rushes into the House without Ceremony, demanding

demanding his Rent in an imperious Tone; none of the Men Servants being in the Way, the Women ran one one Way, and one another; but he taking no Notice of this Confusion, continued to act the mad Woman, beating his Head against the Wall, kissing his Dog, and demanding his Rent: At last comes one of the Women Servants, saying, 'Lady, you are welcome to your Rent,' and gave him Half a Crown; but he was not to be got rid of so easily, for now he fell raving again, and demanded some Merry-go-down; upon which they brought him some Ale, which he having drank, took his Leave, thanking them with a very low Curtesy. From hence he continues his Progress to Parson *Sandford's* of *Stake*, in *Tinney*, where having entered the House with as little Ceremony as before, he not only demanded his Rent as usual, but a Gown of some of his Cousins; neither would he take his Leave till he had got a Shilling for Rent, a good Gown, and some Pinners. He next calls upon Parson *Richards*, at *Coombe*, in *Tinney*, where he got a Shilling and a new Shift. Having thus succeeded in this new Adventure, he returns to his Quarters at Mother *Upton's*, in *Newton-Bushell*, where he divided the Profits of the Day with his good Cousin *Betty*, and passed the Night very merrily with her.

The next Day he restored his borrowed Accoutrements to the Cousin *Betty*, and calling for a Pen and Ink, wrote a Petition in the
Character

Character of a poor unfortunate Soap-boiler, whose House was set on Fire by the Carelessness of an Apprentice, in the Parish of *Monksilver*, not forgetting to sign it with the Names of several neighbouring Gentlemen: With this fictitious Petition he goes to Justice *Taylor's*, at *Denbury*, where he was handsomely relieved: From hence he goes to Justice *Nile's*, and finding upon Enquiry the Justice himself was at Home, did not venture to deliver his Petition, but begged as an unfortunate Man, and was relieved with a Cup of Cyder and some Bread and Cheese. At *Darlington* he assumed the Character of a Rat-catcher, and sold a Receipt to a Gentleman's Steward for a Crown, and under this Character he travels forward to *Plymouth*. Here, hearing there was to be a great Cock-match, he lays aside his Rat-catcher's Habit, and puts on that of a Gentleman, and not the Habit only, (as too many do, but the Manners and Behaviour likewise) so that going to the Cock-Match he betted several Wagers with Sir *Coventry Carew*, and his own Brother, *Henry Carew*, the Minister of *Saltaish*, which he had the good Fortune to win, and left the Cock-Pit undiscovered by any one.—Thus great is the Power of Dress, that it transforms and metamorphoses the Beggar into a Gentleman, and the *Cinder-Wench* into a fine Lady; therefore let not the little Great (I mean those who have nothing to recommend them but their Equipage)

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page) pride themselves as though they had something superior in them to the poor Wretch they spurn from them with so much Contempt; for let me tell them, if we are apt to pay them Respect, they are solely indebted for it to the *Mercer* and *Taylor*; for strip them of their gaudy Plumes, and we shall not be able to distinguish them from the lowest Order of Mumpers. This puts us in Mind of a remarkable Adventure of our Hero's Life, which he always tells with a great deal of Pleasure.

One Day as he was begging in the Town of *Maiden Bradley* from Door to Door, as a shipwrecked Seaman, he saw on the other Side of the Street a mendicant Brother Sailor in a Habit as forlorn as his own, a begging for God's Sake, just like himself; who seeing Mr. *Carew*, crossed over the Way and came up to him, and in the canting Language asked him where he lay last Night, what Road he was going, and several other Questions; then whether he would brush into a Boozing-ken and be his Thrums; or go into the Alehouse and spend his Three-pence with him: To this he consented, and away they go; where, in the Series of their Conversation, they ask each other various Questions concerning the Country, the charitable and uncharitable Families, the moderate and severe Justices, the good and queer Corporations, *i. e.* those that would and would not suffer begging in their Territories. This new Acquain-

Acquaintance of Mr. Carew's asked him if he had been at Sir Edward Seymour's? He answered Yes, and had received his Alms; the Stranger therefore, not having been there, leaves him at the Alehouse and goes thither himself, where having received the same Alms that his new Companion had, he returns to him again.

The next Day they beg the Town, one on one Side the Street, and the other on the other, each on his own separate Story and Account: They then proceeded to the Houses of several Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, both in one Story, which was that of the Stranger; among many others they came to Lord Weymouth's, where it was agreed that Mr. Carew should be Spokesman; upon their coming up to the House the Servants bid them be gone, unless they could give a very good Account of themselves and the Countries in which they pretended to have been; for should Lord Weymouth come and detect them in any Falshood, he would horsewhip them without Mercy, which was the Treatment all those whom he found to be Counterfeits met with from him, and he had detected great Numbers of them, having been abroad himself: Our Travellers, however, were not in the least daunted hereat, Mr. Carew being conscious to himself that he could give a satisfactory Account of *Newfoundland*, and the other confidently affirming that he had been at *Rome, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c.* and could give as good a Description

tion of those Countries as his Lordship himself. Therefore up they went to the Kitchen-Door, and Mr. *Carew* broke the Ice, telling the deplorable Story of their Misfortune in his usual lamentable Tone : The Housekeeper at first turned a deaf Ear to their Supplication and Intreaty ; but Mr. *Carew*, at the Instigation of his Companion, redoubled his Importunity, kneeling on one Knee, and made Use of all the Methods of exciting Charity of which he was capable ; so that at length the Housekeeper gave them the greatest Part of a cold Shoulder of Mutton, half a fine Wheaten Loaf, and a Shilling, but did it with great Haste and Fear, lest my Lord should see her, and be angry thereat. Of the Butler they got a Copper of good Ale, and then both expressing their Thankfulness, departed : Having got at some Distance from the House, there arose a Dispute who should carry the Victuals, both being loth to incumber themselves with it, as having neither Wife nor Child near to give it to : Mr. *Carew* was for throwing it into the Hedge, but the other urged that it was both a Sin and a Shame to waste good Victuals in that Manner ; so they both agreed to go to the *Green Man*, about a Mile from my Lord's, and there exchange it for Liquor. At this Ale-house they tarried some Time, and snacked the Argot ; *that is*, shared the Money which they had that Day gotten ; then, after a parting Glass, each went his separate Way.

The Reader cannot but be surprized, when we assure him that this Mendicant Companion of his was no less a Person than my Lord *Weymouth* himself, who being desirous of sounding the Tempers and Dispositions of the Gentlemen, and other Inhabitants of his Neighbourhood, put himself into a Habit so vastly beneath his Birth and Fortune, in order to obtain that Discovery: Nor was this the first Time that this great Nobleman had metamorphosed himself into the despicable Shape and Character of a Beggar, as several of that Neighbourhood can testify; but when he went abroad into the World in this Disguise, he took especial Care to conceal it even from his own Family, one Servant only, in whose Secresy he greatly confided, being entrusted therewith; and this was his Valet de Chambre, who used to dress, shave, and perform other such Offices relating to his Lordship's Person.

Mr. *Carew* and his noble Companion having thus parted from each other, he took his Way into the Woodlands, towards *Froome*; and the disguised Lord, by a private Way through his Park and Gardens, returned to his own House, and there divesting himself of his Rags, put on his embroidered Apparel, and re-assumed the Dignity and State to which both his Birth and Fortune entitled him. I am informed, said his Lordship, that two Sailors have been at my House; and enquiring which Way they went,

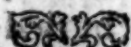
went; he ordered two Men and Horses to go after them, with a strict Charge to bring them back to his House, for he heard they were Impostors; and if he found them such, he would treat them accordingly. The Servants obeyed his Commands, without the least Suspicion of the Intricacy of this Affair, and soon came up with Mr. Carew, whom they forcibly brought back to my Lord: My Lord accosted him in a very rough stern Manner, asks where the other Fellow was, and told him he should be made to find him. Mr. Carew in the mean Time stood thunder-struck, expecting nothing less than Commitment to Prison; but, upon Examination, made out his Story as well as he could.

After having thus terrified and threatened him for a considerable Time, away goes his Lordship, and, divesting himself of his Habit and Character of a Nobleman, again puts on his Rags, and is by his trusty Valet de Chambre ushered into the Room where his Brother Beggar stood sweating with Fear; they confer Notes together, whispering to each other what to say, in order that their Accounts might agree when examined apart, as in Effect they were: The Steward took Mr. Carew aside into a private Chamber, and there pretending that the other Fellow's Relation contradicting his, proved them to be both Counterfeits; a Prison must be the Portion of both; and indeed nothing was omitted that might strike Mr. Carew

with the greatest Terror and Confusion. By this Time, my Lord having thrown off his Rage, and put on his fine Apparel, Mr. *Carew* was again brought into his Presence to receive his final Sentence; when my Lord, having sufficiently diverted himself with the Fear and Consternation of his Brother *Mumper*, discovered himself to him.

We might have mentioned before, that while my Lord and Mr. *Carew* travelled together, they asked each other whence they came, and what their Names were: Mr. *Carew* ingenuously confessed his, but my Lord disguised both his Name and Country; so that having accidentally met with a Mendicant of the greatest Note in all *England*, his Lordship thought fit to treat him in the Manner aforesaid, which he would not have done to every common Vagrant: However, to satisfy himself that this was the famous and true *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, (for many Impostors had usurped his Name) he sends for Captain *Atkins*, a Gentleman of his Acquaintance in the Neighbourhood, who went to School with Mr. *Carew* at *Tiverton*: This Gentleman was very glad to see his old School-Fellow, and assured his Lordship 'twas really Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*: Upon which his Lordship very nobly entertained him at his House for the Space of three Days, and gave him an excellent good Suit of Clothes, and ten Guineas; but remembering the Trouble they had, and the Loss they

they were at to dispose of the Shoulder of Mutton and Bread which his Housekeeper had given them, as likewise the Resolution Mr. Carew had once taken to throw it away, he called to his Housekeeper, and strictly charged her never to give away a Morfel of Victuals more, but bestow the Alms in Money only, as rightly judging that to be more acceptable and serviceable to Beggars than the best of Provision, the greatest Part of which they either waste, give away, or exchange for an inconsiderable Quantity of Drink, as my Lord and Mr. Carew had done. His Lordship took Mr. Carew to Warminster Horse-Race, and there recommended him to many honourable Gentlemen, who were very liberal to him. He several Times after made bold to call upon his Lordship in his Rounds, and at every Visit received a Guinea, and an hearty Welcome at his House: My Lord would frequently make himself merry with the Passage, and jocosely say, That he was more expert in the Science of Mumping than even Mr. Carew himself.




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C H A P. XVI.

Mr. Carew appears in a new Character: Lays a Stratagem to deceive Dr. Glanfield, of St. Germain's, an inveterate Enemy to the Community of Mendicants, and succeeds: Makes himself regarded as a Pattern of Conjugal Affection: Plays a merry Prank with Mr. Grimes, a Scotchman, and gains the Reputation of laying a Spirit, and afterwards appears in the Character of a dreadful Ghost.

 R. CAREW having steered his Course from Plymouth to Bratton Clovelly, meets there with Coleman in the Habit of a Tinker, which Character he likewise soon assumes: Here they were met by an Exciseman, who knew them, but promised not to discover them; and hearing that one Madam Beere, of Bridestow, was to be buried that Night, and her Pall supported by several Clergymen, among whom Mr. Carew's Brother was to be one, away go the two Tinkers to Bridestow; where, at the Red Lion, they found the Clergymen

gymen sitting by the Kitchen Fire: The Tinkers, without taking any Notice of the Clergymen, set down their Budgets, and called for a Quart of Ale: They had not sat long, before the Clergymen asked them, What Countrymen they were? They replied, with great Composure, North Countrymen. From what Part, Tinkers? *Abington*, near *Oxford*. This produced a great many Questions about *Abington*, *Oxford*, &c. all which Mr. *Carew* and his Companion readily answered. The Clergymen then began to jest about their Profession, which the Tinkers resenting, told them, They could mend Kettles better than they could Sermons; and *Coleman* offered to lay either of them a Guinea they could not say the Lord's Prayer in *Greek* backwards. These Taunts and Jeers produced no little Strife; and the Comedy might perhaps have ended tragically, had not the Exciseman, who met them at *Clovelly*, come in just at this Time; who accosting them by their Names, all Animosities immediately subsided, and Mr. *Carew*'s Brother embraced him, saying, My dear *Frater*, are you turned Tinker? Aye, aye, replied he, do you mind your Common-Prayer, and I'll mind my Budget. The Glass then went round very chearfully, so that they did not think of going before the Morning; when his Brother would have had him and *Coleman* gone along with them, but they told him, That they must stand by their Budgets, and stay in their Quarters; however, promised

promised to see him in *Tavistock* the next Day; which they set out with an Intent to do, but missed their Way, and crossed over the Water to Lord *Edgcumbe's*. Here they met with some Brother Tinkers, one of whom told them, he had been at Lord *Edgcumbe's*, where there was a great Company of Gentlemen, among whom he heard there was Sir *Coventry Carew*, 'Squire *Eliot*, of *Port Eliot*, and 'Squire *Moyle*, of *Beek*, in the Parish of *St. Germain's*; upon which Mr. *Carew* immediately resolved to go there in *propria Persona*, but was at a Loss for Clothes, and would have had *Coleman* gone back to *Plymouth* to get some; but he refusing, he was obliged to set forward in no higher a Character than that of a Tinker, which he soon found too mean to gain him Admittance, or a favourable Ear from the Servants; he therefore returns back to *Coleman*, who now immediately set out for *Plymouth* to get some Clothes he had there: Returning very soon, and Mr. *Carew* being now equipped, sets out again for Lord *Edgcumbe's*, and in this new Habit, having gained so far upon one of the Servants as to get him to deliver a little Note to Sir *Coventry Carew*, he was presently introduced amongst all the Gentlemen, to whom he created a great deal of Mirth; and telling them, with other Adventures, how he had just before deceived his own Brother, in a Tinker's Habit, one of the
Gentlemen

Gentlemen proffered to lay a Wager he could not fling Dr. *Glanfield*, of *St. Germain's*; Mr. *Carew* hesitated a little upon this, as the Doctor was very severe to all Mendicants; and the Gentlemen telling him they would be his Bail if he was taken up, he replied, It was very kind; but in the mean Time that he got their Bail, he must lie in Prison: However, as the Love of Fame was always uppermost in his Soul, he accepted of the Wager, resolving to attempt it, however hazardous it might be: Accordingly it was agreed on, and he was to come the next Day to 'Squire *Eliot's*, at *Port Eliot*, where most of the Company were then to be, to inform them of his Success; then he took his Leave, having first received very liberally from all the Gentlemen; and returning to *Coleman*, divided the Profits of the Expedition, telling him at the same Time the Adventure he was going upon, which *Coleman* refused to join in; so they parted Company. Away goes Mr. *Carew* to *Huslingford*, in the Parish of *St. Germain's*, where he put on a great Fur Cap, and assumed the Character of a Rat-catcher, not forgetting to rub his Face well with Flour to give him a pale Complexion; being thus accoutred, he set out for the Doctor's House: As soon as he came into the Court-Yard, he set up a most violent Coughing, which interrupting every Word, he was near half an Hour bringing out in a very feeble Tone, Have you any Work for the Rat-catcher? One of the

Servants

Servants told him they had not, for they employed one *Brown*: However, he still kept on coughing and spitting, as though he would bring up his Lungs, Entrails, Heart, and Liver: At last out comes the Doctor, which made him carry his Cough to a higher Key. The Doctor observing him to look so pale, and straining so violently with his Cough, said to him, "Thou a Rat-catcher, Man! thou art more fit for thy Grave; go Home, good Man, and provide for another World;" then gave him Half a Crown, and a Dram of Rum. Mr. *Carew* returned him a great many Thanks, with a very weak Voice; then goes his Way, but was obliged to strain his Lungs near a Quarter of a Mile, while the Doctor continued in Sight, lest he should be suspected. He made the best of his Way, with a joyful Heart, to *Port Eliot*; being come there, he told the Servants to acquaint their Master that he was below; upon which he was immediately ordered up Stairs, where the Gentlemen asked him if he had done his Duty? Aye, aye, says he, here's Half a Crown bears Witness for me; which made the Gentlemen laugh very heartily. An Hour afterwards in comes Dr. *Glanfield*; the Gentlemen then turned the Discourse upon Mumpers, and asked if any had been at the Doctor's lately, or whether he had seen *Carew*? "No, no," says the Doctor, "they won't come near me; but there was a miserable Object of a Rat-catcher, who had
" like

“ like to have died at my Door To-day, to
“ whom I gave Half a Crown to get rid of
“ him ;” which set the Gentlemen a laughing,
saying, “ If you gave him Half a Crown, what
“ must we, for he is now in the House, and is
“ neither more nor less than Mr. *Bampfylde-*
“ *Moore Carew* :” Upon which the Doctor fell
a swearing, and was very angry at having been
so deceived.

The Gentlemen having rewarded Mr. *Carew* very handsomely for the Mirth he had occasioned them, he steered his Course towards *Liskeard*, where he met with *Coleman* again, and they consulted what to do, *Coleman* being afraid of being known. While they were consulting, in comes *Wilmot*, a young Mumper ; when they determined that Mr. *Carew* should take up *Wilmot* on his Back, as a Person very sick, and that they should pass for *New-England* Men, who had been ship-wrecked in *Bude* Bay. In this Manner they passed through several Towns in *Cornwall*, gathering large Contributions : When they came to *St. Columbe*, Mr. *Carew* had a Mind to change the Scene ; he therefore ordered *Wilmot* to be dressed in Women’s Clothes ; then taking him on his Back, made a most lamentable Moan, beseeching some small Matter for his poor Wife, whom he had, by good Providence, saved from a Wreck, but that she had the Misfortune to be crippled, by being flung from the Shore. This greatly moved the Compassion of every one,
especially

especially of the good Women, who called to their Husbands to come and see such a Pattern of conjugal Affection. As this Trade was very profitable, they carried it on for some Time; but he beginning to grow weary of his Burthen, thought proper to dismiss his poor Wife, and was resolved to try what Success he should have on his Crutches. He therefore issues forth with his Legs tied close to his Tail, and muffled up with a Heap of Rags, that they might not be discovered; his Back, raised like a Mountain, almost over-topped his Head, which he likewise owed to the Assistance of a Parcel of Rags; and a false Beard hung down almost to his Middle. In this Figure he goes through several Towns with good Success, and then returns again to St. Columbe, where he before had been begging with *Wilmot* on his Back. A Report being spread that he was the famous *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, a great Croud gathered about him; amongst the rest, Mrs. *Hoblyn*, with some other Gentlewomen: Mrs. *Hoblyn* accosted him, How do you do, Cousin *Carew*? He replied, Madam, you are mistaken, for I am a *Huntingdonshire* Man. No, no, says Mrs. *Hoblyn*, I know you very well; you are my Cousin. Well, I know not, replied he; but if you will have it so, why don't you give me something. Mrs. *Hoblyn* then went away, persuaded it was not her Cousin *Carew*.

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The next Day he set out for *Warbridge*; being got about half a Mile from *St. Columbe*, hopping upon his Crutches more like a Bear than any Thing *Human*, he met Justice *Hawkins* on Horseback, whose Horse starting at his odd Appearance, the Justice called to him, saying, Cripple, turn your Crutches up the Hill; but he being not in the Humour to do it, took no Notice of the Justice's Words, but kept following and bawling, Which was his Way to *Warbridge*? All this Time the Justice's Horse kept snorting, running back, kicking and rearing on his hind Legs, till he had well nigh dismounted the Justice.

Having travelled as far as *Meuagiffey* on his Crutches, he then lays them aside, and clothes himself handsomely, making the best of his Way to *Houlsworthy*, where he knew was to be kept, in a few Days, an appointed Mendicant Feast: This is a Feast of Brotherly Love amongst the different Orders of Mendicants, kept at certain Places and Times, to which the Brethren and Sisters of the Order resort from all Parts, as well to pay their Respect to the Sovereign, (which Honour we need not tell the Reader our Hero has now long held) as to confer together for mutual Improvement: Here the Young are instructed by the useful Lessons of the Grave and Old, new Schemes proposed and debated on, the Ingenious rewarded, and the useless expelled their Order;

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and the Whole is concluded with great Feasting and Rejoicings. Our Hero found a great Number of the Order assembled at the Feast, and received their Respects and Congratulations with all proper Majesty of Behaviour; and having transacted the Business of the Meeting, they all sat down to be merry together. In the Midst of their Mirth, in comes one Mr. Grimes, a *Scotchman*, "Buy any good Cloth; any old Lace to be sold;" and seeing Mr. Carew, said to him, "Do you know your Cousin, Sir Thomas Carew, is dead?" "Aye, aye," replied he, "I hear he is gone to see *Mary Magdalen*; but come in, Mr. Grimes, and let's be merry together. Come, come, dismount your Wallet, and let's see what you have." Which being done, each Man made a Present of something to his Beloved. This induced the *Scotchman* to sit down amongst them, and they passed the Glass about very merrily, the poor *Scotchman* dreaming no Harm; but Mr. Carew had taken the Opportunity of dropping a few Drops of his Dog-stealing Liquor upon his Clothes. This has the Property of making any Dog follow and jump upon the Person whom they smell it upon. Mr. Grimes had not sat a great while before he rose up to be gone, wishing them very merry; they in Return wishing Mr. Grimes a very good Walk; and away goes he along the Town, crying, "Buy my Cloth; any old Lace to be sold;" this gave the first Alarm to the Dogs,

Dogs, who coming out, and smelling the Liquor, presently gathered about the *Scotchman*, that before he had got many Yards, he had a Score of Dogs upon him, the little ones embraced his Legs, the larger his Thighs, and the largest fairly rid upon his Back : Mr. *Grimes*, amazed at these unusual Salutations and Caresses, employed his Staff and Tongue to drive them away : This enraged the Owners of the Dogs, who presently rattled about the Ears of the *Scotchman*, crying out, “ You damned Rogue, what have you got in your Pack ? ” Mr. *Grimes*, thus set upon on every Side, rid by the Dogs, cursed by the Men, and scolded by the Women, the whole Town in an Uproar, and finding neither his Staff nor Words would drive away the Dogs, thought himself verily bewitched, and ran into the first Public-House he came to. Mr. *Carew*, having thus diverted himself and Company, was not willing to punish Mr. *Grimes* any longer ; he, therefore, persuaded his Landlord to go to him, and tell him he found his Bottle of Liquor had broke in his Pocket, and supposed some must have run upon his Clothes, and that he must get them well washed before he would get rid of the Dogs. Away goes the Landlord, and coming to the House, asked Mr. *Grimes* what was the Matter with him ? O ! says the poor *Scotchman*, very sorrowfully, I am certainly bewitched by some old Hag or another. Bewitched, damn you, replies the Landlord, why

it is Mr. *Carew's* Bottle has broke in his Pocket, and you must get your Clothes well washed. This put Mr. *Grimes* in a very great Rage, and he cursed himself for coming among them; however, he was obliged to be pacified, get his Clothes all washed, and set out very peaceably before it was light the next Day.

Not long after this, Mr. *Carew* comes to *Bideford* again, (where he had been some Time before, and delivered the Compass to Captain *Harvey's* Wife, who immediately burst into Tears upon seeing it, supposing her Husband was dead) and goes to the *Dolphin*, where, as he was drinking, he sees some Gentlemen in the *Butcher-Row*, and asks the Landlord who they were; being told they were the Captains *Harvey*, *Hopkins*, and *Burd*, Go, says he, and give my Duty, and tell them Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew* is at your House. The Landlord goes accordingly, and soon returned with the Captains, who were glad to see our Hero, who returned them many Thanks for the Favours he had received from them in *America*. The Captains asked him a great many Questions about his Travels through the *Indians* Country, &c. and told him they never thought he would have gone through that dangerous Undertaking, but expected to have seen him return back again. He then gave them an Account of every Thing to their Satisfaction, telling them he had followed their Direc-
tions

tions in every Point. They afterwards treated him very handsomely, and made a Collection for him. The Captains then going out, and reporting that he was in Town, drew a great Concourse of People to see him, to the no little Profit of the Landlord; for our Hero had ordered no one should be admitted in to see him till they had first drank a Quart of Ale in the House.

Some Time after this, he disguised himself like a poor miserable decrepid old Man, and falls to selling of Matches and gathering of Rags; and happening to meet with a Brother Ragman at *Wiveliscombe*, they joined Company, and agreed to travel to *Porlock* together: Just as they came to *Gutter-Hall*, Night coming on a-pace, they proposed taking up their Quarters there; but the Landlord told them, he had no Lodging to spare; but if they would go half a Mile farther, and lie in an haunted House, they should have their Lodging free Cost, and good Bread, Cheese and Cyder, with a Rasher of Bacon into the Bargain. The Ragmen very readily accepted this Offer; and away go they, accompanied by the Landlord, to Farmer *Liddon's* House: When they came there, the Landlord told the Farmer, he had brought two Men who would lie in the haunted House. The Farmer received them very gladly, and asked them, if they were sure they had Courage enough to do it? adding, he would give them twenty Shillings if they

could lay the old Woman. Never fear, Farmer, replies Mr. *Carew*; we have not only Courage to speak to, but Learning enough to lay the old Woman, so that you shall never hear of her more. Things being thus agreed on, the Farmer's Son, a great stout Fellow, willing to shew his Courage, in a very bold Manner offered to keep them Company. Having provided themselves with Firing, Cyder, Bread, Cheese and Bacon, away they adjourn to the haunted House, but not before Mr. *Carew* had taken an Opportunity of going out into the Yard, and filled his Pockets with large Stones: When they came to the haunted House, they made a good Fire, and he and his Companion sat down eating and drinking very merrily; but the Farmer's Son beginning to have some Terrors upon him, had but little Stomach to eat. About the Middle of the Night, when every Thing is most silent and solemn, at that Time when almost every Whisper of the Wind is apt to create a Fear, Mr. *Carew* took an Opportunity of throwing a Stone, unseen, up the Stairs, which coming rumbling down again with a frightful Noise, might have, at that Time, struck a Pannick into the most courageous Heart. The Farmer's Son turned pale, and leaped from his Chait in a great Fright, believing no less than the old Woman was making her Entrance; but nothing appearing, the same awful Silence and Stillness as before took Place, only Fear staid behind in the Farmer's

mer's Breast, and Mr. Carew and his Companion kept mute, as though in Expectation of what would follow: But soon this solemn Silence was disturbed by a loud Thump at the Door; again the Farmer leaps from his Seat, crying out, *O Lord! save and deliver us.* At the same Time, unable to command those Passages at which Fear is apt to issue out, he caused a Smell, almost as bad as Satan himself is said to bring along with him: Mr. Carew caught him in his Arms, and holding his Head close to his Breast, cries, don't be afraid, Mr. Liddon, for I will make the old Woman to fly; at the same Time pretending to conjure her, he repeated three Times very solemnly, *Hight Spirito Diabolico rubro Oceano*, whilst his Companion goes a little on one Side, and answers in a squeaking Tone, like Joan Liddon, Unless my Will is fulfilled, I will tear them in Pieces. Soon after Cock-crowing there was another huge Blow at the Door; and then they bid the Farmer look up, telling him, The old Woman was gone; however, he would not let go of Mr. Carew. Just as Day-light appeared, his Companion goes forth and picks up the Stones from the Stairs, Entry, &c. He had scarce done this, before the old Farmer came down to see if his Son was alive, and if they had spoke to old Joan: He accosted them with, How do you do? how have you spent the Night? O! Father! replied the Son, most terribly indeed; you can't conceive what Ratlings and

and Noises we have heard; but this good Man secured me in his Arms: But what Stink is this? replied the Father; sure old *Joan* stinks of Brimstone, or something worse, if she brought this along with her. Aye, Father! Father! says the Son, I believe you would have raised as bad a Stink as I have done, if you had been here. Well, well, says the Father, perhaps I might; but have you spoke to old *Joan*? Yes, indeed, replied Mr. *Carew*: And what does the old Woman say? She says if her Will is not exactly fulfilled, as she desired, she shall never leave haunting you; but, if it is, all will be well and quiet. Away then they all go to the Farmer's House, where they were made very welcome, and received the twenty Shillings according to Promise, the Farmer requesting they would stay the next Night by themselves, (for he believed his Son would have no Stomach to go with them,) and tell the old Woman every Thing should be fulfilled according to her Will, and they should be satisfied to their Content. They accordingly passed the next Night there very merrily, and received another twenty Shillings in the Morning; which was well bestowed too by the Farmer, for ever after the House had the Reputation of being very quiet.

Mr. *Carew* and his Companion then set forward for *Porlock*, where they parted Company; and Mr. *Carew* coming into *Porlock*, met Dr. *Tanner*, a Relation of old *Joan Lid-*
don's,

don's, and his Brother, Parson *Tanner*, along with him : After the usual Salutations, he very composedly asked, If they had heard the News of the Conjuraton of old *Joan* ? The Doctor replied, They had heard something of it, and that he was resolved either to send or take a Ride over himself, to enquire into the Truth of it. He confirmed it to them, which occasioned a great deal of Discourse about it, and who these two Conjurers should be.

We should, perhaps, have passed over in Silence this Adventure of our Hero's; but that an Author of the first Rate has taken a great deal of Pains to frighten * a poor Soldier, and entertain his Readers by dressing up his Hero in a white coloured Coat, covered with Streams of Blood; though we cannot well conceive how those Streams of Blood, which ran down the Coat in the Morning, should appear so very visibly twenty Hours afterwards, in the Middle of the Night, and at a Distance, by the Light of a single Candle; notwithstanding that this great Author has very judiciously acquainted us it was a light coloured Coat: But however this may be, we are of Opinion, that the Farmer's Son in the above Adventure, is a much more entertaining Character than the Soldier, in the renowned History we are speaking of; and that our Hero, whenever

* *Vide History of Tom Jones*, Vol. 2d, Page 150.

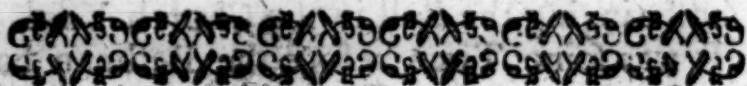
whenever it was needful, could make a much more tremendous Figure than Mr. Jones, in his white coloured Coat covered with Streams of Blood, the following is a sufficient Instance.

Mr. Carew being in the Town of *Southmolton*, in *Devon*, and having been ill used by a great Officer there, vulgarly called the *Bellman*, was resolved to take a comical Revenge. It was about that Time reported, and generally believed, that a Gentleman of the Town, lately buried, walked by Night in the Church-yard; and as the Bellman was obliged, by his nightly Duty, to go through it just at the Hour of One, that well-known accustomed Time of *Spectres* issuing from their Graves, Mr. Carew repaired thither a little before the Time, and stripping into his Shirt, lay down upon the Gentleman's Grave: Soon after, hearing the Bellman approach, he raised himself with up a solemn Slowness; which the Bellman beholding by the glimmering Light of the Moon through some thick Clouds, was harrowed (as *Shakespeare* expresses it) with Fear and Wonder; a cold Horror shot through every Part of his Body, and an universal Palsy seized every Limb; but as Nature most commonly dictates Flight in all such Cases, he retreated with as much Haste as his shaking Limbs would allow; but as Fear naturally inclines us to look back upon the Object we are flying from, he several Times cast his Eye behind

behind him, and beheld the Ghost following him with a solemn March: This added fresh Vigour to his Flight, so that he stumbled over Graves and Stones, not without many Bruises, and at length dropped his Bell, which the Ghost seizing upon as a Trophy, forebore any farther Pursuit; but the Bellman did not stop till he reached Home, where he obstinately affirmed he had seen the Gentleman's Ghost, who had taken away his Bell, which greatly alarmed the whole Town; and there were not wanting many who afterwards frequently heard the Ghost ringing the Bell in the Church-Yard.

It was some Time before the Bellman had the Courage to re-assume his usual nightly Round through the Church-yard; but after a while his Fear abating, he ventured upon it again, and met with no Interruption: But Mr. *Carew* happening about a Year after to be in *Southmolton* again, was afresh insulted by the *Bellman*, which made him resolve to give him a second Meeting in the Church-yard: Taking therefore the Opportunity of a very dark Night, he dressed himself in a black Gown, put on a great Fur Cap on his Head, and at the usual Time of the Bellman's coming, repaired to the Church-yard, holding in his Mouth, by the Middle, a Stick lighted at both Ends, at the same Time rattling a large heavy Iron Chain. If the Bellman's Terror before was great, it was now much greater; and indeed the Appearance, joined to the rattling

ding of the Chain, was so hideous, that the boldest Soldier might have been terrified by it, without any Imputation of Cowardice. The Bellman fled away with all the Wings of Fear, the Spectre following him at a Distance, rattling the Chain with a most hideous Noise; so that the Bellman concluding himself to be haunted by the Devil, declined ever after his nocturnal Employment.



C H A P. XVII.

Mr. Carew appears in new Characters with great Success; takes Shipping for Ireland; his Reception there by Lord Annesly, &c.

ABOUT this Time Mr. Carew met Mr. Philipps, a celebrated Limner in Porlock, who shewed him a great many Pictures, and asked him if he knew any of them? He pointed out his old Schoolfellow, Edward Dyke's, Esq; and Sir Thomas Carew's. Mr. Philipps then asked him if he would fit for his Picture; as he had been desired to draw it by Mr. Coppelstone

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Bampfylde; which our Hero agreeing to, he went the next Day and the following to sit for his Picture undisguised*: When it was finished, Mr. *Phillips* desired him to come again another Time in his mumping Dress, which he accordingly promised to do, and intends to perform his Promise.

From hence he goes to *Minehead*, and calls upon several of his old Acquaintance, viz. Dr. *Ball*, *Parson Beer*, and the Collector, who all treated him very kindly. Having raised Contributions from these Gentlemen, he goes to his Quarters, and desires them to lend him a Pair of Trowsers, having a Mind to try some of the neighbouring Country Parishes; which having put on, he goes into the Parishes, pretending to be a poor cast-away Seaman, 3500 Miles from Home, and picks up a great deal of Money, and seven or eight Pounds of Bacon, which he brought to his Quarters, and gave for the Loan of his Trowsers.

Some Days after he met with an old Female Acquaintance, who had a young Child with her, at a Place called *Embercombe*, with whom joining Company they came into *Dunster*, and lay at private Lodgings. The next Day, being willing to indulge his Companion, he borrowed her Child, a Gown and one of her Petticoats; and being thus accoutred with the Child in his Arms, returns to

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* It is from this Picture, that the Pirnt of Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, lately published, Price Six-Pence, was engraved.

Minehead, amongst the Gentlemen he had so lately received Contributions from; and here pretending to be an unfortunate Woman, whose House had been burnt at *Cadleigh*, and giving a good Account of the Place and the Inhabitants, to those who asked any Questions, coughing very violently, and making the Child to cry, he got a great deal of Money, Cloths for the Child and Victuals; with which returning to *Dunster*, he gave the Mother of the Child the Clothes, and the greatest Part of the Money he had got in this Trip: Neither was this Method new to him, for he had long before this taught his own Daughter, a little Infant, to say, Drowned in a Boat, so often as himself or any other Person ask'd her What was become of her Mother or Mammy? Having made her perfect in this Lesson, he set out with her upon his Back, and pretended to have been a Sailor on board a Vessel which had been lately lost on the Coast of *Wales*, and most of the Ship's Crew and Passengers drowned, among which he said, was the Mother of the tender Infant at his Back, and that he had saved himself and the Infant by swimming; and by this Story he got a great deal of Money every where, especially, as by Way of Confirmation, when he was telling of it, he would turn and ask the Babe, Where's your Mammy, my Dear, my Jewel? To which the Babe would reply, Drowned in the Boat; which so affected all that heard it, that

that it not only drew their Purfes, but their Tears too.

From *Dunſter* he went through the Country to *Ildſfracombe*, where he enquired for a Paſſage to *Ireland*: He was told there was no Veſſel going for *Ireland*, but that he might have a Paſſage to *Wales*, which he ſoon reſolved upon, and after waiting upon the Collector and ſome other Friends in *Ildſfracombe*, ſet ſail for *Swanſey*. He had no ſooner landed there, but he goes to the Rev. Mr. Griffy of that Place, in the Character of a caſt-away Seaman, a Native of *Devonſhire*; and as he gave a particular Account of Mr. Griffy's Son, the Miniſter of *Biſhop's Nympton*, he was made very welcome, and handſomely reliev'd, and by Mr. Griffy's Recommendation got a great deal of Money in the Town.

From hence he goes in the ſame Character to Lord *Manſel's* at *Cowbridge*, and other Places, and returns again to *Swanſey*; and thence ſets out again, travelling through all the Country to *Tenby*, where hearing of one Captain *Lott**, he waits upon him with the ſame Story, but with the Addition of his Name being *John Lott*, whereby he got half a Crown, and a good Welcome. He next ſets out for *Carmarthen*, and gets a great deal of Money from the *Welſh* Gentry, pretending now to be

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* Mr. CAREW had ſome Time before this enliſted himſelf to this ſame Captain *LOTT*, and leſt him the next Day, taking with him an extraordinary fine Spaniel of the Captain's.

an unfortunate Sailor belonging to *Ireland*, who had been cast away by *Portland Race*, coming from *Bilboa*. He proceeded upon the same Story to *Aberistwyth* and *Port Ely*, where he chanc'd to meet with a Brother of the Mendicant Order, to whom he was known; they enquired of each others Success, and many other Particulars, and agreed to join Company for some time: Mr. *Carew* now got a Sier-Cloth of Pitch, which he laid to his Arm, with a raw Beef Stake at Top, covered with white Bread & Tar, which has the exact Appearance of a green Wound; they still continued in the same Story of being cast away, but added to it, that he had fell off the Riggings, and wounded his Arm in that Manner: They travelled together with good Success as far as *Shadwell*, where they parted Company.

Our Hero made the best of his Way to *Holy-Head*, and begging a Passage on board the Packet to *Dublin*, after a fine Passage, landed at *Ring's-End* near that City: His first Enquiry here was for his old Acquaintance, and in particular for one Mr. *Crab*, and my Lord *Annesly*, who had been Schoolfellows with him at *Tiverton*; he found my Lord *Annesly* liv'd about a Mile from the Town, but did not see him the first Day, he being gone to *Blessing-Town*, as the Servants told him; accordingly he set out for that Town the next Day, where he found my Lord at a Tavern with several Officers; he went in and told the Tavern-keeper he wanted to speak with my

my Lord ; but as his Appearance was none of the best, the Tavern-keeper did not care to carry this Message to my Lord, but asked What his Business was ? Tell him, says he, that I am an old Schoolfellow of his, and want to see him. My Lord being told this, came out with two Gentlemen, and enquired who he was ? which our Hero telling him, Ha ! Mr. Carew, said my Lord, Is it you Mon ? walk in, walk in. What, says one of the Captains, Is this old Carew ! the very same, replies my Lord. After he had sat down some Time, and talked over several old Affairs with my Lord, one of the Captains asked him if he could get him a good Pointer ? Ay, ay, that he can, replies my Lord, for by my saoul, Mon, he and I have stole many a Dog, and lay in many a Hay-Tallet, in our youthful Days ; then turning to Mr. Carew, told him, his Fame was spread as much in *Ireland* as in *England*. It is so indeed, replied one of the Captains. My Lord then asked him, How he found him out there ? he replied he had been directed by their old Schoolfellow *Crab*. Well, says my Lord, you shall go home along with me. He desired to be excused, as he designed going to see Lord *St. Leiger*, who was another of his Schoolfellows ; but my Lord swore by his Saoul he should go home along with him, and visit Lord *St. Leiger* another Time : Accordingly a Horse was provided for him, and they all set out for *Dublin*.

The next Day my Lord *Annesly* took him to his own House. During his Abode here, which was about a Fortnight, our Hero received great Civilities from the *Irish* Gentry, Lord *Annesly* introducing him to all the chief Company in the City, as the Man they had heard so much Talk of. One Day Mr *Obrein*, a Gentleman of great Fortune, being in Company, asked Mr. *Carew*, if he had ever been on board the *Yarmouth* Man of War? he replying, That he had been in her up the *Baltick*, the Gentleman asked if he remembered a young Gentleman in her, about fourteen Years of Age, very fat, and had a Livery Servant to wait on him? he replying that he remembered him very well, and that he was blest with as beautiful a Face as any Youth he ever saw, the Gentleman asked if he recollected what became of him? which he answered by saying he died at *Gosport* a Day or two after they landed there, and that Mr. *Price* of *Pool* composed a *Latin* Epitaph for him; at which the Gentleman could not refrain letting fall some Tears, it being his own Brother he was speaking of. He then ask'd, What Men of War were with them at that Time? All which he gave a very good Account of, saying, Sir *Charles* *Wager* and Rear Admiral *Walton* commanded; Sir *Charles* carrying a red Flag at the Fore-topmast-Head of the *Torbay*, and the latter the Blue at the Mizzen of the *Cumberland*, both 80 Gun Ships. The Gentleman replied, he was satisfied, for he

he had given a very faithful Account of every Thing ; then made him a Present to drink his Health when he came to *England*, for Lord *Annesly* said he would supply him whilst he was in *Ireland*. A great Hunting Match being propos'd, Lord *Annesly* told them Mr. *Carew* could make one of the best of them at that Diversion ; upon which he was desired to make one of the Party ; accordingly they set out very early next Morning, and had fine Sport ; he exerted all his Abilities, though he was afraid of riding into some Bog, of which that Country is very full ; when the Chace was ended, they all went to Lord *Annesly's* to Dinner, and the Company allow'd him to be an excellent Sportman.

Lord *Annesly* afterwards took him to *Newry*, and many other Places, introducing him to all Company. At length he desired Liberty to go and see his old Schoolfellow Lord *St. Leiger* at *Donnerail*, which Lord *Annesly* would not consent to, unless he promised to call upon him again in his Return ; which he promising to do he sent his Servant with him as far as *Blessing-Town*; parting with the Servant here, he travelled to *Kilkenny* ; from hence to *Cashil* (where is a fine Seat belonging to Lord *Mar-Ker*) *Clonmel*, and *Cahir*, where our Hero was taken dangerously ill. It would be unpardonable not to mention the Hospitality he was treated with here ; his good Landlady finding him so ill, sent for the Minister of the Place to come and

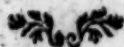
and pray by him, which he accordingly did, and going away clapped half a Crown into his Hand, and soon after sent an Apothecary to him, who administered what Medicines were proper for him, which had so good an Effect as to enable him to get upon his Legs; however, they would not let him proceed forwards for several Days, lest he should relapse; and before he set out, the Minister of the Parish sent his Clerk round the Place to make a Collection for the Stranger. Being at last perfectly recovered he sets out for Lord *St. Leiger's*; when he came there, and was introduced, my Lord presently recollected him, and cry'd, why sure, and double sure, it is *Carew*! then ask'd, How long he had been in *Ireland*? adding, he hoped he would stay with him some Time. My Lord made him very welcome, and they talked over some of the merry Pranks they had played together. Mr. *Carew* enquired, If Sir *Mathew Day*, another of their old Schoolfellows, was alive? my Lord told him he was dead; but that there was a young Gentleman would be very glad to see an old Friend of his Father's. He abode with Lord *St. Leiger* about a Fortnight, being treated in the kindest Manner possible; and at his Departure my Lord made him an handsome Present, and gave him a good Suit of Clothes, with a recommendatory Letter to young Mr. *Day*.

Here he was received with great Civility,
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as well upon the Account of Lord *St. Leiger's* Letter, as being an old Schoolfellow of Mr. *Day's* Father ; the Conversation happening to fall upon Dogs, Mr. *Day* told him, He had heard he was very famous for enticing Dogs away, and that Sir *William Courtenay's* Steward had told him there was no Dog could resist his Enticements ; however he believed he had one that would : He then ordered a surly morose Dog to be brought out, and offered to lay a Wager he could not entice him away, which he readily accepted of, and begun to whistle to the Dog, but found him very surly ; upon which he took out a little Bottle, and dropping a few Drops upon a Bit of Paper, held it unseen to the Dog, and then told Mr *Day* the Dog would follow him to *England*. Away then goes he, and the Dog after him, Mr. *Day* and his Servants all followed, calling *Roger, Roger*, which was the Name of the Dog ; but *Roger* turned a deaf Ear to all they could say, not thinking proper to turn about once. Mr. *Carew* having diverted himself sufficiently by leading Mr. *DAY* and his Servants above Half a Mile, turned back again with the Dog following him. Having abode here some Days, he took his Leave, receiving a handsome Present from Mr. *DAY*, and then returned back to Lord *ST. LEIGER*, and from thence to *KINSALE*, where he took the first Opportunity of a Vessel, and landed at *Padstow* in *Cornwall*.

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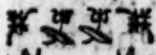
From hence he goes to *Camelford*; thence to *Great Torrington*, where he met with his Wife, and then proceeded to *Bideford*; and on the next Day, being *Sunday*, strolled down to one *Holmes's*, who kept a Public-House between *Bideford* and *Appledore*, where he past great Part of the Day, drinking pretty freely; and Money being at a low Ebb with him, he desired Landlord *HOLMES* to lend him a good Suit of Clothes, which he accordingly did; being thus gallantly equipped, he goes and plants himself at the Church Door in *Bideford*, and pretending to be the unfortunate Supercargo of a Vessel which had been a few Days before cast away near the *Lizard*, he got a very handsome Contribution. From hence he goes to *Barnstaple*, where he had great Success, none suspecting him in this Dress, as it was certainly known such a Ship had been cast away near the *Lizard* a few Days before. Returning back, he calls upon 'Squire *Ackland* at *Tremington*, where he got half a Crown of the Lady upon the same Story; then steering to *Appledore*, meets with his Landlord *Holmes*, who had been in no little fear about his Clothes; however, he would not disrobe till he had been into *Appledore*, where he added to his Store, and then returning to *Holmes*, restored him his Clothes, and gave him some Part of the Profit of the Excursion.





C H A P. XVIII.

Mr. Carew's first Acquaintance with Sir William W--d---m; pays him a second Visit: The Stratagem he executed upon the Customhouse Officers in all the Sea-ports in the West of England: The Discovery he made at Sir Thomas Hobby's in Hampshire, &c.


 T was about this Time Mr. Carew became acquainted with the Hon. Sir William W--d---m, in the following Manner: Being at Watchet in Somersetshire, near the Seat of this Gentleman, he was resolved to pay him a Visit; putting on therefore a Jacket and a Pair of Trowsers, he made the best of his Way to Orchard Wyndham, Sir William's Seat; and luckily met Sir William, Lord Bolingbroke, and several other Gentlemen and Clergy, with some Commanders of Vessels, walking in the Park; Mr. Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of seeming Fearfulness and Respect; and with much Modesty acquainted him he was a Silverton Man, (which Parish chiefly belongs to Sir William) and that he was the Son of one of his Tenants, named Moore; had been to
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Newfoundland, and in his Passage homeward the Vessel was run down by a *French Ship* in a Fog; and only him and two more saved; and being put on board an *Irish Vessel*, was carried into *Ireland*, and from thence landed at *Watshead*; Sir *William* hearing this, asked him a great many Questions concerning the Inhabitants of *Silverton*, who were most of them his own Tenants, and of the principal Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, all which Mr. *Carew* was perfectly acquainted with, and therefore gave satisfactory Answers; Sir *William* at last ask'd him if he knew *Bickley*, (which is but a small Distance from *Silverton*) and if he knew the Parson thereof; Mr. *Carew* replied he knew him very well; and indeed so he might, as it was no other than his own Father; Sir *William* then enquired what Family he had, and whether he had not a Son named *Bampfylde*, and what was become of him? Your Honour, replies he, means the Mumper and Dog-stealer: I don't know what is become of him, but it is a Wonder if he is not hanged by this Time: No, I hope not, replied Sir *William*; I should be very glad, for his Family's Sake, to see him at my House. Having satisfactorily answered many other Questions, Sir *William* generously relieved him with a Guinea, and Lord *Bolingbroke* follow'd his Example; and the other Gentlemen and the Clergy contributed according to their different Rank, which they were the more inclin'd to do, as the Captains found he could give

give a very exact Account of all the Settlements, Harbours, and most noted Inhabitants in *Newfoundland*; Sir *William* then ordered him to go to his House and tell the Butler to see him well entertained, which accordingly he did; and set himself down with great Content and Satisfaction; but our Enjoyments are often so suddenly dashed, that it has become a Proverb, “*Many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip*,” and so Mr. *Carew* now found it; for while he was in the midst of his Regale, he saw enter, not the Ghost of *Bloody Banquo* to take his Seat from him, no! nor yet the much more tremendous Figure of Mr. *Thomas Jones*, in a light colour'd Coat covered with Streams of Blood; no, but the Foot-Post from *Silverton*, with Letters to Sir *William*.-----*Horace* has rightly observed,

*Distriktus Ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculae Dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem:
Non avium, citharæque cantus
Somnum reducent.*

Or, to speak to our *English* Readers, “a Man
“who has a drawn Sword hanging over his
“Head by a Hair has but little Stomach to
“eat, however sumptuous the Treat.” The Foot
Post that we just now mentioned was little less
than a Sword hanging by a Hair over Mr.
Carew's Head, for as he thought it natural Sir
William would ask him some Questions about
Mr. Moore; and as he did not chuse (tho' he had
past

past Sir *William's* Examination) to undergo a fresh one, he made great Haste to rise from Table, & set out without using much Ceremony; a few Miles distant from Sir *William's*, he met Dr. *Poole* going from *Dulverton* to Sir *William's*, who knowing Mr. CAREW, stopped his Horse to talk to him. Amongst other Conversations at Sir *William's*, the Doctor happening to mention whom he had met that Day, (not knowing that he had been at Sir *William's*) it was soon known by the Description he gave of his Person and Habit, to be no other than the unfortunate *Silverton* Man, to whom Sir *William* and his Friends had been so generous, which occasioned a great deal of Mirth. About two Months after, Mr. *Carew* ventured to pay Sir *William* a second Visit in the Habit and Character of an unfortunate Grazier; he met the worthy Baronet and his Lady taking the Air in a Chaise, in a Meadow where some Haymakers were at Work; he approached them with a great Deal of modest Simplicity, and began a very moving Tale of the Misfortunes he had met with in Life: In the midst of his Oration, Sir *William* call'd to the Haymakers to secure him; which struck his Eloquence dumb, or at least chang'd it from the Pathetic to the Tragic Stile, for he could not conceive what might be the End of this; however Sir *William* soon gave him the Choice of either a true Confession of his Name and Profession, or a Commitment to Prison; he made

made Choice of the former, and confessed himself to be Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, Sovereign of the whole Community of Mendicants ; Sir *William*, with a great deal of Humour and Good-nature, treated him with all that Respect which is due to Royalty ; entertained him generously at his House, and made him a very handsome Present at his Departure, desiring him to call upon him as he came that Way ; and he was ever after a constant Friend and Benefactor to him.

Soon after this he planned a new Design, and put it in Execution with great Success ; dressing himself in a chequed Shirt, a Jacket, and Trowsers, he goes upon *Exeter Key* ; and with the rough but artless Air and Behaviour of a Sailor, enquired for some of the King's Officers, whom he informed, that he belonged to a Vessel lately come from *France*, which had landed a large Quantity of run Goods, but the Captain was a Rascal, & had used him ill, and d--n his Blood, if he would not----He was about to proceed, but the Officers, who with greedy Ears swallowed all he said, interrupted him by taking him into the Custom-House, and filling him a Bumper of Cherry Brandy, which, when he had drank, they forced another upon him, persuading him to wet the other Eye, rightly judging that the old Proverb, in Wine there is Truth, might with equal Propriety be applyed to Brandy, and that they should have the fuller Discovery, the

more the honest Sailor's Heart was cheared: But that no Provocation should be wanting to engage him to speak the Truth, they asked him if he wanted any Money? He with as much Art answered very indifferently, No; adding, He scorned to make such a Discovery out of a mercenary View, but that he was resolved to be revenged of his Captain. They then ordered him to go to the Sign of the Boot, in *St. Thomas's*, in *Exeter*; whither they soon followed him, having first sent Mr. *Eastchurch*, an Exciseman, to ask what he would have for Dinner and what Liquor he would have to drink. A Fire was lighted up Stars, in a private Room, a Couple of Ducks roasted, and full Glasses of Wine and Punch went chearfully round; they then thrust four Guineas into his Hands, which at first he seemed unwilling to accept of, which made them the more pressing. He now began to open his Mind with great Freedom, gave a particular Account of the Vessel where they had taken in their Cargo at *France*, what it consisted of, the Day they sailed. and the Time they were in the Passage, and at last concluded with acquainting them, They landed and concealed Part of this valuable Cargo in the Out-houses of 'Squire *Mollock* of *Cockington*, and the Remainder in those of 'Squire *Cary* of *Tor-Abbey*, (both which Houses, upon Account of their Situation on the Sea-side, were very noted for such Concealments.) The Officers having

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now got the Scent, were like sagacious Hounds for pursuing it forthwith, and thought it proper the Sailor should accompany them ; but to prevent all Suspicion, resolved he should change his Habit : They therefore dressed him in a ruffled Shirt, a fine Suit of Broad Cloth belonging to the Collector, and put a Gold-laced Hat on his Head ; then mounting him on a very fine black Mare, away they rode together, being in all seven or eight of them ; they that Night reached *Newton-Bushel*, where they lay at the Bull : Nothing was wanting to make the Night jovial ; the greatest Delicacies the Town afforded were served up at their Table, the best Liquors broached for them, and Musick, with its enlivening Charms, crown'd the Banquet ; the Officers Hearts being quite open and chearful, as they already enjoyed in Imagination all the Booty they were to seize on the Morrow ; thinking they could not do enough for the honest Sailor, they enquired, If he knew any thing of Accompts ? promising, if he did, to get him a Place in the Customs. In the Morning, after a good hearty Breakfast, they set forwards for *Tor-Abbey* ; and being arrived in *Tor Town*, they demanded the Constable's Assistance, who was with the utmost Reluctance prevailed upon to accompany them in making this Search, 'Squire *Cary* being a Gentleman so universally beloved by the whole

Parish, (to whom he always behaved as a Father) that every one was very backwards in doing any Thing to give him the least Uneasiness. Did Gentlemen of large Estates in the Country but once taste the exalted Pleasure of making a whole Neighbourhood happy, and consider how much honest Industry they might support, how much Misery they might alleviate, and how many daily Blessings they might have poured forth upon their Heads, from Hearts overflowing with Love, Respect and Gratitude, almost to Adoration, we should not so often see them leave their noble Country Mansions, to repair to Noise and Folly; nor exchange the Heart enlivening Pleasure of making Numbers happy, for the beguiling Smiles and unmeaning Professions of a Prime Minister: Neither should we hear such frequent Complaints of the Behaviour of their poor Neighbours, for Goodness and Beneficence are such irresistible Ties, that few have Hearts bad enough to attempt breaking through them,

Being come to the House, they all dismounted, and the Collector desired the Sailor to hold his Horse, but he replied, He would go round the Garden, and meet them on the other Side of the House, to prevent any Thing being conveyed away, and that it would be proper he should be present to shew the particular Place in which every Thing was deposited. This appeared quite right to the Collector;

tor ; he therefore contented himself with fastening his Horse to the Garden Pails, and proceeds with the rest of the Officers in great Form to search the Dog-Kennel, the Coal-House, Dove-House, Stables, and all other suspicious Places, expecting every Minute to see the informing Sailor, who by this Time was nearly got back to *Newton Bushell*, having turned his Horse's Head that Way as soon as he got out of Sight of the Collector ; he stopped at the Bull, where they had been the preceeding Night, and drank a Bottle of Wine ; then ordering a handsome Dinner to be got ready for his Company, whom he said he had left behind, because his Business called him with urgent Haste to *Exeter*, claps Spurs to his Horse, and did not stop till he reached that City, where he put up at the *Oxford Inn*, then kept by Mr. *Buckstone*, to whom both himself and Friends were well known : He acquainted Mr. *Buckstone* that he was now reformed, and lived at home with his Friends, and spent the Night very jovially, calling for the best of every Thing. In the Morning he desired Mr. *Buckstone* to do him the Favour of lending him a Couple of Guineas, till he could receive some of a Merchant in the City upon whom he had a Bill, for the Merchant was gone out of Town. As Mr. *Buckstone* had a Mare in his Custody worth ten or twelve Pounds, he made no Scruple of doing it ; and soon after Mr *Carew* thought proper to change
his

his Quarters, without bidding the Landlord good-by, leaving the Mare to discharge his Reckoning and the Loan he had borrowed : He repaired immediately to a House of usual Resort for his Community, where he pulls off the fine Clothes the Collector had lent him, and rigs himself in a Jacket and Trowsers ; then setting out for *Topsham*, about three Miles from the City of *Exeter*, he there again executes the same Stratagem upon Mr. *Carter* and the other Officers there, informing them of great Concealments at Sir *Coppleston Bampfylde's* House at *Poltimore*, for which they rewarded him with a good Treat and a Couple of Guineas. The *Exeter* Officers (whom, as we have before said, he left without any Ceremony at 'Squire *Cary's*) having searched all the Out-houses, and even the Dwelling-House very narrowly, without finding any prohibited Goods, began to suspect the Sailor had outwitted them, therefore returned in a great Hurry to *Newton-Bushell*, all their Mirth being turned into Vexation, and their great Expectations vanished into Smoak. Soon after they had dismounted from their Horses, the Landlord brought in the Dinner which he said their Companion had ordered to be got ready for them ; but though it was a very elegant one (the Landlord having exerted all his Abilities about it) yet they found Abundance of Fault with it ; for it is common with most People, when they are chagrined with one Thing, to find

find Fault with every Thing ; however, as it was too late to reach *Exeter* that Night, they were obliged to take up their Quarters there ; but instead of the Jollity and good Humour that reigned among them the Night before, there now succeeded a fullen Silence, only interrupted now and then by some Exclamations of Revenge, and Expressions of Dislike of every Thing that was brought them : When they came into *Exeter* the next Day, they had Intelligence brought them of the Mare, which was safe enough at the *Oxford Inn* ; but they were obliged to disburse the Money Mr. Carew had made her his Surety for.

From *Topsham* Mr. Carew proceeded to *Exmouth*, where he likewise succeeded ; and from thence to 'Squire *Stucky's*, a Justice of the Peace at *Brandfcombe*, about four Miles from *Sidmouth*, and being introduced, acquaints his Worship with what Discoveries he could make ; the Justice thereupon immediately dispatches a Messenger for Mr *Duke*, an Officer in *Sidmouth* ; in the mean Time entertains him very handsomely, and presses him to accept of two Guineas, as a small Token of Kindness, often shaking him by the Hand, and saying, He thought himself very much obliged to him, for making this Discovery to him ; and that, as a Reward for his Loyalty to the King, he would engage to get him a Place, having ma-
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ny Friends at London. About Two o'Clock the next Morning Mr. *Duke*, the Sailor, and a Servant of the 'Squire's, set forward towards *Honiton*; it being at 'Squire *Blagden's*, near that Town, they were to find the hidden Treasure; Mr. *Carew* was mounted on a good Horse of Justice *Stucky's*, and while the Officer and Servant were very busy in searching the Outhouses and Stables, Mr. *Carew* gives them the Slip, & posts away to *Honiton*, where he took some Refreshment at the Three-Lions; and leaving the Justice's Horse to answer for it, hastes away for *Lyme* in *Dorsetshire*, where he applies to Mr. *Jordan*, the Collector of the Place, whom he sends upon the same Errand some Miles off to Col *Brown's* at *Frampton*; and the Collector judging it not proper for him to accompany him for fear of creating Suspicion, left him at his own House, till his Return, giving his Servants Orders to let him want for nothing; at the same Time making him a handsome Present, as an Earnest of a greater Reward when he returned. Mr. *Carew* enjoyed himself very contentedly at the Collector's House for several Hours, eating and drinking of the best, as he knew *Frampton* was too great a Distance for him to return presently; but he prudently weighed his Anchor when he thought the Collector might be on his Return; and steers his Course towards *Weymouth*, where he makes his Application to the

the Collector, and after being handsomely treated, and a Present given him, sends the Officers to 'Squire Grove's near *Whitesheet*, and 'Squire Barber's on the *Chace*, both in *Wiltshire*; and as soon as they were gone, he sets out for *Poole*, and sends the Collector and Officers of that Place to Sir *Edward Boobry's*, who lived in the Road between *Salisbury* and *Hendon*; they gave him two Guineas in Hand, and a Promise of more upon their Return with the Booty; in the mean Time recommended him to an Inn, and gave Orders he should have any Thing the House afforded, and they would make Satisfaction for it: but this Adventure had like not to have ended so well for him as the former; for being laid down upon a Bed to take a Nap, having drank a little too freely, he hears some People drinking and talking in the next Room of the great Confusion there was in all the Sea-Ports in the West of *England*, occasioned by a Trick put on the King's Officers by one *Bampfylde Carew*, and that this News was brought to *Poole* by a *Devonshire* Gentleman, who accidentally came that Way; Mr. *Carew* hearing this, rightly judged *Poole* was no proper Place to make longer Stay in, he therefore instantly arose, and by the Help of a back Door gets into a Garden, and with much Difficulty climbed over the Wall thereto belonging, and makes the best of his Way to *Christ-Church* in *Hampshire*. Here he

he assumed the Character of a ship-wrecked Seaman, and raised considerable Contributions. Coming to *Ringwood*, he enquired of the Health of *Sir Thomas Hobby*, a Gentleman in that Neighbourhood, who was a Person of great Hospitality; he was told that some of the Mendicant Order having abused his Benevolence in taking away a Pair of Boots after they had received a handsome Present from him, it had so far prejudiced *Sir Thomas*, that he did not exercise the same Hospitality as formerly; this greatly surprized and concerned *Mr. Carew*, that any of his Subjects should be guilty of so ungrateful an Action; he was resolved therefore to enquire strictly into it, that if he could find out the Offender, he might inflict a deserved Punishment upon him: He therefore resolved to pay a Visit to *Sir Thomas* the next Morning, hoping he should get some Light into the Affair; when he came to the House it was pretty early in the Day, and *Sir Thomas*, was not come out of his Chamber; however he sent up his Pass, as a ship-wrecked Seaman, by one of the Servants, who presently returned with half a Crown. As he had always been wont to receive a larger Present from *Sir Thomas*, whenever he had applied to him, he thought there was some unfair Practice at Bottom; he therefore asked the Footman for a Copper of Ale to drink the Family's Health, hoping *Sir Thomas* might come down by that Time

Time ; the Servant pretended to be in so great a Hurry that he could not attend to draw any ; but as he was of too humane a Nature to permit the poor Sailor to suffer by his Hurry, he gave him a Shilling out of his own Pocket to drink at the next Public House. This extraordinary Generosity of the Footman increased Mr. Carew's Suspicion, he therefore kept loitering about the Door, and often looking up at the Window in hopes of seeing Sir Thomas, which accordingly happened ; for at length Sir Thomas flung up the Sash, and accosted him in a free familiar Manner, calling him Brother Far, and telling him he was sorry for his Misfortunes, and that he had sent him a Piece of Money to assist him in his Road to Bristol. Heavens bless your Honour, replied he, for the Half Crown your Honour sent me ; upon which Sir Thomas immediately ran down in his Morning Gown, and with great Passion seized the Footman by the Throat, and asked him what he had given the Sailor ; the Fellow was struck dumb with this ; and indeed there was no Need for his Tongue on the present Occasion, for his Looks and the trembling of his Limbs sufficiently declared his Guilt ; however, he at last owned it with his Tongue ; excusing it, by saying, he knew there was an ill Use made of the large Bounties his Honour gave. Sir Thomas, enraged at the Insolence of his Servant, bestowed upon him the Discipline
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of the Horse-whip, for his great Care and Integrity in not seeing his Bounty abused ; adding, he now saw by whose Villainy he was deprived of his Boots : He then made the Footman return the whole Guinea to the Sailor, and discharged him from any further Service in his Family ; upon which Mr. Carew took his Leave with great Thankfulness, and went his Way, highly pleased with his good Success in this Adventure.—Here he cannot forbear wishing that there was no higher Character in Life than Sir Thomas's Footman, to whose Hands Gold is apt to cling in passing through them ; that there was no Steward who keeps back Part of his Master's Rents, because he thinks he has more than he knows what to do with ; no Managers of Charities, who retain Part of the Donor's Benefaction in their own Hands, because it is too much for the Poor ; nor Officers of the Public, who think they may squander the Publick Treasure without Account, because what is every Body's is no Body's.





C H A P. XIX.

Mr. Carew appears in a new Character ; his Voyage up the Baltick, and his Travels by Land through Ruffia, Sweden, and Denmark ; his Return to England ; History of a Gypsey Infant, now an accomplished Lady ; Mr. Carew visits Paris, and several other Places in France ; meets with Mrs. Horner ; the Character of that Lady.

M R. Carew having laid aside his Sailor's Habit, puts on a long loose Vest, places a Turban on his Head, and dignifies his Chin with a venerable long Beard : He was now no other than a poor unfortunate Grecian, whom Misfortunes had overtaken in a strange Country ; he could not utter his sorrowful Tale, being unacquainted with the Language of the Country : But his mute Silence, his dejected Countenance, a sudden Tear that now and then flowed down his Cheek, accompanied with a noble Air of Distress, all pleaded for him with a more persuasive Eloquence than perhaps the softest Language could have done, and

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raised him considerable Gains : And indeed Benevolence can never be better exerted than towards unfortunate Strangers, for no Distress can be so forlorn as that of a Man in Necessity in a Foreign Country ; he has no Friends to apply to, no Laws to shelter him under, no Means of providing for his Subsistence, and therefore can have no Resource but in those benevolent Minds who look upon the whole World as their Brethren. We have already mentioned Mr. *Carew's* being on board the *Yarmouth* up the *Baltick* ; it will not be therefore improper here to relate the Occasion of that Voyage, which was as follows : He and his beloved Friend *Coleman* being at *Plymouth*, and appearing to be able-bodied Men, some Officers who chanced to see them there, thought them extremely fit to serve his Majesty, therefore obliged them to go on board the *Dunkirk* Man of War ; but they not liking this, *Coleman* pricked himself upon the Wrist, between his Fingers and other Joints, and enflaming it with Gunpowder, every one thought it to be the Itch ; he was therefore carried ashore, and put into the Hospital, from whence he soon made his Escape ; Mr. *Carew* tried the Stratagem, but too late, for the *Lively* and *Success* Men of War now arriving from *Ireland* with impress'd Men, they were all of them carried immediately (together with the impress'd Men lying at *Plymouth*) to the grand Fleet, then lying

ing at *Spithead*; they were first put on board the *Breda*, Admiral *Hofier*, to chuse whom he lik'd of them; and their Names being called over, the *Irishmen* were all refused; which Mr. *Carew* seeing, declared himself, in the *Irish* Brogue, to be a poor *Irish* Weaver, and disabled in one Arm; whereupon he was also refused: The *Irish*, among whom he was now rank'd, were carried from Ship to Ship, and none would accept of them, which made them all expect to be discharg'd; but they were disappointed in their Hopes, for they were put on board the *Yarmouth* Captain *Obrein*, being one of the Squadron destin'd for the *Baltick*. Mr. *Carew* finding Captain *Obrein* refused no *Irishmen*, when he came to be examined, changed his Note, and declared himself to be an *Englishman*, but crippled in one Arm; however, the Captain accepted of him, and putting a Sword in his Hand, made him stand Centry at the Bitts; which easy Post he liked very well; and during all the Time he was on board, every one thought him really disabled in his Arm.

The Fleet sailing from *Spithead* with a fair Wind, anchored safe at *Copenhagen*, and the King of *Denmark* came on board Sir *Charles Wager*; the Moment he set his Foot on board both the Flag Ships were covered with infinite Number of Colours of every Hue, which waving in the Wind, made a most gallant Sight; upon his Departure, the Colours were

all taken down in an Instant, and every Ship fired 18 or 20 Guns. Sailing from *Copenhagen* they anchored next in *Elson Nape*, in *Sweden*; from hence they sailed to *Ravel* in a Line of Battle, in Form of a Rainbow, and anchored there; the sick Men were carried ashore to *Argan* Island, which Mr *Carew* observing, and burning with Love to re-visit his native Country, counterfeited Sickness, and was accordingly carried ashore to this Island, which lies near *Ravel*, belonging to the *Muscovites*, from whence Boats come every Day to fetch Wood: He prevailed upon an *Englishman*, who was a Boatswain of one of the *Czarina's* Men of War, to give him a Passage in his Boat, from that Island to *Ravel* Town: When he came there the Boatswain used great Endeavours to persuade him to enter into the *Czarina's* Service, but it was all in vain, being resolved to return to his beloved Country. The Boatswain therefore having entertained him a Day and a Night at his House, gave him at his Departure a Piece of Money, and engaged several *Englishmen* of his Acquaintance to do the same; he likewise furnished him with a Bag of Provisions, a Bottle of excellent Brandy, a Tinder-Box, and a few Lines wrote in that Country Language, which was to shew to those he met, to inform him of the Road he was to go; and then conducted him out of Town: He that Night took up his Lodging in the Woods, and by the Help of his Tinder-Box made a large Fire all round

round him, to secure himself from any Visits from the wild Beasts; then broiled a Piece of Flesh, drank a Dram, and rested very quietly till Morning, it being the Middle of Summer. The whole Country here is wild, full of vast Woods, and large uninhabited Desarts, the Towns and Villages lying very thin. In the Morning, finding his Way out of the Woods, he espies a lonely Hut, to which he made up, and making Signs of Hunger and Thirst, they gave him some Rusk Bread and Cabereta, or Goat's Flesh, to eat, and some Goat's Milk to drink, which is the usual Fare amongst those People, who are most of them *Lutherans* by Religion, and lead very sober Lives: Of some of them he got small Bits of Money, which they call *Campekes*, and are of Silver, something larger than a Barley Corn, being of a Penny Value; he likewise frequently got Drams of excellent Brandy amongst them; and his Shoes being worn out by travelling, they gave him a Pair of Wooden ones, which sat very awkward upon his *English* Feet: After six or seven Days Travel through this wild Country, he came to *Riga*, a large Town and famous Sea-Port: Here he met with many *English* Merchants and Commanders of Vessels, who were very kind to him; he tarried two Days in *Riga* to rest and refresh himself; during which the *English* Merchants and Commanders provided Lodging and other Accommodations for him, collecting upwards of fifty Shillings

Shillings for him: Having expressed his utmost Gratitude towards his good Benefactors, he again pursued his Journey, subsisting himself sometimes on the Charity of the Inhabitants of the Country; and at other Times milking the Cows that he found upon the Mountains, or in the Woods. The next Place of Note he arrived at was the City of *Dantzick*, in the Kingdom of *Poland*; here he found a great Number of *English* Merchants who traded to *Bristol* and *Exeter*, and had many Correspondents living in those Places, several of whom Mr. *Carew* being acquainted with, he gave a particular Account of. Having been entertained here very hospitably for several Days, he set out again, having first received some handsome Presents from the *English* Merchants. From *Dantzick* he got a Passage on board an *English* Brigantine, bound for *Copenhagen*, but through Strefs of Weather obliged to put into *Elson Nap*, where he went on Shore, and travelled by Land to *Stockholm*, the Capital of *Sweden*, but in his Road thither he lost his Way in this wild and desart Country, and for the Space of three Days and Nights saw neither House, Hut, or Human Creature, the Weather being very thick and foggy: Nothing could be more melancholy and dreadful than these three Days Travel; his Provisions were exhausted, & every Step he took he was uncertain whether it might not lead him farther into the Woods; as he could

could make no Observation how the Country lay, the Fog intercepting the Sight of every Thing : Sometimes Fancy would paint to him a Hut through the Fog, at a little Distance, to which he would direct his Steps with eager Haste ; but when he came nearer, found it nothing but an Illusion of Sight, which almost drove him to Despair : The fourth Day he was exceeding hungry, when, to his great Joy, he espied two the Goats fastened together by Ropes of Straw ; he ran to them with great Eagerness, and drank very heartily of their Milk ; after this he began to consider that there must be some Hut at least hard by, as the Goats could not have strayed in that Manner any great Distance ; he therefore resolved to stay upon the Spot some Time ; and soon after the Fog clearing up, he espied a Hut just before him, to which he presently repaired, and there got a Belly-full of their homely Fare, and Directions to find his Way to *Stockholm*. The Religion of this Country being chiefly *Lutheran*, he passed for the Son of a *Presbyterian* Parson, and his Name *Slowly*, pretending to have been cast away in a Vessel bound for *Ravel* : The *Lutherans* at *Stockholm* were exceeding kind to him, and raised an handsome Contribution for him ; he likewise chanced to meet at *Stockholm* with a Relation of *Dr. Bredaw*, a *Swiss* Gentleman, residing at *Dartmouth* in *Devonshire*, who asked several Questions about him ; and as Mr. Carew was very well acquainted with

with him, he gave very satisfactory Answers ; upon which Account the Gentleman gave him a Guinea, a great Fur Cap, a Coat, and a fine Dog, with a Letter to carry to his Relation at *Dartmouth*.

From *Stockholm* he went to *Charles-Town* ; and after a short Stay there, continued his Journey to *Copenhagen*, the Metropolis of *Denmark* : Here he met with one Captain *Thomas Giles*, of *Minehead*, in *Somersetshire*, who knew him, and was surprized to see him in that Part of the World, and not only liberally relieved him himself, but recommended him to several *English* Commanders there, and several Inhabitants of the City. From *Copenhagen* he went to *Elsenbergh*, thence to *Elfinore*, where he got Passage for *England*, and arrived in his Native Country, landing at *Newcastle upon Tyne* ; where having visited his Wife's Relations, he set forward for *Devonshire*, travelling all the Way in the Character of a shipwreck'd Seaman. Meeting at *Exeter* with his beloved Wife, and likewise his Friend *Coleman*, with his Wife, they travelled together for some Time ; during which *Coleman's* Wife was delivered of a Daughter ; and as they found so helpless an Infant a great Hindrance to their travelling, Mr. *Carew* contrived a Stratagem to get rid of it, and at the same Time advance the Fortune of the Child.

There was in the Town where they then were a gay Batchelor, who lived with his Mother

ther and Sisters, and was a great Admirer of that Order of Female Travellers called *Cousin Betties* : *Coleman's* Wife had been with him some Months before in that Character, was very well entertained, and amongst other Favours received a Present of a Silk Handkerchief. They therefore dressed up the Babe very neatly, wrapp'd it exceeding warm, and put it into a Hand-Basket, taking Care to put in the Handkerchief *Coleman's* Wife had received from this gay Batchelor ; then getting a large Boar Cat, in the Dusk of the Evening they tied it to the Knocker of the Door, setting down before it the Basket with the helpless Infant. The Cat, not liking this Treatment, made a hideous Squalling, and with his Struggling, rap, rap, rap goes the Knocker of the Door ; out runs the Gentleman with his Mother, Sisters and Servants, and the Neighbourhood gathers about the Door to see what this Noise should mean ; Mr. *Carew* and *Coleman* mingled among them, to see what would be the Event of their Stratagem : The Cat, by long struggling, gets free from the Knocker, and runs away, only leaving Part of her Tail behind : The Basket alone now engages the Attention of every one ; and being delivered to the Gentleman to open, the feeble Cry of an Infant soon reaches their Ears ; the Mother and Sisters, alarmed at this unexpected Salutation, snatch'd the Basket from him, and upon the Child's Breast found a Note in these Words :

“ Remem.

“ Remember, Sir, where you met me ; you
 “ have not been so kind as you often promis-
 “ ed and swore you would : However, as it
 “ justly belongs to you, I have made bold to
 “ send the Fruit of our Meetings, and this
 “ Handkerchief, which you gave me for a
 “ Token. Be kind to your Infant Daughter,
 “ and the unfortunate Mother on her Part
 “ will forgive you.”

Your's, &c.

The horrid squalling of the Cat did not grate so disagreeably upon the Gentleman's Ears as the reading of these Words ; so that his Hat and Wig were flung off, and he ran about stamping and swearing that the Child was none of his ; neither did he know any Thing of the Mother : On the other Hand, his Mother and Sisters flew into a violent Rage, assailing his Ears on every Side with Reproaches ; so that he would at that Time have thought Deafness preferable to any one of the Senses. “ Do'st thou deny the Child to be
 “ thine ! cries the Mother : Has it not thy very
 “ Eyes, Nose, and Mouth ? and is not this
 “ thy Handkerchief ? Thou can'st not deny
 “ that, for I can safely swear it was thine.” The poor Gentleman, thus beset on all Sides, was obliged to quit the Field ; the Child was taken into the House, brought up and educated there, and is at this Day a very accomplished fine Lady.

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Some Time after this Adventure, he took Passage at *Folkstone*, a noted Sea-Port in *Kent*, for *Boulogne* in *France*, where he arrived safe, and proceeded to *Paris*, and other noted Cities of that Kingdom: His Habit was now tolerably good, his Countenance grave, his Behaviour sober and decent, pretending himself to be a *Roman Catholick*, who had left *England*, his native Country, out of an ardent Zeal of spending his Days in the Bosom of the *Catholick Church*. This Story readily gained Belief; his Zeal was universally applauded, and handsome Contributions made for him; but at the same Time he was so zealous a *Roman Catholick*, with a little Change of Habit, he used to address those *English* he heard of in any Place as a Protestant and ship-wrecked Seaman: He had the good Fortune in this Character to meet an *English* Physician at *Paris*, to whom he told his deplorable Tale, who was so much affected by it, that he not only relieved him very handsomely, but, what was more, recommended him to that noble Pattern of unexhausted Benevolence, Mrs. *Horner*, who was then on her Travels, from whom he received Ten Guineas, and from some other Company with her, five more. — Here, Reader, if thou hast a good Heart, we cannot entertain thee better than by drawing a true, though faint Picture of this generous Lady; for were Benevolence and Generosity real Beings, we are

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persuaded

persuaded, they would act just like her, with such an unsparing Hand would they bestow their Bounties; with such Magnificence reward Desert, with such god-like Compassion cheer the Afflicted, and just so make happy all around them: But thou can'st form no adequate Idea, unless thou hast been in the Neighbourhood of that noble Mansion*, where Beneficence has fixed her Seat: Permit me therefore to transport thee thither, to bless thy Sight with the delightful Scene; see already a neat and decent Temple† strikes thy Eye: It is she has erected it to the Honour of her God. Thou art surprized, I see, to behold the grave Doctor§ coming out of his gilded Chariot to enter the sordid Huts of Poverty; but know, she has already paid his Fees: See here, another compounding the choicest Drugs and Medicines for a whole Neighbourhood; it is her Bounty has supplied them. Cast your Eye the other Way, and behold that Company of aged and decrepid Poor; they are going to receive their daily Bread at her Tables. But let us enter this poor Cottage; See here are the Holy Scrip-

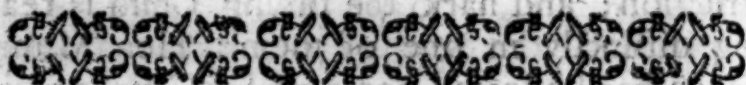
* The Seat of Mrs. *Horner*, at *Melbury*, in *Dorsetshire*.

† The Parish Church, re-built at her Expence.

§ An eminent Physician, who is allowed a constant Salary by her to visit the poor Sick in her Neighbourhood.


Scriptures, and other Books of pious Instruction; and hark, the lisping Child is reading distinctly in one of them: Her Munificence has bestowed these useful Gifts, and instilled Instruction into that tender Mind. Behold with how dejected a Look, and grief-swoln Heart, with what a Load of Care yon Person enters the Mansion; but see, he returns, how changed his Aspect! Joy sparkles in his Eye, and tumultuous swells his exulting Heart; Content sits chearful upon his Brow, and he no longer bends under his Care: What wonderful Magick has wrought this sudden Change? The opening only of her beneficent Hand has done it.





C H A P. XX.

Mr. Carew is seized upon by his Enemies on Topsham Key, and forced on board a Vessel bound with Convicts to Maryland; the Character of the Captain; Confusion occasioned in the Vessel by his Death; they are in great Danger of being lost; their Arrival in Maryland: Mr. Carew escapes from the Vessel, and flies into the Woods; his bold Exploit in passing the River Delaware; a Description of the City of Boston in New-England, &c.


WHAT we are now going to relate will raise an honest Indignation in the Breast of every true Lover of Liberty; for all such know that the beauteous Flower of Liberty sickens to the very Root, (like the sensitive Plant) at the slightest Touch of the Iron Hand of Power upon any of its most distant Branches.

Mr. Carew being in the City of Exeter with his Wife, and having visited his old Friends there,

there, takes a Walk to *Topsham*, about three Miles distant, leaving his Wife in *Exeter*. Alas ! little did he think this Walk would end in a long and cruel Separation from his Friends and Country ; little did he imagine that in the Land of Freedom and Justice he should be seized upon by the cruel Grasp of lawless Power ; though poor, he thought himself under the Protection of the Laws, and as such, liable to no Punishment till they inflicted it. How far he thought right in this, let the Sequel tell : Going down to *Topsham*, and walking upon the Key there, enjoying the Beauties of a fine Evening, meditating no Harm, and unsuspecting Danger, he was accosted by Merchant *D—y*, accompanied with several Captains of Vessels, in some such Words as these : Ha ! Mr. *Carew*, you are come in a right Time ; as you came Home for your own Pleasure, you now shall go over for mine. They then laid Hands on him, who found it in vain to resist, as he was overpowered by Numbers ; he therefore desired to be carried before some Magistrate, but this was not hearkened to, for they forced him aboard a Boat without the Presence or Authority of any Officer of Justice, not so much as suffering him to take Leave of his Wife, or acquaint her with his Misfortune, though he begged the Favour almost with Tears : The Boat carried him on board the *Philleroy*, Captain *Simmonds*, bound

for *America* with Convicts, which then lay off *Powderham* Castle, waiting only for a fair Wind. Here, had my Pen Gall enough, I would put a Blot of eternal Infamy on that Citizen of Liberty, who usurped so much Power over a Fellow-Denizon, and those who suffered a Brother of Liberty, however undeserving, to be dragged to Slavery by the lawless Hand of Power, without the Mandate of sovereign Justice. Foolish Wretch! dost thou not know that thou oughtest to be more careful of keeping all usurping Power within its Bounds, than thou wouldest the raging Sea ready to overflow and overwhelm thy All; for thou who hast once consented to see Power oppress a Fellow Heir of glorious Liberty, how canst thou complain if its all-grasping Iron Hand should seize upon thyself, or whatever thou holdest most dear? Then wouldest thou, too late, bewail that thou hadst ever suffered Power wantonly to set its Foot on the Neck of Liberty.

But to return: Mr. *Carew* was no sooner put on board, than he was strictly searched, and then taken between Decks, where he was ironed down with the Convicts: There was, at the same Time, a violent Fever raging among them, and Mr. *Carew*, by being chained with them Night and Day, was soon infected, and taken very ill; however, he had not the Liberty of sending to his Wife, nor any of his Friends, though they lay three Weeks in the Road

Road for a fair Wind. In the mean Time his Wife not hearing any Thing from him, and uncertain of what was become of him, or whether he was alive or dead, abandoned herself to an Excess of Grief; for he had been always a kind and affectionate Husband to her; she therefore sought him up and down, at all the Houses of his usual Resort, but all in vain, for no News could she gain of her beloved Husband.

The Wind coming fair, they hoisted Sail, and soon bid adieu to the *English* Coasts.—We need not describe what passed in Mr. Carew's Breast at this Time: Anger and Grief prevailed by Turns; sometimes Resentment, for being thus treated, fired his Bosom, and he vowed Revenge: At other Times, the Thoughts of his being thus unexpectedly separated from his Country and Friends, and doomed to an ignominious Slavery, filled him with Sadness, and melancholy Reflections: However, he had the Pleasure, before it was long, of knowing he was not entirely deserted; for Captain *Simmonds*, the Commander of the *Philleroy*, a humane compassionate Man, came down to him between Decks soon after they were under Sail, and bid him be of good Cheer, for he should want for nothing; and though he had strict Orders from Merchant *D-----y* never to let him return, yet he would be a Friend to him, and provide for him in the best Manner he could. Mr. Carew returned his Thanks to
this

this generous and unexpected Benefactor in as handsome a Manner as he was able.

Soon after this, he had Liberty allowed him of coming upon Deck, where the Captain entered into Conversation with him, and jocosely asked, If he thought he should be at Home before him? He generously replied, He thought he should, at least he would endeavour to be so; which the Captain took all in good Part.

Thus did Mr. *Carew* spend his Time, in as agreeable a Manner as could be expected under his present Circumstances; but alas! all our Happiness is too fleeting, and we scarcely taste the Pleasure, before it is ravished from us: And thus it happened to our Hero; for they had scarcely been under Sail five Weeks, before the good Captain *Simmonds* was taken ill, which encreased every Day with too many fatal Symptoms; till at last Death, who has no Regard to the Good and Virtuous, struck the deadly Blow: But the Approaches of the grisly Tyrant were not so dreadful to this good Man, as the Thoughts of the Distress it would occasion to his Wife and Family, whom he continually cried out upon, during his whole Illness. Mr. *Carew* bewailed the Loss of his generous Benefactor with more than outward Sorrow. Every Thing in the Vessel was now in Confusion, by the Death of the Captain: At length the Mate, one *Harrison*, of *Newcastle*, took Charge of the Vessel, and the Captain's

tain's Effects; but had not long enjoyed his new Honours, before he was taken dangerously ill, so that the Vessel was obliged to be left to the Care of the common Sailors, and was several Times in great Danger of being lost. At last, after sixteen Weeks Passage, in the Grey of the Morning, they made *Cape Charles*, and then bore away for *Cape Henry*: At *Hampton* they took in a Pilot, the Vessel having several Times before run upon the Sands, and was not got off again without great Difficulty: The Pilot brought them to *Kent Island*, where they fired a Gun; and *Harrison*, who was now recovered, went ashore at *Annapolis*, and made a Bargain with one Mr. *Delany*, of that Place, for Mr. *Carew*, as an expert Gardiner. He was then sent for on Shore, and Mr. *Delany* asked him, if he understood Gardening? Being willing to get out of *Harrison's* Hands, he replied in the Affirmative; but Mr. *Delany* asking, if he could mow? and he answering in the Negative, then you are no Gardiner, replied Mr. *Delany*, and so refused to buy him. Then one *Hilldrop*, who had been transported about three Years before from *Exeter*, for Horse-stealing, and had married a Currier's Widow in *Annapolis*, had a Mind to purchase him, but they could not agree upon the Price; whereupon he was put on board again, and they sailed for *Miles's River*. Here they fired a Gun, and the Captain went on Shore: In the mean Time the Men Prisoners were ordered to be close shav'd, and

and the Women to have clean Caps on: This was scarcely done, before, an Overseer belonging to one Mr. Bennet, in Way River, and several Planters, came off to buy: The Prisoners were all ordered upon Deck, and Mr. Carew among them: Some of the Planters knew him again, and cry'd out, "Is not this the Man Captain Froade brought over, and put a Pot-Hook upon?" Yes, reply'd *Harrison*, the very same; at which they were much surprized, making Account he had been either killed by the wild Beasts, or drowned in some River. Ay, ay, replied *Harrison*, with a great Oath, I'll take Care he shall not be at Home before me. By this Time several of the Prisoners were sold, the Bowl went merrily round, and many of the Planters gave Mr. Carew a Glass, but none of them chose to buy him.

During this, Mr. Carew observing a great many Canoes and Boats lying along-side the Vessel, thought it not impossible to make himself Master of one of them, and by that Means reach the Shore, where he thought he might conceal himself, till he found an Opportunity of getting off: Though this was a very hazardous Attempt, and if he was unsuccessful, would expose him to a great deal of hard Usage, and probably put it out of his Power of ever regaining his Liberty, yet he was resolved to venture. He recollected the common Maxim, that Fortune favours the Bold; and therefore took an Opportunity, just

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as it grew dark, of slipping nimbly down the Ship's Side into one of the Canoes, with which he paddled with as much Silence and Expedition as possible towards the Shore; but he had not gone far, before the Noise he made gave the Alarm, that one of the Prisoners was escaped: *Harrison* immediately called out to enquire which of them, and where *Carew* was; and being told that he was gone off, swore, He had rather have lost half the Prisoners than him. All Hands were then called upon to pursue; the Captain and Planters left their Bowl; the River was soon covered with Canoes, and every Thing was in Confusion. Mr. *Carew* was within Hearing of this, but by plying his Canoe well, had the good Fortune to get to Shore before any of them: He immediately betook himself to the Woods as soon as he landed, and climbed up into a great Tree, where he had not been many Minutes, before he heard the Captain, Sailors, and Planters, all in Pursuit of him: The Captain fretted and stormed, the Sailors damn'd their Blood, and the Planters endeavoured to pacify every Thing, by telling the Captain, Not to fear, for they would have him in the Morning, as it was impossible for him to get off. He heard all this, though not unmoved, yet without taking Notice of it: At last, finding their Search fruitless, the Captain, Sailors, and Planters, returned, the Planters still assuring the

the Captain they would have him in the Morning.

As soon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his present Situation, which indeed was melancholy enough, for he had no Provisions, was beset on every Side, quite incapable of judging what to undertake, or which Course to steer; however, he at last resolved to retire further into the Woods, which he accordingly did, and got up into another Tree: Here he sat all the succeeding Day, without a Morsel of Food; but was diverted with a great Multitude of Squirrels he saw skipping from Tree to Tree, and had he had a Gun, could have shot hundreds of Pigeons, there was so great a Plenty of them. The next Day, towards Night, Hunger became too powerful, and he was almost spent for Want of Food: In this Necessity he knew not what to do; at last, happening to espy a Planter's House at some Distance, he was resolved to venture down in the Night, thinking he might chance to find Food, of some Sort or another, in or about the House: Agreeable to this Resolution, he came down the Tree, in the Middle of the Night, and going into the Planter's Yard, to his great Joy found there a Parcel of milking Cows penned in, which he soon milked into the Crown of his Hat, making a most delicious Feast, and then retired to the Woods again, climbing up into a Tree, where he passed

fed the Day much more easy than he had the preceding one. Having found out this Method of subsisting, he proceeded forwards in the same Manner, concealing himself in a Tree in the Day-Time, and travelling all the Night, milking the Cows as often as he had an Opportunity ; and steering his Course, as near as he could guess, towards *Duck's Creek*.

On the fifth Night he heard the Voices of several People near him in the Woods, upon which he stepped on one Side, and concealed himself behind a Tree, till they should pass by ; when they came near enough to distinguish their Words, he heard them say, We will make the best of our Way to *Duck's Creek*, and there we shall certainly have him. He judged that these were some in Pursuit of him, therefore thought himself very happy in having so narrowly escaped them.

Upon the eighth Day, he being upon a Tree, discovered a lone House near the Skirts of the Woods, and saw all the Family (as he supposed) going out to hoe Tobacco, and the Dog following them. This was a joyful Sight to him, for he had not the two preceding Nights met with any Cows, and consequently had been without Food. As soon, therefore, as he saw the Family were out of Sight, he came down from the Tree, and ventured into the House, where he found not only to satisfy his Hunger, but what might be deemed Luxury in

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his present Condition ; for there was Jolly Cake, Powell, a Sort of *Indian* Corn Bread, and good Omani, which is Kidney Beans grinded with *Indian* Corn sifted, then put into a Pot to boil, and eat with Molasses. Seeing so many Daunties, he did not hesitate long, but Hunger pressing, sat down and eat the Omani with as much Composure as if he had been invited thereto by the Owner of it ; and knowing that Hunger and Necessity are bound by no Laws of Honour, he took the Liberty of borrowing the Jolly Cake, Powell, and a Leg of fine Pork ; then hastens back to the Tree with his Booty. What the People thought when they returned at Night with good Appetites, and found their dainty Omani, their Jolly Cake, and their Pork, all vanish'd, we know not, but suppose they were not a little surpriz'd.

Being thus stock'd with Provisions, he made the best of his Way to *Ogle Town* that Night, and so to *Old Town*. In the Dawn of the Morning, of the eleventh Day, he came in Sight of *Duck's Creek* ; but being afraid he might fall into the Hands of his Pursuers, he strikes a great Way into the Woods towards *Tuck Hoe*, where staying all the Day in a Tree, he came back again in the Middle of the Night to *Duck's Creek* ; as soon as he came here, he runs to the Water-side to see for a Canoe, but found them all chain'd : He immediately set himself about breaking the Chain.

Chain, but found it too strong, and all his Endeavours to break it in vain. Never was Man more thunderstruck than he was now, just at the Time when he expected to be out of Danger, to meet with so unforeseen and unfurmoutable an Obstacle: He knew there was no Way of escaping but by passing the River *Delaware*, but could think of no Method of effecting it. Several Hours did he pass in this Agitation of Mind; sometimes he had a Mind to try his Strength in Swimming; but the River being so wide he thought he should not reach the opposite Shore: At last reflecting what one of his Ancestors had done in swimming a Horse over *Teignmouth* Bar, and seeing some Horses grazing thereabout, he resolved to attempt passing the *Delaware* in that Manner; for let the worst happen, he thought Death preferable to Slavery. Being thus resolved, he soon catches one of the Horses, and making a Sort of a Bridle of his Handkerchief, brings the Horse to the Water-side: He walked for some Time on the Banks, looking for a proper Place to enter the Horse; at last espying a little Stream which run into the great River *Delaware*, he fell down on his Knees, and pray'd very earnestly to God to assist him in the dangerous Attempt, that he might once more see his dear Wife and Country; then stripping himself, and tying his Frock and Trousers about his Shoulders, mounted the Horse; and putting him forward

a little, the Horse lost his Footing, and the Water came up to Mr. Carew's Middle, who kept his Legs as close as possible to the Horse; and in this Manner he launched out into the great River *Delaware*: The Horse snorted and neighed to his Companions, but made to the opposite Shore with all the Strength he could. Mr. Carew did not imagine the Horse would be able to reach it, but proposed to save himself by swimming when the Horse failed, for the River was three Miles over; however, contrary to his Expectations, the Horse reach'd the Shore; but finding no Place to land, it being a sandy Mud, was obliged to swim him some Time along the Shore till he came to a little Creek, which the Horse swimming into, soon got sure Footing, to the great Joy of Mr. Carew. Our Hero then dismounting, fell upon his Knees, saying, "*O my heavenly GOD, I thank thee for preserving me in so great Danger, in bringing me safe over the River Delaware;*" then turning to the Horse, kissed him, telling him, "*He must now turn Quaker as well as himself, and so let him go into the Woods.*"

His Clothes were not very wet; however, he staid on the Banks some Time to dry them in the Morning Sun, then went up into the Country. The first House he came to was a Miller's, whose Wife came out, and ask'd him from whence he came? He told her, he had been Prisoner some Time in the *Havannah*,
from

from whence he had been released by an Exchange of Prisoners, and was now going Home. The good Woman pitied him much, and told him he looked very melancholy: But the Husband coming in, said, he believed he was an *Irishman*: This he denied, averring he was of the West of *England*, so they gave him a Piece of that Country Money, and a Mug of Rum, which he drinking greedily, being very thirsty, threw him into so violent a Fever, that he was obliged to stop at a neighbouring House, where he lay sick for three or four Days. From hence he goes to *Newcastle*, where he raised Contributions from several Gentlemen, as he had done before, but not under the same Name. From hence to *Castile*, *Brandywine Ferry*, *Chester* and *Derby*, where he got Relief from the same Miller where Mr. *Whitefield* was, when he was there before, and lodged at the same House, but took Care to disguise himself, so as not to be known: Here he got a Pass from the Justice, as a sick Man, bound to *Boston*. From hence proceeds to *Philadelphia*, to *Buck's County*, and over a Ferry into the *New Jerseys*, and away to *Burlington*, and *Amboyne*, so to *Trent Town*, in *Staten Island*; hence to *Brunswick*, where he got Relief from Mr. *Matthews*, the Miller, who treated him so hospitably the first Time he was there, but, who did not know him again now. From hence he proceeded to *Elizabeth Town*, *Long Island*, and *New-York*; and from thence to *New-London*, where he

chanced to see the Captain who had taken him Home before, but he avoided him. From *New-London* he proceeds to *Groten*, where he got a Twenty Shilling Bill from one Mr. *Goyf*, and several Half Crown Bills from other People. He then enquired his Way to *Rhode-Island*, and his Landlord, where he quartered, went with him about two Miles of the Way, when they chanced to fall into the Company of some Drovers, who were driving a Number of Bullocks for the Use of some Privateers who lay at *Rhode-Island*. He therefore joined them; and after about nine or ten Miles travelling, they came to a Ferry, where they stopped at a Public-House for some Time, till the Bullocks were taken over; but neither the Tavern Man nor Drovers would suffer him to pay any Thing, they pitying his unfortunate Condition: Passing over this Ferry they came to *Rhode-Island*.

Rhode-Island, by the Natives called *Aquet-net*, near the *Narragantset Bay*, is 14 or 15 Miles long, and 4 or 5 Miles broad. It was first inhabited by the *English* in the Year 1639. Those that withdraw to this Island were such as espoused the *Covenant of Grace*, and were under Persecution from those that sided with the *Covenant of Works*. There's a very considerable Trade driven from *Rhode-Island* to the Sugar Colonies for *Butter* and *Cheese*; a sure Sign of the Fruitfulness and Beauty of the Place for *Horses, Sheep, Beef, Pork, Tallow,*
and

and *Timber*, by which the Traders have been enriched. 'Tis deservedly called the Paradise of *New-England*, for the Fruitfulness of the Soil, and the Temperature of the Climate; which, tho' it be not above sixty-five Miles from *Boston*, is a *Coat warmer in Winter*; and being surrounded by the Ocean, is not so much affected in Summer with the hot Land Breezes as the Towns on the Continent are. They live in great Amity with their Neighbours; and tho' every Man does what he thinks right in his own Eyes, it is rare that any notorious Crimes are committed by them, which may be attributed, in some Measure, to their great Veneration for the Holy Scriptures, which they all read, from the least to the greatest, though they have neither Ministers nor Magistrates to recommend it to them.

Here Mr. *Carew* found many of his old Acquaintance, particularly one Mr. *Perkins*, a Stay-maker, and Mr. *Gidley* and his Mother, who kept several Negroes for distilling of Rum, and Mr. *Southcot Langworthy*, a Pewterer, all Natives of *Exeter*, and one Mr. *Martin*, of *Honiton*, in *Devon*; they were all very glad to see him, he telling them, That he was taken by the *Spaniards*, and escaped from Prison. They treated him with great Kindness, and gave him Letters and Monies to carry to their Friends in *England*.

From hence he goes through *Piscataway* and *Marblehead* to *Boston*, the Capital of *New-England*.

England, and the biggest City in *America*, except two or three on the *Spanish* Continent. 'Tis pleasantly situated on a Peninsula, about four Miles in Compass at the Bottom of a fine Bay, the *Massachusetts*, guarded from the Roughness of the Ocean by several Rocks appearing above Water, and by above a Dozen Islands, many of which are inhabited; and one called *Nettles* Island, within these few Years, was esteemed worth 2 or 300 l. a Year to the Owner, Colonel *Shrimpton*. There is but one common and safe Passage into the Bay, and not very broad, there being hardly Room for three Ships to come in a breast; but being once in, there is Room for the Anchorage of 500 Sail. The most remarkable of these Islands is called *Castle Island*, from the Castle there built: It stands about a League from the Town, upon the main Channel leading to it, and is so conveniently situated, that no Ship of Burthen can approach the Town, without the Hazard of being torn in Peices by its Cannon. It is now called *Fort William*, being mounted with 100 Pieces of Ordnance; 200 more, which was given to the Province by Queen *Anne*, are placed on a Platform near High Water Mark, so as to take a Ship fore and aft, before she can bring her Broadfides to bear against the Castle. Some of these Cannon are 42 Pounders. Five hundred able Men are exempted from all Military Duty in Time of War, to be ready to attend the Service of the

the Castle at an Hour's Warning, upon any Signal of the Approach of an Enemy, which there seems to be no great Danger of at *Boston*; where, in twenty-four Hours Time, 10,000 effective Men, well armed, might be ready for their Defence. To prevent all possible Surprise, there is a Light-house built on a Rock, appearing above Water, about a long League from the Town; which in Time of War makes a Signal to the Castle, and the Castle to the Town, by hoisting and lowering the Union Flag so many Times as there are Ships approaching; which, if they exceed a certain Number, the Castle fires three Guns. to alarm the Town of *Boston*; and the Governor, if Need be, orders a *Beacon* to be fixed, which alarms all the adjacent Country; so that unless an Enemy can be supposed to sail by so many Islands and Rocks in a Fog, the Town of *Boston* must have six or more Hours to prepare for their Reception; but supposing they might pass the Castle, there are two Batteries at the North and South End of the Town, which command the whole Bay, and make it impossible for an Enemy's Ship of Burthen to ride there in Safety, while the Merchant-Men and small Craft may retire up into *Charles's River*, out of the Reach of the Cannon.

It is equally impossible for any Ship to be run away with out of this Harbour by a Pirate; for the Castle suffers no Ships outward bound to pass, without a Permit from the Governor,
which

which is not granted without a Clearing at the Custom-house, and the usual Notice of Sailing, by loofening the Fore-top-Sail.

The Bay of *Boston* is spacious enough to contain in a Manner the Royal Navy of *England*. The Masts of Ships here, at the proper Season of the Year, make a Kind of a Wood of Trees, like that which we see upon the River *Thames*, about *Wapping* and *Lime-house*, which may be easily imagined, when we consider that by the Computation given in by the Collectors of his Majesty's Light-House, it appeared that there was twenty-four thousand Tons of shipping cleared annually.

There is a large Pier at the Bottom of the Bay 1800 or 2000 Feet long, with a Row of Ware-houses on the North Side. The Pier runs so far into the Bay, that Ships of the greatest Burthen may unload without the Help of Boats and Lighters. The chief Street of the Town comes down the Head of the Pier; at the upper End of it is the Town-house, or Exchange, a fine Building; containing, beside the Walk for Merchants, the Council-Chamber, the House of Commons, and a spacious Room for the Courts of Justice. The Exchange is surrounded with Booksellers Shops, which have a good Trade. There are five Printing Houses, at one of which the *Boston Gazette* is printed, and comes out twice a Week. The Presses here are generally full of Work, which is in a great Measure owing to the Colleges and Schools for
useful

useful Learning in *New England*; whereas at *New-York* there is but one little Bookfeller's Shop, and none at all in *Virginia*, *Maryland*, *Carolina*, *Barbadoes*, and the Sugar Islands.

The Town of *Boston* lies in the Form of a Half-Moon, round the Harbour, and consisting of between 3 and 4000 Houses, must make an agreeable Prospect, the surrounding Shore being high, the Streets long, and the Buildings beautiful. The Goodness of the Pavement may compare with most in *London*; to gallop a Horse on it is 3s. 4d. Forfeit.

It is computed the Number of Inhabitants is not less than 24,000, which is one third more than the Computation of the City of *Exeter*, and consequently *Boston* is one third bigger than that City, which is pretty near the Matter.

There are ten Churches in *Boston*, which are, Old Church, North Church, South Church, New Church, New North Church, New South Church, the Church of *England* Church, the *Baptist* Meeting, and the *Quakers* Meeting.

The Conversation of this Town is as polite as in most of the Cities and Towns of *England*; many of their Merchants having traded in *Europe*, and those that stay at Home having the Advantage of Society with Travellers; so that a Gentleman from *London* would think himself at Home at *Boston*, when he observes the Number of People, their Furniture, their
Tables,

Tables, their Dress and Conversation, which perhaps is as splendid and showy as that of the most considerable Tradesmen in *London*. Upon the whole, *Boston* is the most flourishing Town for Trade and Commerce in the *English America*. Near 600 Sail of Ships have been laden here in a Year for *Europe*, and the *British Plantations*. Here the Governor commonly resides, the General Court and Assembly meet, the Courts of Judicature sit, and the Affairs of the whole Province are transacted.

The Streets are broad and regular; some of the richest Merchants have very stately well-built convenient Houses. The Ground on which the Town stands is wonderful high, and very good Water is found all over it. There are several Wharfs built, which jet into the Harbour; one of which is eight hundred Feet in Length, where large Ships with great Ease may lade and unlade. On one Side are Ware-houses almost the whole Length of the Wharf, where the Merchants stow their Goods; and more than fifty Ships may lade and unlade there at the same Time.

Coming into the City, Mr. *Carew* was surprized at the Grandeur of it; and seeing a green Hill at the End of the great Street, much like *Glastonbury Torr*, he goes up it, and had a most beautiful Prospect of the City from the Top of it, where was placed the Mast of a Ship, with Pullies to draw up a lighted Barrel

Barrel of Tar to alarm the Country, in Case of an Invasion. Going down the Hill again, he met two Drums, a Serjeant, and several Soldiers and Marines, who were, by beat of Drum, proclaiming, that all the Taverns and Shopkeepers might safely credit the Soldiers and Marines to a certain Value. Some of the Soldiers presently knew him, and accosting him, persuaded him to go along with them to one Mother *Passmore's*, a House of Rendezvous, where they were very merry together. While they were drinking, in came Captain *Sharp*, who commanded them, and was an old Friend of our Hero's. What, Mr. *Carew*, cries the Captain in a Surprise, who could think of seeing you here? When did you see my Brother? I saw him, replied he, about six Months ago; but his Lady is dead. Is she so, said the Captain, I have heard nothing of it.—The Captain having asked him several other Questions, treated him very handsomely, and kept him some Time at his own Charge. But his Heart glowing to see his Native Country, he once more resolved to ship himself for *Old England*; accordingly he determined to go on board the *London*, a new Ship, commanded by Captain *Bowling*; but Captain *Sharp* persuaded him to go with Captain *Ball*, in the Ship *Mary*. He accordingly agreed to take the Run with him for 15l. 15 Gallons of Rum, 10 Pounds of Sugar and Tobacco, and 10 Pipes. They were two

ST A H O B b Months

Months in their Voyage before they made *Lundy*, nothing material happening in their Passage worthy being recorded in this true History. The Captain would not stop at *Lundy* for a Pilot, but made for *Coombe*, and there took one in, who brought the Ship safe into *King-Road*, and the next Tide up to the Key at *Bristol*; and having moor'd the Vessel, the Crew spent the Night on Shore with their jolly Landladies.

The next Morning early they all got on board, and soon after came the Captain, with some *Bristol* Merchants: The Captain gave Mr. *Carew* a Fill on his Brother, who lived at *To,sham*; which having received, he soon turned his Back on *Bristol*.





C H A P. XXI.

Mr. Carew's Progress after his Arrival in England; meets with his Wife; visits the University of Oxford; appears in a new Character; his Adventure with Lady Tynte; the Stratagem he made Use of with Mr. Marks, a Dissenting Teacher, at Thorn, in Somersetshire; his triumphant Entry into Bickleigh, his Native Place.

R. Carew having left *Bristol*, made the best of his Way to *Bridgwater*, and from thence to *Taunton*, and so to *Exeter*, supporting his travelling Expences by his Ingenuity, as a Mendicant. As soon as he arrived at *Exeter*, he made the best of his Way to the House of an old Acquaintance, where he expected to hear some News of his beloved Wife; but going thro' East-Gate, he was met by two Gentlemen, who immediately cried out, Here's our old Friend *Carew*! They then laid hold of him, and took him back to the *Oxford Inn*; where they enquired, Where he had been this long Time? He acquainted them in what Manner

he had been seized upon *Topsham* Key, and that he had been carried to *Maryland*; he likewise informed them of Capt. *Simmonds's* Death, (which they were very sorry to hear of) and that the Vessel had been taken into Port by *Harrison*, the Mate, who was afterwards drowned, in Company with some Planters, in *Talbot River*.

Fame having soon founded the Arrival of our Hero through every Street in *Exeter*, several Gentlemen flocked to the *Oxford Inn* to visit him, and amongst the rest Merchant *Davey*; What, you have found your Way home again? says the Merchant. Yes, yes, replied he, As you sent me over for your Pleasure, I am come back for my own: Which made the Gentlemen laugh very heartily. The Merchant then asked him several Questions about Capt. *Simmonds* and *Harrison*, where he left the Vessel, and if he had been sold. No, no, replies he, I took Care to get out of the Way before they had struck a Bargain for me; and as to the Vessel, I left her in *Miles's River*. The Gentlemen could not help being surprized at his Ingenuity and Expedition, in thus getting Home twice before the Vessel which carried him out, and Merchant *Davey* proposed making a Collection for him, and begun it himself with Half a Crown. Having received a handsome Contribution, he returned the Gentlemen Thanks, and took his Leave, being impatient to hear some News about his Wife; he therefore goes directly

directly to his usual Quarters, *Kitty Finni-*
more's, in *Castle-lane*, where he occasioned no
 little Terror to his Landlady, she verily be-
 lieving it to be his Ghost, as she heard he was
 certainly dead; however, our Hero soon con-
 vinced her he was real Flesh and Blood: He
 then enquired, When she heard from his
 Wife? who informed him, to his great Joy,
 that both his Wife and Daughter were there a
 few Days before, and were gone towards *New-*
ton-Bushell; but they had given over all
 Thoughts of seeing him again, as they thought
 him dead. He sets forward immediately for
Newton-Bushel, calling at *Lord Clifford's* in
 his Way; he was told by *Mrs. Ratcliffe*, the
 Housekeeper, and *Mr. Kish*, the Steward,
 (who were quite surprized to see him) that his
 Wife had been there just before, in Mourning,
 believing him to be dead; and that he would
 find her at *Newton-Bushel*. Though it was
 then Night, our Hero, impatient of seeing his
 Wife and Daughter, set forward for *Newton-*
Bushel, where he arrived late in the Night;
 going directly to his usual Quarters, he found
 them all in Bed, and calling out to the Woman
 of the House, his Wife hearing his Voice, im-
 mediately leaped out of Bed, crying out, It
 was her poor *Bampfylde*; a Light was then
 struck with as much Expedition as possible,
 and his Wife, Daughter, and Landlady, all
 came down to open the Door to him. Here,

how shall I find Words to express the Transports of our Hero, the tender Embraces of his Wife, the endearing Words of his Daughter, and the hearty Congratulations of the Landlady: Unable to the Task, most gentle Reader, I must imitate that celebrated Painter who painted *Agamemnon* with a Covering over his Face, at the Sacrifice of his Daughter; and draw a Veil over this Scene of Tenderness: Let it suffice to say, that their Joy was too full to be contained, and not finding any other Passage, gush'd out in Tears.

The next Morning, accompanied by his Wife and Daughter, he went and paid his Respects to Sir *Thomas Carew*, at *Hackum*, where they were received with great Kindness; and Sir *Thomas* told him, if he would forsake the Mendicant Order, he would take Care to provide for him and his Family: He returned Sir *Thomas* a great many Thanks, but declared, That as he had entered himself into the Mendicant Order, he was resolved to continue therein as long as he lived; but hoped if any Accident happened to him, he would extend his Goodness to his dear Wife and Daughter.

It was about this Time that one of the greatest Personages in the Kingdom being at *Bath*, Mr. *Carew* was drawn thither with the rest of the World to see her, but to more Advantage indeed to himself than most others reap'd from it; for making himself as much an *Hanoverian* as he could in Dress, &c. he

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presented

presented a Petition to her as an unfortunate Person of that Country, and (as every one is inclin'd to be kind to their own Country Folks) he had from her a very princely Benefaction. Some Time after this, 'Squire *Morice*, who succeeded to the fine Seat and Estate of Sir *William Morice*, near *Launceston*, in *Cornwall*, coming to reside there, and hearing much Talk of Mr. *Carew*, was very desirous of seeing him; and he happening to come soon after into that Neighbourhood, some of the Servants, who knew their Master's Inclinations, chancing to see him, conducted him to the House, and shew'd him into the Parlour, where Mr. *Morice* was with a good deal of Company: Mr. *Carew* was made very welcome, and the Company had a great deal of Conversation with him, during which Mr. *Morice* very nicely examin'd every Feature in his Countenance, and at last declared, that he would lay any Wager that he should know him again, come in what Shape he would, so as not to be imposed upon by him; one of the Company took Mr. *Morice* up, and a Wager was laid, that Mr. *Carew* should do it within such a limited Time; this being agreed upon, Mr. *Carew* took his Leave. He begun immediately to meditate in what Shape he should be able to deceive the Circumspection of Mr. *Morice*; and within a few Days came to the House, and endeavoured in two or three different Shapes, and with as
many,

many different Tales, to obtain Charity from Mr. Morice, but he remembering his Wager, would hearken to none; at last, understanding that Mr. Morice was to go out a Hunting one Morning with several of the Company who were present when the Wager was laid, he dressed himself like a neat old Woman, and placing himself in the Road Mr. Morice was riding along, all of a sudden he fell down, and counterfeited all the Distortions of the most violent Fits in such a terrible Manner, that Mr. Morice was greatly affected with the poor Creature's Condition, ordering his Servants to get down and assist her, staying himself till she was brought a little to herself, then gave her a Piece of Money, and ordered one of his Servants to shew her to his House, that she might have some Refreshment there; but Mr. Carew having obtained what he desir'd, flung off the old Woman, and discovers himself to Mr. Morice and the rest of the Company, wishing them all a Good-morrow; upon which Mr. Morice own'd he had fairly lost his Wager.

Mr. Carew some Time after this steer'd his Course for Oxford, where he visited Mr. Treby, Mr. Sandford, Mr. Cooke, and several Collegians, his particular Friends, of whom he got a Trencher-Cap; and having staid in Oxford as long as was agreeable to his Inclinations, he set out for Abingdon, and from thence to Marlborough,

rough, having put on a Pair of white Stockings, a grey Waistcoat, and the Trencher - Cap : Thus equipped, he pretends to be disordered in his Mind ; and as his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue enabled him to intermix a few *Latin* Phrases in his Discourse, which he made very incoherent, he was in no Fear of being discovered : Under this Character he therefore goes to the Minister of *Marlborough*, who seeing his Dress, and finding he could talk *Latin*, made no Doubt but he was some *Oxford* Scholar, whose Brain was turned, either by too much Study, or some Misfortune ; he therefore talked to him a good deal, endeavouring to find out the Cause, telling him, That though he was unfortunate now, Things might go better with him hereafter ; but he could get nothing but incoherent Answers from him ; however, he gave him half a Crown. From hence he goes to *Market Lavington*, where he likewise deceived the Minister ; and going forwards to *Warminster*, he met there Dr. *Squire*, and his Brother, the Archdeacon of *Bath*, who both took him for an *Oxford* Scholar, whose Brain was turned, and relieved him as such.

The next Morning he goes in the same Dress to Mrs. *Grove's*, at *Wincanton*, and from thence to the Rev. Mr. *Birt's*, at *Sutton*, at both which Places he was much pitied, and handsomely reliev'd : He then steers for *Somerton*,
and

and goes to the Rev. Mr. *Dickenson* there ; but this Mask would not avail him here, for the Parson discovered him through it ; but he desired him to keep it secret till he was gone out of the Town, which he accordingly did : He therefore went boldly to the Rev. Mr. *Keat*, and pretended to be a Scholar of *Baliol College*, which Mr. *Keat* believing, and pitying his Condition, generously gave him a Crown. Next Day he goes to *Bridgwater* in the same Habit, and from thence to Sir *Charles Tynte's*, at *Hafswell* ; going into the Court, he was met by the Rev. Mr. *Sandford*, who immediately knew him, and accosted him with, How do you do, Friend *Carew* ? Soon after which out came Sir *Charles*, who accosted him in the same Manner, and Mr. *Sandford* and he made themselves very merry at the Character he had assumed : Well, says Sir *Charles*, we will make you drink ; but unless you can deceive my *Bess*, (so he was pleased to call his Lady) you shall have nothing of me ; but whatever she gives, I'll double it : He was then ordered into the Hall, and exchanged his Cap for a Hat with one of the Servants : After waiting some Time, Lady *Tynte* came down : It will be proper to observe that this Lady, though of a very charitable Disposition to her poor Neighbours, having been often deceived by Mendicants, and finding few of them deserving of her Charity, had resolved to relieve no unknown Object
of

of Charity, however plausible their Tale ; but our Hero, depending upon his Art, was not afraid to accept of Sir Charles's Challenge : From the Servants Hall he watch'd a proper Opportunity of accosting the Lady, and she pass'd and repass'd several Times before he could speak to her ; at last, seeing her standing in the Hall, talking with Sir Charles, he came behind her, and accosted her with " God bless you, most gracious Lady : " The Lady turning about, asked him pretty hastily, From whence he came ? I am a poor unfortunate Man, replied he, who was taken by two *French Privateers*, coming from *Boston*, and carried into *Boulogne*, where we were teized Day and Night to enter into the *French Service*, but refused to do it. And how got you from thence ? asked the Lady. We took an Opportunity of breaking out of the Prison, and seized upon a fishing Boat in the Harbour, with which we got safe to *Limington*, being in all 25 of us, where we sold our Boat. What do you beg for then, if you sold your Boat ? you must have Money. Several of us were sick, replied he, which was very expensive. But what Countryman are you ? I am an *Old England* Man, please you, my Lady, but I married my Wife in *Wales*. From what Part ? says my Lady, who was a Native of *Wales* herself. I married, replied he, one *Betty Larkey*, who lived with Sir *John Morgan*, and afterwards with Parson *Griffy* at *Swansey*. Aye, did you marry *Betty Larkey* ?
How

How many Children have you by her? Only one Daughter, replied he. In the mean Time Sir *Charles* and the Parson were ready to burst with containing their Laughter, to see how he managed my Lady to bring her to; for his Assertion of having married *Betty Larkey*, who was a Country Woman of my Lady's and formerly known to her, was a Loadstone which presently drew my Lady's Hand to her Purse, and then turning to Sir *Charles*, asked if he had any small Money about him? I have none, replied Sir *Charles*, pretty bluntly, being scarce able to contain himself from bursting out into Laughter; so she went up Stairs, and coming down again, gave him two half Crowns, and asked him to eat and drink, going out herself to call the Butler: In the mean Time Sir *Charles* stepped nimbly into the Servants Hall, and fetched the *Oxford* Cap, which he put on Mr. *Carew's* Head: My Lady and the Butler came in immediately after, and she seeing the Cap upon his Head, cried out, God bless me! what did you bring that from *France*? It is just like one of our *Oxford* Scholar's Cap. Aye, so it is indeed, my Lady, replied Sir *Charles*; why don't you know who it is? It is Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*. Aye, aye, this is your doing, Sir *Charles*, said the Lady, and went away something disgusted at the Trick which had been put upon her. Sir *Charles* was as good as his Word, in doubling the Money my Lady gave,

gave, and Parson *Sandford* gave him half a Crown.

Some Time after this, he called upon the Miss *Hawkers*, of *Thorn*, near *Yeovil*, who treated him very hospitably, and enquired what News he heard, it being in the Time of the late Rebellion. Whilst he was talking with them, he observed a new House, almost opposite, and enquiring who lived there, they told him one Parson *Marks*, a Dissenting Teacher; upon which, taking Leave of the Ladies, he steps over the Way, and knocks boldly at the Door, which was soon opened by Parson *Marks* himself: Sir, says Mr. *Carew*, pulling off his Hat, and accosting him with a demure Countenance, I came two Miles out of my Road on Purpose to wait upon you; I believe, Sir, you are acquainted with my Brother, Mr. *John Pike*, of *Tiverton*, Teacher of a Dissenting Congregation in that Place; and you have undoubtedly heard something of his Brother, *Roger Pike*, which unfortunate Man I am, having been taken Prisoner coming from *Boston* in *New-England* by two *French* Privateers, and carried into *Boulogne*, where we were cruelly treated. Alack, alack, says the Parson, pray walk in, good Mr. *Roger*: I am indeed very well acquainted with that worthy Servant of God your Brother, Mr. *John Pike*, and a gracious Man he is: I have likewise heard him mention his Brother *Roger*. He then ordered

dered some Victuals and Drink to be brought out for good Mr. *Roger Pike*: While he was eating, he enquired, How he got from *Boulogne*? he reply'd, That twenty-five of them had broke Prison, and seized upon a Vessel in the Harbour, by which they had got safe to the *English* Coast. Well, Mr. *Roger*, says the Parson, what News did you hear in *France*? It is reported there, replies he, that the Rebels are very powerful in *Scotland*, and that great Numbers are gone over to them safe from *France*. Stop a little, cries the Parson, Mr. *Roger*, and running up Stairs, soon after comes down with a Letter in his Hand, which he read to Mr. *Pike*, wherein it was said, The Rebels were wonderfully powerful. Then shaking his Head very sorrowfully, cried, Indeed, Mr. *Pike*, I can't be at Ease, for they say they will make us Examples on Account of the 30th of *January*. Never fear them, Sir, said Mr. *Carew*, we shall be a Match for them in *Devonshire* and *Cornwall*. I am afraid not, cries the Parson, shaking his Head again, I have had no Rest for thinking of them for several Nights past. After some further Discourse he fetched Mr. *Pike* a good Holland Shirt, and clapped Half a Guinea into his Hand, entreating him to take a Bed with him that Night, for that he should be heartily welcome; but he desired to be excused, and took his Leave with many Thanks, returning

to the Miss *Hawkers* again. Well, Mr. *Carew*, cried the Ladies, you have had a long Conference with the Parson. Ay, ay, replied he, and to good Purpose too, for this Shirt and Half a Guinea are the Fruits of it; and then told them in what Manner he had deceived the Parson, which made them laugh very heartily. They then gave him a Crown, and promised to keep Mr. *Pike's* Secrets for a Day or two.

A few Days after the Parson going over to see the Ladies, they asked him if a poor Seaman had been at his House; Yes, replied the Parson, it was one *Roger Pike*, whose Brother has a Congregation in *Tiverton*, and whom I am very well acquainted with. And did you give him any Thing? Yes, I gave him a Shirt and Half a Guinea. And we gave him a Crown, said the Ladies, not as being *Roger Pike*, but as Mr. *Bampfylde Moore Carew*. At which the Parson was in a very great Hurry, and would scarce be convinced but that it was old *Roger Pike*. Thus had Mr. *Carew* the happy Art of suiting his Eloquence to every Temper and every Circumstance; for his being Brother to the good Mr. *Pike* of *Tiverton*, was as powerful a Loadstone to attract Parson *Marks*, as his marrying *Betty Larkey* had been to Lady *Tynte*. From hence he goes to Parson *White's* at *Coker*; where he found Justice *Proctor*; here he passed for an unfortunate Sailor,

who had been cast away coming from the *Baltick*, and was now travelling to his native Place, *Tintagel* in *Cornwall*; Parson *White* asked who was Minister there; he replied one *Atkins* was Curate, and that there was no other there at that Time. The Justice asked him but few Questions, but told him he ought to have a Pass, and asked where he landed; and he replying at *Dover*, Had you no Pass then from the Mayor there? We had one, said he, very readily, but some of our Company being sick, and myself healthy, I let them have the Pass, and came forwards by myself, they not being able to travel so fast. Why then, says the Justice, you are liable to be taken up as a Vagrant for begging without a Pass; however, we will relieve you, and if you call upon Gentlemen only, they will scarcely molest you. He returned them a great many Thanks for their Civility, and then went to a Tanner's hard by, where he changed his Story, and passed for a Bankrupt Tanner; here he was likewise relieved, as he touched upon the right String; for had he passed here for an unfortunate Sailor, probably his Eloquence would have had no Effect. From hence he goes to the Parson of *East Chinnock*, whom he told, That he belonged to a Man of War, in which his Brother was Lieutenant. It being then about Dinner Time, the Parson asked him if he could eat Sea Provisions, such as Pork and Pease,

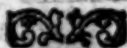
Pease, which he accepting, they sat down to Dinner, and had a great deal of Discourse about the Lieutenant. Next he goes to *Madam Philips's* of *Montacute*, where happened to be *Parson Bower* of *Martock*, who asked him, If he knew one *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*: Sir, replies he, I am one of *Tintagel* in *Cornwall*, and know the *Carews* there very well, and have heard of the *Wanderer* you speak of, who I'm told is a great Dog-stealer, but know not what is become of him; for some say he is hanged, and others that he is drowned. God forbid he should be hanged, cries the Parson, upon Account of his Family; and after some other Questions, he was relieved with Sixpence. Leaving *Montacute*, he goes forward to *Yeovil*, having appointed to meet his Wife and Daughter at the Sign of the *Boot*, in *Sherborne*. And from *Yeovil* to 'Squire *Helliar's* at *Leweston*, who treated him very handsomely, and would have had him staid there all Night, but he excused himself, being impatient to see his Wife and Daughter.

As soon as he came to *Sherborne*, he goes to his usual Quarters, the Sign of the *Boot*, where he enquired for his Wife and Daughter; but how was he thunder-struck, when he was told they were in Hold at *Webb's* the Bailiff: He enquired for what Reason, and was informed that four Officers had been walking all thro' the Town to take up all Strangers, such

as Chimney-Sweepers, Tinkers, Pedlars, and the like. What could our Hero now do ; he revolved it over and over in his Mind, and at length determined to go to *Webb's*, resolving either to free his Wife and Daughter, or else to share their Fate ; when he came there, he asked to see the Prisoners, and demanded upon what Account they had apprehended his Wife, as she had neither stolen nor begged in the Town ; this occasioned high Words, and ended in Blows : Long did our Hero maintain an unequal Fight with great Valour ; at length, being overpowered with Numbers, he fell, but not till his Assailants had felt the Force of his Arm. He was kept in safe Custody that Night, and the next Morning taken with the rest of the Prisoners before *Thomas Medlycott, Esq;* at *Milborn Port*. Here they were all examined, and all maintained their Professions to be extremely useful : The Chimney-Sweeper alledged he preserved Houses from taking Fire, whereby he saved whole Towns, and consequently was an useful Member to his Country ; the Tinker harangued on the Usefulness of Kettles, Brass Pans, Frying Pans, &c. and of Consequence what Use he was of to the Publick ; and our Hero declared he was the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, and had served his King and Country both by Sea and Land.

The Justice thought proper to send these useful Men to their respective Parishes, at the
Public

Public Charge ; accordingly Mr. Carew, his Wife, and Daughter, were ordered to be conducted to *Bickleigh* in *Devonshire*. The *Sherborne* People waited on them to *Yeovil*, where they were delivered to the Care of the chief Magistrate. The next Day Horses being provided, they set out for *Thomas Proctor's*, Esq; at *Coker* ; but he refusing to sign the Pass, they proceeded without its being signed to *Axminster*, where the Magistrate refused to receive them, on Account of the Pass not being signed ; upon which they would have left Mr. Carew, but he insisted upon being attended to the End of his Journey ; they therefore adjourned to Mr. *Tucker's*, about two Miles from *Axminster*, who asked him if he had a Mind to have his Attendants dismissed, or chose to have their Company to *Bickleigh* ; and he replying that he did not chuse to have them dismissed, Mr. *Tucker* signed the Warrant, and our Hero, with his Wife and Daughter, rode very triumphantly into *Bickleigh* ; where, as soon as they arrived, the Bells were set on ringing, and great Joy spread through all the Place.





C H A P. XXII.

Mr. Carew's Curiosity prompts him to go and meet the Rebels at Edinburgh; on his Way thither entertains the famous Mr. Thomas Jones; his Vindication of himself and Subjects from the malicious Aspersions of that Gentleman; he quits the Rebels, and arrives at the City of Bristol; appears in different Characters there; sets out on a Tour through Europe, but is taken ill in France, and obliged to return; his Adventure with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Appearance in several new Characters.

R. Carew remained some Time at Bickleigh, but fresh News arriving every Day of the Progress of the Rebels, that insatiable Curiosity which had always actuated his Breast, prompted him to go and see the Army of the Rebels; he therefore taking his Leave of his Wife and Daughter, though they entreated him

him with Tears not to go to the North, made the best of his Way towards *Edinburgh*.

It was on his Journey to this Place, that being feasted one Night with several of his Subjects, he received and hospitably entertained the famous Mr. *Thomas Jones*, though a natural Enemy to their Community; for he was of Opinion, *That Beneficence and Hospitality ought to reach out our Hands to an Enemy in Distress, when it does not immediately injure or interfere with the Publick Good of that particular Community to which we belong; and when the contrary can only serve to shew the Savageness of the Human Heart;* and at this Time Mr. *Jones* was in what might well be called a *sad Plight*, having lost his Way in a very dark and tempestuous Night;

*Such a Night in which the Cub-drawn Bear would couch,
The Lion and the belly-pinched Wolf keep their Furr dry.*

Mr. *Carew* therefore received him and his Companions under Cover, entertained them very hospitably, and at their Departure sent one of his Subjects to conduct them to *Coventry*, which was six Miles distant, lest they should again mistake the Road: After such a Behaviour (though he claims no Merit from it, as his own Honour requir'd it of him) he cannot but be surpriz'd at the base Return Mr. *Jones* or his Historiographer has made to it, in scandalously aspersing both himself and Subjects;
for

for notwithstanding he seems to intend some Honour to Mr. *Carew*, yet it is attended with so many shameful Circumstances and Conditions, that he must needs reject it with Scorn and Indignation; for though in some other Communities it may be honourable to enter upon Honours through the Gate of Shame, yet amongst the People of the *Gippies*, Shame and Honour are two such opposite Principles, that they can never join Hands, and kiss each other; for they have no other Idea of Shame, than a Consciousness of having acted unworthy of themselves; nor no other Notion of Honour, but the self-felt Applause arising from a worthy Action; it is therefore accounted an absurd and unintelligible Paradox with them that Shame can never be the Road which leads to Honour: Mr. *Carew* therefore cannot submit (for all the Honour Mr. *Jones* is pleased to give him) to be accounted the Author of that illiterate Nonsense and barbarous Language Mr. *Jones* or his Historiographer has been pleased to put in his Mouth, *viz* "About a thousand or two thousand Years ago, we cannot tell to a Year or two, there was a great Volution." He therefore takes this Opportunity of acquainting that Gentleman, lest Ignorance is his Error, That no one in the Community of the *Gippies* arises to the great Honour of being their King, but whose Abilities and Knowledge give him a just Title to that Pre-eminence; and who is perfectly well acquainted

acquainted with the History of the first Rise, and the different Changes the Community has gone through, as well as the State of it, at the Time he enters upon this Office; and they cannot be ignorant of any Thing of this Sort afterwards, as those faithful Registers kept by the Kings themselves through a long Succession, are then delivered to their Care. As to their Language, that which is peculiar to themselves is very expressive, though hieroglyphical, containing great Mysteries under it, which they have continued down pure and uncorrupted from their first Founders, the *Egyptians*; but it is well known they speak the *English* as well as other modern Languages, with great Fluency. As these are Matters of Fact, which cannot be contradicted, both the childish stupid Language which Mr. Carew is made to make Use of, and the little Knowledge he is made to have of the State of the *Gipsies*, must be attributed either to the Ingratitude of Mr. Jones, or the Ignorance of his Historiographer. But he can bear these Reflexions upon himself, however unjust, with much more Patience than the scandalous Aspersions thrown upon his Subjects; for it ought to be the highest Pride of every King to reign over a virtuous People: All the Readers of the History of Mr. Thomas Jones will, without mentioning it, know he means that false, malicious, improbable Story which the Writer has related of one of the Community of the *Gipsies* suffering Partridge, a
Friend

Friend of Mr. Jones's, to lie with his Wife, for the Sake of extorting *Hush-Money* from him. This Story is quite improbable, both from the Condition *Partridge* was in (who, poor Wretch, was in too great a Fright to have amorous Thoughts in his Pate) and likewise from the Circumstances of Time and Place, which were no Ways suitable to such an Action; but it is still more so, if we consider the Temper and Principles of the *Gipsies*; for Money holds but a very low Place in their Esteem, and is made no private Use of, but always brought into one common Stock, to promote their Mirth and Gaiety; but *Shame*, or their Consciousness of acting unworthily, is look'd upon by them (which Mr. Jones himself acknowledges) as the most grievous Punishment in the World; the *Gipsy* therefore, who, according to Mr. Jones, was guilty of this infamous Crime, must have acted violently against that common Principle which biasses all Mankind, viz. That of chusing what appears the greatest Good; for it was impossible the *Gipsy* should think the *Hush-Money* he should gain was the greatest Good; because he could not but know its Worth to be but of little Value, and indeed to be of no Use at all, unless brought into the Publick Stock; but *Shame*, he knew, was the greatest Evil, and what he must suffer himself alone. Now as the Good and Evil were both alike present, it is plain from this common Principle of Action, that he could not avoid chusing

sing that which appeared the greatest *Good*, and consequently preserving the *Honour* of his *Wife*. Add to this, that it appears from the faithful Register which they have kept of their Actions through a long Course of Years, that it never entered into the Mind of a *Gipsy* that Gold, which had in its Nature no Affinity with them, could weigh with Honour, which makes so principal a *Part* of the MAN. Thus much Mr. *Carew* thought he was obliged to say in Defence of himself and his Subjects: We shall now return to our History.

After some Days Travel, Mr. *Carew* arrived at the City of *Edinburgh*, which lies in a Sort of a Valley, between two Hills, one of which is called *Salisbury Craigs*, the other makes the Foundation of the Castle. It is strongly walled, and adorned with public and private Buildings. At the Extremity of the East-End of the City stands the Palace of *Holy-Rood House*; leaving which, a little to the Left, you come through a populous Suburb to the Entrance, called the *Water-Port*. From hence, turning West, the Street goes on in a strait Line through the whole City to the Castle, which is above a Mile in Length, and said by the *Scots* to be the largest and finest Streets for Buildings, and Number of Inhabitants, in *Europe*. From the Palace Door, which stands on a Level with the lowest of the plain Country, this Street begins to ascend very gradually, being no where steep; but this Ascent being continued for so

long a Way, it is easy to understand, that the furthest Part must necessarily be very high; for the Castle, which stands, as it were, at the Extremity, West, as the Palace does East, makes, on all Sides (that only excepted which joins to the City) a frightful and inaccessible Precipice. The Castle is situated on an high Rock, and strongly fortified with a great Number of Towers, so that it is looked upon as impregnable. In the great Church they have a Set of Bells, which are not rung out as in *England*, (for that Way of ringing is not known in this Country) but are played on by the Hand with Keys like a Harpsichord, the Person playing having great Leather Covers to his Fists, by which he is able to strike with the more Force; and for the larger Bells, there are Treddles which he strikes with his Feet. They play all Manner of Tunes, very musically; and the Town gives a Man a yearly Salary for playing upon them from half an Hour after Eleven till half an Hour after Twelve, every Day, *Sundays* and *Holidays* excepted. On the South-Side of this Church is a Square of very fine Buildings, called the *Parliament Close*, the West and South-Sides of which are mostly taken up with the Parliament-House, the several Courts of Justice, the Council-Chamber, the Exchequer, the Public Registers, the Lawyers Library, the Post-Office, &c. The great Church makes up the North-Side of the Square; and the East, and
Part

Part of the South-Side, is built into private Dwellings, very stately, lofty, and strong, being seven Stories high to the Front of the Square, and the Hill they stand on having a very deep Descent; some of them are no less than fourteen Stories high backwards. *Holy-Rood House* is a very handsome Building, rather convenient than large; it was formerly a Royal Palace and an Abbey, founded by King *David* the First, for the Canons Regular of St. *Austin*, who named it *Holy-Rood House*, or the House of the Holy Cross, which was burnt by *Oliver Cromwell*, but nobly re-edified by King *Charles II.* and of which his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton* is hereditary Keeper; it is now almost neglected. The Entrance from the great outer Court is adorned with Pillars of hewn Stone, under a Cupola, in Form of an Imperial Crown, ballustrated on each Side at the Top. The Forepart has two Wings, on each Side of which are two Turrets; that towards the North was built by King *James V.* whose Name it bears in Letters of Gold, and that towards the South (as well as all the rest) by King *Charles II.* whereof Sir *William Bruce* was Architect. The inner Court is very stately, all of Freestone well hewed, with a Colonnade round it, from whence are Entries into the several Apartments; but above all, the long Gallery is very remarkable, being adorned with the Pictures of all the Scots Kings from *Fergus I.* done by masterly Hands.

Here Mr. *Carew* met the Rebels ; but having no Mind to join them, he pretended to be very sick and lame ; however, he accosted them with “ God blefs you, noble Gentlemen ! ” and the Rebels moving on to *Carlisle*, he hopped after them, and from thence to *Manchester*, and here had a Sight of the Pretender’s Son, and other Commanders. He afterwards accompanied them to *Derby*, where a Report was spread that the Duke of *Cumberland* was coming to fight them ; upon which their Courage failing, tho’ the Pretender’s Son was for fighting, they retreated back to *Carlisle*, upon which he thought it Time to leave them, and hopped homewards on his Crutches, taking Care to change his Note to “ God blefs King *George*, and the brave Duke *William* ! ” Coming into *Bristol*, he accidentally met one Mr. *P—*, an Apothecary, who had formerly known him at *St. Mary Ottery*, in *Devon* ; Mr. *P—* was very glad to see him, and took him to the Tavern, where he treated him very handsomely, and then sent for his Wife, Sister, and other Friends, to come and see him : They were all highly pleased to see a Man they had heard so much Talk of ; and after spending some Hours very merrily with him, they would have him try his Fortune in that City, but to take Care of the *Mint*. Accordingly he goes away to a Place of Rendezvous of the Brothers of the Mendicant Order, in *Temple-Street*, and there equips

equips himself in a very good Suit of Clothes, then goes upon the Exchange as the Supercargo of a Ship, called the *Dragon*, which had been burnt by Lightening off the *Lizard Point*. By this Story he raised a very handsome Contribution of the Merchants and Captains of Vessels, it being well known that such a Ship had been burnt in the Manner he described. He then returned to his Friend, Mr. P—, the Apothecary, and knocking at the Door, asked if he was at Home : Upon which Mr. P— comes forth, and not knowing him again in his Supercargo's Dress, made him a very low Bow, and desired him to walk in. Mr. Carew asked if he had any fine Salve, for that he had met with an Accident and burnt his Elbow ; upon which Mr. P— runs behind his Counter, and reaches down a Pot of Salve, desiring, with a great deal of Complaisance, the Favour of looking at his Elbow ; he then discovered himself, which occasioned no little Diversion to Mr. P— and his Family, who made him very welcome.

Going back to his Quarters, he lays aside his Finery, and dresses himself more meanly, like a labouring Mechanick ; and then going out into the Streets, acts the Madman, talking in a raving Manner about Mr. *Whitfield* and Mr. *Westley*, as though he was disordered in his Mind by their preaching ; calling in a furious Manner, every Step, upon the *Virgin Mary*, *Pontius Pilate*, and *Mary Magdalen*, and acting

every Part of a Man religiously mad ; sometimes walking with his Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and then of a Sudden breaking out into some passionate Expressions about Religion : This Behaviour greatly excited the Curiosity and Compassion of the People, some of whom talked to him, but he answered every Thing they said in a wild and incoherent Manner ; and as Compassion is generally the Fore-runner of Charity, he was relieved by most of them.

The next Morning he appeared in a Morning Gown, still acting the Madman, and carried it so far now as to address himself to all the Posts in the Streets as if they were Saints, lifting up his Hands and Eyes in a fervent tho' distracted Manner, to Heaven, and making Use of so many extravagant Gestures, that he astonished the whole City. Going through *Castle-Street*, he met the Rev. Mr. *B—e*, a Minister in that Place, whom he accosted with his Arms thrown round him ; and insisted, in a raving Manner, he should tell him, *Who was the Father of the Morning Star ?* which frightened the Parson so much, that he took to his Heels and run for it, he running after him, till he took Shelter in a House.

Having well recruited his Pocket by this Stratagem, he left the City next Day, and travelled towards *Bath*, acting all the Way the Madman, till he came to *Bath* ; as soon as he came there, he enquired for Dr. *Coney's*, and being

being directed to his House, found two Brother Mendicants at the Door ; after they had waited some Time, the Servant brought out each of them an Halfpenny, for which his Brother Mendicants were very thankful, but Mr. *Carew* gave his Halfpenny to one of them ; then knocking at the Door, and the Maid coming out again, Tell your Master, says he, I am not an Halfpenny Man, but that my Name is *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, King of the Mendicants ; which being told, the Doctor came out with one of his Daughters, and gave him Sixpence, and a Mug of Drink, for which he returned them Thanks.

The next Day he went to Mr. *Allen's* Seat near *Bath*, and sent in a Petition as from a poor Lunatick, by which he got half a Crown. From hence he makes the best of his Way to *Shepton-Mallet*, and calling at Mrs. *Hooper's*, and telling the Servant who he was, Mrs. *Hooper* sent for him in, and enquired if he was really the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, then gave him 2s. 6d. and ordered him to be well entertained. At *Shepton-Mallet* our Hero had the Pleasure of meeting with his beloved Wife, to their mutual Joy and Satisfaction ; and finding several Brethren of the Order there, they passed some Days together with much Mirth and Harmony.

The Mortality among the Cattle raging about this Time in several Counties, Mr. *Carew* assumed the Character of an unfortunate Farmer,

Farmer, who had three Times lost all his Stock by this fatal Distemper ; and in this Character he passed through the Counties of *Surry, Kent, and Suffex*. Coming to *Chichester*, he was informed the Mayor of that Place had used great Severity towards several of his Mendicant Subjects, and pretended to be a Man of such Sagacity and Knowledge, as to be deceived by none of that Community : This made Mr. *Carew* resolve to try his Ingenuity on this quick-sighted Magistrate ; for this Purpose he procures a Soldier's old Coat, and puts on a Sear Cloth of Pitch on his Knee, and a Beef Stake well powdered and salted with white Bread and Tar, which made the Appearance of a very bad Wound.* He now applied to the Mayor as a poor disabled Soldier, wounded in the Battle of *Fontenoy*, fighting for his King and Country, but who had not Friends to get him any Pension, or admitted into *Chelsea* Hospital : The Mayor, who was a very loyal Person, thought one who had been wounded in his Majesty's Service, deserved his Favour ; he

* There is another Method, besides the above, of raising these Sores, viz. by bruising Crowsfoot, Spearwort, and Salt together, and clapping them on the Place, which frets the Skin ; then with a Linen Rag, which sticks close to it, they tear off the Skin, and strew on it a little powdered Arsenick, which makes it look angrily, or ill-favouredly, as if it was a real Sore.

therefore relieved him, and gave him Liberty to ask Relief through the Town, and at the Fair which was to be held next Day: Mr. *Carew* made Use of this to his no small Advantage; for taking Care to expose his ghastly Wound to all Passers by, and making a most lamentable Moan, he was looked upon by every one as a most deplorable Object, and raised very considerable Contributions: He passed through several other Towns in the same Character, and with great Success. Being in the Road between *Chichester* and *Arundel*, he be-thought himself of paying a Visit to Lady *Derby*, (who lived in that Neighbourhood, and was a Lady of a most charitable Disposition) who had several Relations living in the Neighbourhood of *Oakhampton*, with whom Mr. *Carew* was acquainted; he therefore laid aside his military Dress and Wound, shaved his Beard very smooth, puts on a long Dowde, and instead of the poor disabled Soldier, is now a decrepid old Woman, whose House had been consumed by Fire at *Zell*, near *Oakhampton*, in *Devon*. Lady *Derby* hearing this, asked a great many Questions about the Gentlemen in that Neighbourhood, to all of which the old Woman gave satisfactory Answers, and at last mentioned her knowing his Honour Sir *Thomas Ackland*, who was a near Relation of Lady *Derby's*: Here happened at that Time to be in the House Mr. *Hugh Ackland*, Brother to Sir *Thomas*, who upon this came out, and questioned the
old

old Woman, asking who was the Parson of Zell, and many other Questions; all which she answered so satisfactorily, as proved she was no Impostor; upon which Mr. Ackland gave her Half a Guinea, not distinguishing Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew in the old Woman, though he was perfectly well acquainted with him: The good Lady Derby likewise gave the poor unfortunate old Woman a Couple of Guineas. He next called at the Duke of Norfolk's in the same Habit and Story, only changing his Religion, and becoming a *Roman Catholic*: His Grace was not at Home; but having applied to the Steward, he questioned her very particularly, What Gentlemen of their Religion lived in *Devonshire*; and she giving a particular Account of those, and by farther catechizing, he finding she was no Heretick, relieved her with a Guinea, and recommended her to call upon some other Gentlemen of their Persuasion in that Neighbourhood. Coming near the Town of Rye, in *Sussex*, (where, upon Account of their extraordinary Merit, the two Brothers *L—b* are perpetual Mayors) he met two of his Mendicant Subjects, who acquainted him, There was no entering Rye, but with extreme Hazard to his Person, upon Account of the Severity which Mr. Mayor exercised towards all of their Community: Mr. Carew's Wife hearing this, entreated him, in the most tender Manner, not to venture into the Town; but as his great Heart

always

always swelled when any Thing hazardous presented, and as he was willing to shew his Subjects, by Example, that nothing was too difficult for *Industry* and *Ingenuity* to overcome, he was resolved to enter *Rye*: He therefore laid aside his Woman's Habit, and putting on a tattered Coat, began his Entrance into *Rye* with a very slow, feeble, and tottering Pace, which was stopped every Minute by the most violent Fits of Coughing, whilst every Limb shook with an universal Palsy, his Countenance appearing rather to be the Property of some one among the Dead, than to belong to any living Body: In this Manner he crept along to the Mayor's House, and in a most lamentable Moan begged some Relief: Mr. Mayor seeing so deplorable a Figure, said, He was indeed a real Object of Pity, and therefore gave him a Shilling, and Liberty to go through the Town; which he did with no little Profit, and with great Applause from the Mendicants, when they heard of his Success.

Steering from hence to *Dungeness*, he found a Vessel ready to sail for *Boulogne*, on board of which he embarked, and landed safe at *Boulogne*, which he found so thronged with *English* Soldiers, (it being soon after the reducing of the Army) that had he not known to the contrary, he should have thought himself in some Town in *England*: Some of the Soldiers knowing him, cried out, Here's Mr. *Bampfylde Moore Carew*; upon which they took him along

along with them to their Quarters, and they passed the Day very merrily : The Soldiers expressed great Discontent at their being discharged, swearing they would never come to *England* any more ; saying, If they had not come over there, they should have been either starved or hanged : He enquired how they lived in *France* ; they replied, Never better in their Lives. From *Boulogne* he sets out for *Calais* ; where he likewise found a great Multitude of *English* Soldiers, and more were daily coming in : Whilst he was here, the Duke of *Richmond* arrived in his Way to *Paris*, who seeing so many *English* Soldiers, asked some of them, Why they came there ? To which they replied, They should have either been starved or hanged, if they had staid in *England*. Mr. *Carew* intended to have paid his Respects to his Grace, but had no Opportunity : Soon after Mr. *Carew* being taken ill, was obliged to desist from his intended Design of making a Tour through *France*, *Germany*, &c. He therefore took a Passage in the Pack-Boat from *Calais*, and landed at *Dover* ; from thence went to *Folkstone*, where he got a Pass and Relief from the Mayor, under the Name of *John Moore*, a Native of *St. Ives*, in *Cornwall*, who had been cast away on the Coast of *France*, in a Vessel coming from *Ireland*. Having bore this Character as long as suited his Inclinations, he metamorphoses himself again, and appears in a quite different Shape : He
now .

now wore a full handsome Tie Wig, but a little changed by Age ; a good Beaver Hat, but somewhat rusty ; a fine Broad Cloth Coat, but not quite of the newest Fashion, and not a little faded in its Colour. He was now a Gentleman of an antient Family, and good Estate, but reduced by a Train of uncommon Misfortunes : His venerable Looks, his dejected Countenance, the visible Struggles between his Shame of asking, and his Necessity which forced him to it, all operated to move the Pity of those he applied to, which was generally shewn by handsome Contributions ; for few could think of offering Mites to a Gentleman of so antient a Family, and who had formerly lived so well ; and indeed how much soever we may envy the Great in their Prosperity, we are as ready to relieve them in their Misfortunes ; so that notwithstanding all that some great Authors have asserted, “ Compassion and Feeling of another’s Woe, seem “ to have the strongest Root of any of the “ Passions in the *Human Heart* ; for though “ we are, perhaps, apt to look upon our Superiors with something of a contrary Nature, yet it seems plainly to arise from no other Cause, but their not standing in Need of our Compassion ; for the Moment they do so, this Passion exerts itself with a redoubled Force upon an Object, which before it had been prevented from exerting its

“ kindly Influences upon : As to those who
 “ deviate from this general Rule, we have al-
 “ ready accounted for them, by supposing ei-
 “ ther Nature in a Hurry made them up with-
 “ out a Heart, or some accidental Cause has
 “ changed it into a Stone.”

Mr. *Carew* now, in Conjunction with five or six of his Subjects, assumed a new Character ; being all dressed in tattered Habits, with Chains about their Middle, they appeared as unfortunate Sailors, who had been taken and made Slaves of by the *Sallee Rovers* ; in Confirmation of this, they shewed the *Turkish* Arms marked on their Bodies by a hot Iron ; and as an Instance of their barbarous Cruelty, they exposed the Mouth of one of the Company to all Beholders, wherein appeared no more than the Stump of a Tongue*, which had been cut out by the barbarous *Sallee Rovers* : Nothing could be more shocking than the

* This is performed by turning the Tip of the Tongue into the Throat, and with a little Suckmaking it bleeth, which much resembles a Stump of a Tongue : And here in Imitation of an Author of the first Rate, we cannot help recording a Bull of one of these People, who pretended to be deaf and dumb ; but being ask'd hastily. *How long he had been dumb*, answered unawares, *But three Weeks* ; which we think a better Bull and more likely to promote Laughter in our Readers, than any of the following ones of the ingenious Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, which are recorded in a great Author, viz. “ Upon my Shoul, *cria* be *(being in pursuit of his Wife)* I have been near catching her already in two or three Places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her : If she be in the House do carry me up in the dark, and shew her to me ; if she be gone away before me, do tell me which Way I shall go after her to meet her, and upon my Shoul I will make you the richest poor *W* man in the Nation.” *Hist. of Tom Jones*, vol. 3. p. 6.

the Account they gave of the Cruelty of those People, and the intolerable Hardships they had undergone; and as there is a great Propensity in every Nation to think all other People *barbarous* but *themselves*, these Relations of unheard-of Cruelties were swallowed with a greedy Belief by all who heard them; and they raised very considerable Contributions among their Auditors.

Here it will not be improper to mention one Character, which, though Mr. *Carew* never appeared in himself, has been used by some of his Subjects, and we make no Doubt has astonished all who ever beheld so sad an Object: We mean that of an unfortunate Sailor, burnt by Lightning on the Coast of *Guinea*. It is almost impossible to conceive a more dismal Spectacle than this poor Wretch made; he was always led by some of his Brother Sailors, who pleaded his Cause, and told his moving Story; for the poor Wretch himself cou'd only utter *O---O!* in the most dismal Tone that ever was heard; he bore no Resemblance of the Human Visage*, for he had neither Eyes nor Nose, and a very small round Hole served him for a Mouth; the whole Skin of his Face, such as it was, appeared burnt black; all

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which

* This was performed by claping a dead Man's Skin all over the Face, and filling up the Cavities of the Nose, Eyes, &c. with Wool or soft Rags, which made the whole Face a perfect Level, a small Hole being made through the Skin to draw in Breath.

which moved the Compassion of every one who had not a Heart of Stone.

Mr. *Carew*, happening to be at the City of *Wells* in *Somerſetſhire*, on a *Sunday*, was told the Biſhop was to preach that Morning; upon which he ſlips on a black Waſtcoat and Morning Gown, and runs out to meet the Biſhop as he was walking in Proceſſion, addreſſing himſelf to his Lordſhip as a poor unhappy Man, whoſe Miſfortunes had turned his Brain; which the Biſhop hearing, gave him Half a Crown. From *Wells* he ſteered to *Bridgwater*, where he did not appear in the Day Time, but went only in the Evenings, upon his Crutches, as a poor lame Man, not being known by any one till he diſcovered himſelf. Hearing here that young Lord *Clifford*, his firſt Couſin, (who was juſt returned from his Travels Abroad) was at his Seat at *Callington*, about four Miles from *Bridgwater*, he reſolved to pay him a Viſit. In his Way thither lived one Parſon C—, who being one of thoſe Nature made up in a Hurry without a Heart, Mr. *Carew* had never been able to obtain any Thing of him, even under the moſt moving Appearance of Diſtreſs, but a Cup of ſmall Drink. Calling now in his Way, he found the Parſon was gone to Lord *Clifford's*, and being ſaluted at the Door by a fine black Spaniel, with almoſt as much Cruſtineſs as he would have been had his Maſter been at Home, he thought himſelf under no ſtronger Obligation
of

of observing the strict Laws of Honour, than the Parson did of Hospitality; therefore he soon charmed the Crossness of the Spaniel, and made him follow him to *Bridgwater*; for it is pretty remarkable, "That the Art has been found of taming the most savage and ill-natured Brutes, which is generally attended with Success; but it requires a much higher Skill, and is but seldom successful, to soften the Ill-Nature and Inhumanity of Man; whether it is that the Brutes are more capable of receiving Instruction, or whether the Ill-Nature of Man exceeds that of the Brutes, we cannot well determine." Having secured the Spaniel, and passed the Night merrily in *Bridgwater*, he set out again the next Morning for Lord Clifford's, and in his Way called upon the Parson again, who very crustily told him, *He had lost his Dog*, and supposed some of his Gang had stolen him; to which Mr. Carew very calmly replied, What was he to his Dog, or what was his Dog to him; if he would make him drink, it was well, for he was very dry: At last, with the Use of much Rhetoric, he got a Cup of small Drink; then taking Leave of him, he goes to the *Red Lyon* in the same Parish, where he staid some Time. In the mean Time down runs the Parson to my Lord Clifford's to acquaint him Mr. Carew was in the Parish, and to advise him to take Care of his Dogs; so that Mr. Carew coming down immediately

after, found one Servant with one Dog in his Arms, and another with another; here one stood whistling and another calling, and both my Lord and his Brother were running about to seek after their Favourites: Mr. *Carew* ask'd my Lord, "What was the Meaning of this Hurry, & if his Dogs were Cripples, because he saw several carried in the Servants Arms; adding, he hop'd his Lordship did not imagine he was come to steal any of them:" Upon which my Lord told him, "Parson C— had advis'd him to be careful, as he had lost his Spaniel but the Day before." It may be so, replied he, but the Parson knows but little of me, or the Laws of our Community, if he is ignorant that with us *Ingratitude* is unknown, and the Property of our Friends always sacred:" My Lord hearing this entertained him very handsomely; and both himself and his Brother made him a Present.

There being about this Time a great Fair at *Bridgwater*, in the County of *Somerſet*, Mr. *Carew* appear'd there upon Crutches, as a poor miserable Cripple, in Company with many of his Subjects that were full as unfortunate as himself, some blind, some deaf, some dumb, &c. among whom were his old Friends and Schoolfellows *Martin*, *Eſcot* and *Coleman*; the Mayor of that Corporation, a bitter Enemy to their Community, jocosely ſaid, *He would make the Blind ſee, the Deaf hear, and the Lame*

Lame walk ; and by Way of Preparation or Beginning to this intended Cure, he had them all apprehended and confin'd in the Darkhouse, which greatly terrified them with the Apprehension of severe Punishment. After one Night's Repose in Limbo, he sends a Physician or Surgeon of a most profound Skill or Judgment to them, who brought the Key of their melancholy Apartment, and pretending greatly to befriend them, advised them, if they were any of them Counterfeits, to make Haste out of Town, or otherwise they must expect no Mercy from the Mayor, unknown to whom he had privately stolen the Keys ; then unlocking the Door, forth issue the disabled and infirm Prisoners, the Lame throw aside their Ctutches and artificial Legs, and make an exceeding good Use of their natural ones ; the Blind make Shift to see the Way out of Town ; and the Deaf themselves with great Attention hearken to this their Friend, and follow his Advice, with all possible Speed ; the Mayor, with several Aldermen and Gentlemen planted themselves opposite the Prison, and were Spectators of this diverting Scene, calling out to stop them, not with an Intention to do them any Prejudice, but only of adding a Spur to their Speed ; however, there were some who were ready enough to lay hold on them, and Mr. Carew, in a Struggle of this Nature, left a Skirt of his Garment behind him, which might be done without much Violence, for we may reasonably conclude it to have

have been none of the soundest ; and Coleman was so closely pursued, that he plunged into the River, and swam to the opposite Shore ; in short, so well did these Cripples ply their Limbs, that not one of them could be taken, excepting a real Object, a lame Man, who, in Spight of the Fear and Consternation he was in, could not mend his decrined Pace ; he therefore was brought before the Mayor, who after slightly rebuking him for his vagrant Course of Life, ordered him to be relieved in a very plentiful and generous Manner, and the whole Corporation was exceeding kind to him.

One Method of gaining his Ends Mr. *Carew* had peculiar to himself ; he used with great Attention to read the Inscriptions on Tombs and Monuments in Church-yards, and when the deceased Person had a Character of great Piety and Charity, he would, with the greatest Importunity, apply to his or her surviving Relations, and if they refused an Alms, he would in the most moving Terms imaginable implore their Charity for the Sake of their deceased Relation, hoping they would follow the laudable and virtuous Example of their dead Husband, Wife, Father, Mother, or the like ; hoping there was the same God, the same Spirit of Piety, Religion, and Charity, still dwelling in the House as before the Death of the Person deceased ; these and the like Expressions, uttered in a most suppliant and pathetic Voice, used to extort not only handsome Con-

Contributions, but Tears from the Persons to whom he applied.

Some Time after this he engaged at *Bruton* in *Somersetshire*, in the Character and Habit of a Seaman, cast away homeward bound from *Newfoundland*, a Captain, who by his great Severity had rendered himself the Terror of all the Mendicant Order ; but he relying upon his perfect Acquaintance with the Country, boldly ventures up to him, gets the best Entertainment his House afforded, and was honourably dismissed with a considerable Piece of Money ; Captain *H--df--h* and *N--n*, with both of whom Mr. *Carew* had sailed, were intimate Acquaintance of this Captain, of whom he asked many Questions, as also of *Newfoundland*, which Country Trade he had used the most Part of his Time ; to all which Questions he gave very satisfactory Answers. This Captain had detected so many Impostors, that he concluded they were all so ; but not being able to find Mr. *Carew* in any one Error, he was very proud of it, pity'd and relieved him in an extraordinary Manner, went with him himself to the principal People in the Town, wrote him Letters of Recommendation to his distant Relations and Friends that lay in his Road, and acted with such extraordinary Kindness as if he thought he never could do enough : 'Tis to be remarked, that he passed rather for a Passenger than Seaman. In the same Town lived Lord *B--y*, who had a Son Captain of the *Antelope*

Antelope Man of War, who was stationed in the *West-Indies*, who died in the Passage; Mr. *Carew* informed himself of every Circumstance relating thereto, and made it his Business to meet Lord *B-y* as he came out of Church; after his first Application he gave his Lordship to understand that he was a Spectator of the Burial of his Son on board the *Antelope*; at the same Time came up this critical Captain, who gave him the Character of a Man of great Veracity, and his Lordship gave him a Guinea, his eldest Son half a Crown, and good Entertainment from the House. This happened to be on a Market or Fair-Day; he thereupon going into the Town, an Apothecary whispered him in the Ear, saying, that he knew him to be the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, and that he had most grossly imposed upon the Captain and the Town, but at the same Time assured him, that he would not prejudice him, but faithfully keep the Secret: Mean while there was an *Irish* Quack-Doctor in View, that had gathered the whole Market round him, who with more Strength of Lungs than Sense of Argument, most loudly harrangued, entertaining them in a most florid Manner with the sovereign Virtues of his Pills, Plaisters, and Self; and so far did he impose upon them, as to vend his Packets pretty plentifully, which the Apothecary could not forbear beholding with an envious Eye, and jocularly asked Mr. *Carew* if he could not help him

him to some Revenge upon this dangerous Rival and Antagonist of his, which he promised him to do ; accordingly he got a little Vial, and fill'd it with Spirits of Turpentine ; then mixing himself promiscuously with the gaping Auditory of this *Irish* itinerant Physician, who was in the Midst of them, mounted on his Steed adorned with a pompous Curb Bridle, with a large Parcel of all-curing Medicines in his Bags behind him, and was with a great deal of Confidence and Success, *Esculapius* like, distributing Health around him (we must observe that our Phycisian had taken his Stand among the Stalls of Orange and Gingerbread Merchants, Shoemakers, Glovers, and other such Retailers) Mr. *Carew* therefore approaching him, plants himself close by the Horse, and wetting his Fingers with the Spirits, rests his Hand upon the Rump of the Steed, as any unconcern'd Person might have done ; at the same Time, putting aside the Hair, he rubbed the Turpentine upon his bare Flesh, which insensibly beginning to burn and smart, the afflicted Quadrupede began to express his Sense of Pain, by flinging his hinder Legs, gently shaking himself, and other restless Motions, which made the poor Mountebank wonder what was befallen his Horse ; but the Pain increasing, the disorderly Behaviour of the Steed increased proportionably, who now began to kick, prance, stand an End, neigh, immoderately shake himself, utterly disregarding

both his Bridle, and Rider, and running a-tilt against the Stalls of Oranges, Gingerbread, Shoes, Gloves, Breeches, &c. which he overthrew; and trampled under Foot: This occasioned a Scramble among the Boys for the Eatables; and there were some who were but too unmerciful to the scattered Goods of the poor Shoemakers and Glovers, who, enraged by their several Losses, began to curse the Doctor and his Rosinante, who was all this while, in a very irregular Manner, capering roaring & dancing among the Oranges, Panniers of Eggs, &c. &c. to the entire Ruin of the Hucksters, who now began to deal with very heavy Blows, both on the unfortunate Horse, & his distressed Master. This happen'd to be on a Fair Day, and therefore we may be sure that this odd Spectacle and Adventure attracted the Eyes and Attention of the whole Fair, who were all in an Uproar, some laughing, some crying, (particularly the poor suffering Pedlars) some fighting, and others most unmercifully cursing and swearing; to make short of the Story, the Doctor rode about the Fair without either Hat or Wig, at the Pleasure & Discretion of his Horse, among the ruin'd and over-turn'd Stalls, and the dissipated Mob, who concluded both the Quack and his Steed to be either mad or bewitch'd. The Quack being no longer able to keep his Seat, fell headlong (*Phaeton* like) in the miery Street; the Horse ran into a River, and rolled himself over several

veral Times, to the entire Confusion and Ruin of the inestimable Pills and Plaisters: The Doctor employed a Farrier, and after some Time the Horse came to himself again. The Reader may easily judge what glorious Diversion this was for the Apothecary and Mr. Carew, who were Spectators of the whole Scene. And he was treated very handsomely upon the Account, not only by the Apothecary, but all others of the same Profession in the Town, and several other Gentlemen.

Upon Mr. Carew's Departure from *Bruter*, the generous Captain befriended him with many commendatory Letters to his Friends and Acquaintance that lay in his Road, as he pretended: Nay indeed he was never out of it: Thence he proceeded to *Bristol*, and all other Places where the Letters were directed, and received considerable Pieces of Money from many, on Account of these Letters, which were mostly to Captains of Vessels, and Gentlemen that had been at Sea, with whom he several Times passed Muster very well; it being by Desire of the Captain, as was mentioned in the Letter, that they examined him.

Sometimes he and his Wife, in Conjunction with *Coleman* and his Wife, being all dressed very genteely, passed for Gipsies of extraordinary Knowledge and Reputation; many a poor credulous unsuspecting Person became their Prey, and many a good Booty they got

in most Parts of the Counties of *Cornwall* and *Devon*. Once in particular himself, *Coleman*, and their Spouses, being in *Buckfordsleigh*, near *Exeter*, one *Collard*, a wealthy but simple Shoemaker, comes to their Quarters, to consult them in an intricate and important Affair; he told them, “ That it was the Opinion of all
“ the Country that his Grandmother had
“ somewhere concealed very large Sums of
“ Money before her Death, and that himself,
“ by several Dreams and Visions, was confirmed in the same Opinion, and that he
“ thought proper to advise with them upon
“ the Affair, not doubting but they, by the
“ Help of their profound Learning and Knowledge, for which they were so famous thro’
“ the West, were capable of informing him
“ in what particular Place he might find
“ this concealed Treasure, which if they would
“ discover to him, he would give them thirty
“ Guineas.” Our Magicians, after long Deliberation and Consultation with their Books, told him, “ That if he would that Night take a
“ Walk with one of them, he should see the
“ Spirit of his Grandmother; that he must not
“ be afraid of the Apparition, but follow it
“ ’till it vanished away, and in that individual
“ Spot of Ground from which the Ghost vanished, there he would find the hidden Treasure.” In order for the Execution of this Scheme, *Coleman* put a Woman’s Cap on his Head, wash’d his Face, and sprinkled Meal on
it

it while wet, stuck the broken Pieces of a Tobacco Pipe between his Teeth, and wrapping his Body up in a white Sheet, plants himself in the Road that *Collard* and Mr. *Carew* were to come; the Moon at this Time shone very bright, which gave an additional Horror to the Spectre; Mr. *Carew*, by Virtue of his profound Learning and mysterious Science, spoke to it in an unknown Language, crying, *Hike Mort, brush rumley to the Foggy Cull, and ogle him in the Muns*; at which Command the Hobgoblin fiercely advances up to *Collard*, and with a most ghastly Look stares him in the Face: The poor Shoemaker was greatly terrified hereat, trembled and shook as if a Fit of the Ague had been upon him, and creeping close to Mr. *Carew*, laid fast hold of his Clothes, imagining him of sufficient Power to protect him from this insolent Apparition; hereupon he bid the Ghost *hike to the Vile*, and would have persuaded *Collard* to follow his departing Grandmother, in order to observe the particular Place from which she vanished; but no Persuasions could induce him to move from his Side; so back they returned to the Alc-House, and Mr. *Carew* (this Method of Conjurat[i]on miscarrying through the Shoemaker's Fear) casts a Figure, and informs *Crispin*, that if he took up two or three Planks of the Floor of his little Parlour, he should there find the concealed Treasure, at the Depth of about four Feet: Upon hearing this joyful News, the

Shoemaker instantly disbursed the thirty Guineas, highly extolling them as People of the profoundest Skill that he had ever heard of or conversed with; but whether he was of the same Opinion when he came to dig for the Treasure, we will not take upon us to say.

Happening to be in *Bracknells*, near *Limington*, in the Character of a cast-away Seaman, he went to the House of Mr. *Haze*, an eminent and wealthy *Presbyterian* Parson; of whom he begg'd in the most earnest Manner he was able, for God's Sake, with uplifted Eyes and Hands, and upon his bended Knee, but could not with all his Importunity and Eloquence obtain a Crust of Bread, or a Draught of small Beer: Mr. *Carew*, not used to be unsuccessful, could by no Means brook this Churlishness of the Parson's, and thought it highly necessary, for the Benefit of his Community, that it should not go unpunished. The Parson was a great Sportsman, and had two fine Greyhounds, the one named *Hector*, the other *Fly*; two excellent Spaniels, *Cupid* and *Dido*; and an admirable Setting Dog called *Sancho*; Mr. *Carew* therefore, about Twelve o'Clock at Night, pays a second Visit to the Parson's House, and brings away all these five Dogs with him. After which he sent a Letter to the Parson to this Purpose:

“ *Rev'd Sir,*

“ **Y**OU err, if you suspect yourself to
 “ have been wrong'd of your Dogs by
 “ any

" any of your Neighbours ; the cast-away
 " Seaman who begged so earnestly of you, to
 " whom you would not vouchsafe a Crust of
 " Bread or a Draught of Beer, took them
 " away, to teach you another Time to behave
 " to unfortunate Strangers more as becomes
 " your Profession, and your plentiful Circum-
 " stances."

The Mayor of *Weymouth*, in *Dorsetshire*,
 fared little better in his Hands. This Gentle-
 man was an implacable Enemy to all Mr. *Carew's*
 Subjects ; he therefore happening to be
 in that Town, and over-hearing the Mayor
 talking with a Gentleman in the Street, that
 he was going to dine with Captain *Calloway* of
Upway, he thought this a proper Opportunity
 for taking some Revenge of the Mayor for the
 many Indignities he had put on his Subjects :
 Having therefore got Intelligence what Suits
 of Clothes the Mayor had, and understanding
 he had a good Snuff-coloured Suit, he goes to
 his House, and informs the Mayorefs that he
 was a Seaman under Misfortunes, had met with
 the Mayor as he was going to Dinner with
 Captain *Calloway* of *Upway*, and his Worship
 had sent him to her, giving him Orders to re-
 ceive his Snuff-coloured Suit ; which the good-
 natured Gentlewoman hearing, without any
 Scruple brought him the Coat, Waistcoat, and
 Breeches.

Mr. *Carew* being in the City of *Bristol* at
 a Time when there was a hot Press, wherein
 F f 3 they

they not only impressed Seamen, but all able-bodied Landmen that they could any where meet with, which made one fly one Way, and another another, putting the City into a great Rout and Consternation; among the Rest, knowing himself to have a Body of a dangerous Bigness, was willing to secure himself as effectually as he possibly could, greatly preferring his own Ease and Pleasure to the Interest and Honour of his King; he therefore sets his Wife and Landlady to Work, who with all Speed and Cleanliness made a great Number of small Mutton Pies, Plumb-puddings, Cheese-cakes, and Custards, which Mr. Carew, in an ordinary Female Habit, hawks about the City, crying Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding; hot Plumb-pudding, piping hot, smoaking hot, hot Plumb-pudding: Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding, echoed in every Street and Corner, even in the Midst of the eager Press Gang, some of whom spent their Penny with this masculine Pye-Woman, and seldom failed to serenade her with many a complimentary Title of Bitch and Whore.

Thus did Mr. Carew keep himself out of the Clutches of this dangerous Set of People, with whom he feared to hold any Conversation in his own Shape and Habit. Going once to the Hot-Wells, near that City, to vend this eatable Merchandize, in his Woman's Apparel, he met a lusty young Sailor, whom the Press pursued very closely: To assist his Speed, he pul-
led

led off his Jacket, and called to our Pudding-Merchant to take it, hailing him by the respectful Title and Denomination of *Mother*: He took it up, and (as soon as Opportunity presented) over-haling it, found in the Pockets a large Pair of Silver Buckles, between six and seven Shillings in Silver, and a very good Handkerchief.

Coming by 'Squire Rhodes's Seat near *Kingsbridge*, in *Devonshire*, and knowing the 'Squire had married a *Dorsetshire* Lady, he thought proper to become a *Dorsetshire* Man, and one of *Lyme* (which was the Place of the Lady's Nativity) and applied himself to the 'Squire and his Lady, whom he met both together, giving them to understand, *That he was lost in a Vessel, belonging to Lyme, Captain Courtenay, Commander*: The 'Squire and his Lady gave him Half a Crown each, for Country-sake, and very well entertained him at the House. This was in the Morning.

Going from thence, he went to a Public-House called *Malston Cross*, about a Quarter of a Mile from the 'Squire's: He there fell in Company with 'Squire *Reynolds*, 'Squire *Ford*, Dr. *Rhodes*, Brother to the 'Squire, and several other Gentlemen, who were met there to make merry after a Hunting-Match. In the Afternoon there was a prodigious Storm of Thunder, Lightening, and Rain, which continued for several Hours: In the Midst of this violent Weather, he (being minded to clear his
After-

Afternoon's Expences) strips off all his Apparel, excepting a white Night Cap, Shoes, and Breeches, and goes to 'Squire Rhodes's. Nothing could look with a more deplorable Aspect than this naked Spectacle, in such tempestuous Weather: The Tenant with Pity regarding his wretched Appearance, fetched him a Shirt (as he thought) to cover his Nakedness; but upon his endeavouring to put it on, it proved to be a Smock belonging to the good Woman his Wife, which afforded sufficient Diverſion to the 'Squire and his Lady, who were looking out of the Window; when calling to him, and enquiring from whence he came, he pretended to have been cast away at *Bigbury-Bay*, in the immediate violent Tempest, in a Vessel belonging to *Poole*: 'Squire Rhodes ordered a Holland Shirt, and a good Suit of Broad Cloth Clothes, to be given him, as also a hearty refreshing Dram; and then throwing him Half a Crown, dismissed him, not in the least suspecting him to be the poor *Lyme* Man, to whom himself and Lady were so liberal in the Morning. Having got this Contribution, he returns to the Public-House, where the Gentlemen waited for him, (for they were the principal Occasion of this last Adventure) and being by him informed how he had fared, diverted themselves exceedingly with the Stratagem: And shortly after meeting with 'Squire Rhodes, they discovered the Impoſition,

tion, and very heartily bantered him thereupon.

Some Time after this, Mr. Carew exercising his Profession at Modbury (where 'Squire Rhode's Father lived) among other Houses made his Application to 'Squire Legassick's, where he by Chance was visiting: Mr. Carew knocked at the Kitchen Door, which being opened, he saw his old Friend the 'Squire, who was then alone, and in a careless Manner swinging his Cane about: As soon as he began to tell his lamentable Tale, Mr. Rhodes said, " I was twice in one Day imposed on by " that Rogue Bampfylde Carew, of whose " Gang you may very likely be; furthermore, " I do not live here, but am a Stranger." Mean Time in comes 'Squire Legassick with a Bottle of Wine in his Hand, giving Mr. Carew a private Wink, to let him understand he knew him, and then very gravely enquired into the Circumstances of his Misfortune, as also of the Affairs and Inhabitants of Dartmouth, from whence he pretended to have sailed several Times: Of all which he gave a full and particular Account; whereupon Mr. Legassick gave him Half a Crown, and recommended him as a real Object to Mr. Rhodes, who then made him the same Present; upon which Mr. Legassick burst out a laughing, and being asked the Reason thereof, he could not forbear telling him, even in Mr. Carew's Presence; and Mr. Rhodes finding himself thus a third Time

Time imposed on, with a great deal of good Nature made himself merry therewith.

Here we shall put an End, for the present, to this true History of our Hero, and, we hope, the gentle Reader is convinced, that he has as good, if not a better Claim to Fame and Immortality, than most of the present Heroes of the Age. We acknowledge he has his Faults, but every Body knows a perfect Character is quite out of Fashion, and that the present excellent Writers of the Age hold it a Solecism and Absurdity to draw even a fictitious Hero, without a Plenty of Faults: To draw after Nature is the Criterion; that is, an equal Quantity of Virtue and Vice; or if the latter preponderates a little, no Matter, so their Heroes do not fall without Temptation, and feel some Compunctions of Repentance, when their Passions are cooled; this is Persuasion enough, for this is pure Nature. Upon this Account, we acknowledge, we have been at no little Pains in writing this true History, to throw a Veil over some of the Virtues of our Hero, lest he should be found to exceed the present Standard of Heroism, and be thought a Character out of Nature.

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